the VOICE OF Thanksgiving

NUMBER FIVE

Property Of
FIRST MENNONITE CHURCH
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Summer
Bible school

See page 1

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The VOICE OF THANKSGIVING

Number Five

Compiled and Edited by

THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE
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1946

Publish with the Voice of Thanksgiving

— Psalm 26:7

The ability to express his emotions in song is a characteristic which lifts man far above other earthly creatures. We might also add that the same gift distinguishes him from the angels, for, in the words of one of the songs in this collection, "angels never felt the joy that our salvation brings."

It has been many years—eighteen, in fact—since The Voice of Thanksgiving, Number Four appeared. Now we offer the fifth hymnal the Moody Bible Institute has published. It is intended to serve as a defender of the Faith, holding forth the Word of Life for joyful and confident vocal utterance. Many standard hymns of the Church have been carried over from former books of the series. Choice selections, which have proved themselves elsewhere, and many entirely new inspirational numbers have been added.

While a topical arrangement has not been indicated on the pages, definite classification has been in mind, as shown by the Table of Contents on the opposite page. Doctrines appear in what is believed to be their proper sequence. The Topical Index at the rear of the book will greatly assist in locating desired song titles on given subjects.

The compiling and editing of the book rested chiefly upon William M. Runyan, who rendered valuable service in the preparation of "Number Four." His editorial experience and recognized ability as writer of both words and music of numerous hymns and songs, commended him for the task, to which he devoted many months of prayerful and careful service. His official consultant was Harry Dixon Loes, of the Institute staff. We would acknowledge our gratitude to other members of the Music Faculty who in various ways assisted in the building of the book. We are also indebted to publishers and composers who have granted permission for the use of their copyrighted material.

Chief objectives kept in mind in determining the contents of the book have been that each number should be scriptural, singable, and hold definite message, that the book might merit a high place in the worship and social services of the church, in the Sunday school, youth gatherings, evangelistic campaigns, and missionary assemblies.

With the hope that *The Voice of Thanksgiving, Number Five*, will be used to quicken the spirit of worship, kindle revival fires, and stir the hearts of Christians to praise the One who alone is worthy, it is prayerfully sent forth upon its sacred mission.

WILL H. HOUGHTON
President, Moody Bible Institute

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A Psalm of Praise

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him and bless his name.
For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting;
And his truth endureth to all generations.

—Psalm 100

The VOICE OF THANKSGIVING

Number Five

Page 3

Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart 1

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE — MARION — ARTHUR M. MESSITER

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!
2. With all the an - gel choirs, With all the saints on earth,
3. Yes, on thro' life's long path, Still chant - ing as ye go;
4. Still lift your stand-ard high, Still march in firm ar - ray;
5. Then on, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!

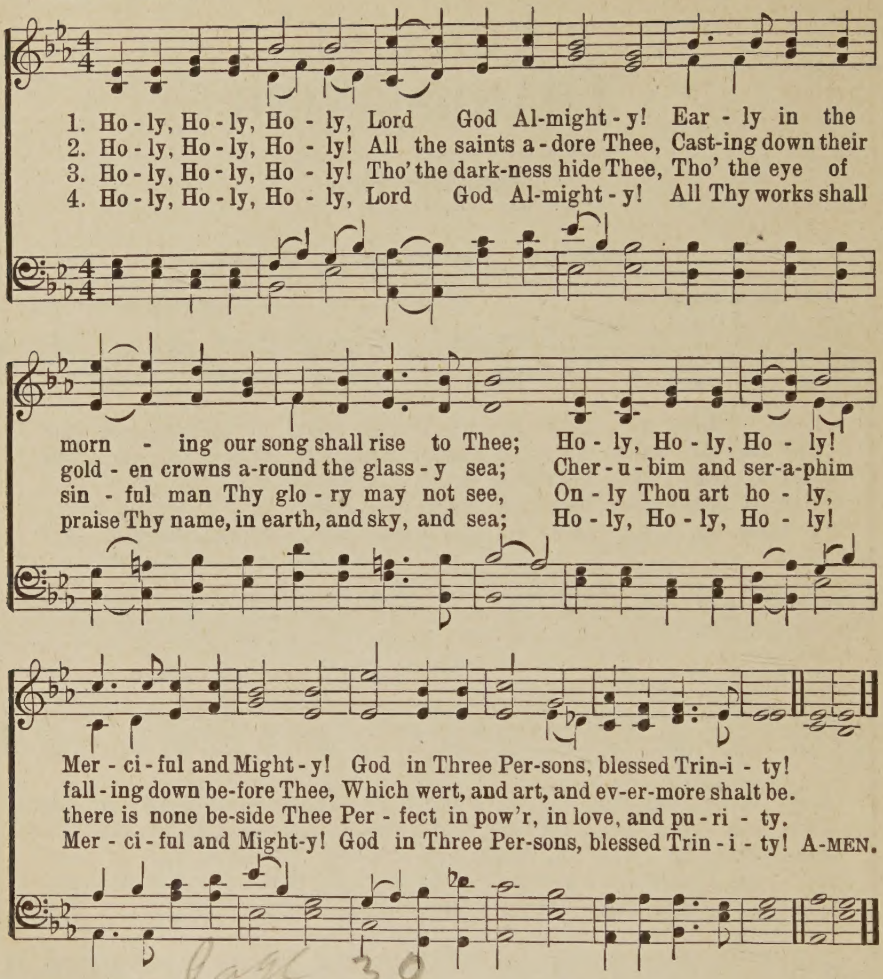
Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rap - ture, no - blest mirth!
From youth to age, by night and day, In glad-ness and in woe.
As war - riors thro' the dark - ness toil Till dawns the gold - en day.
Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.

REFRAIN

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing! A-MEN.
Re-joice, re - joice,

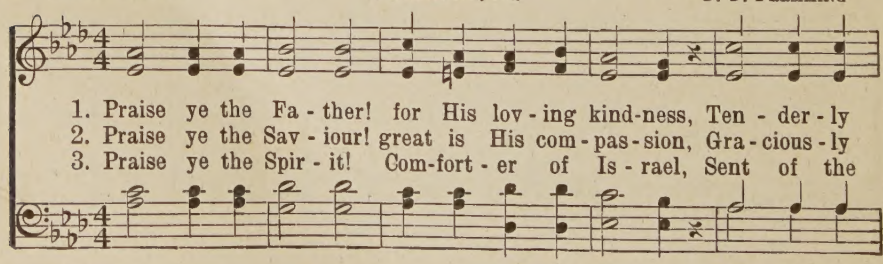
2 Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER — NICÆA — JOHN B. DYKES

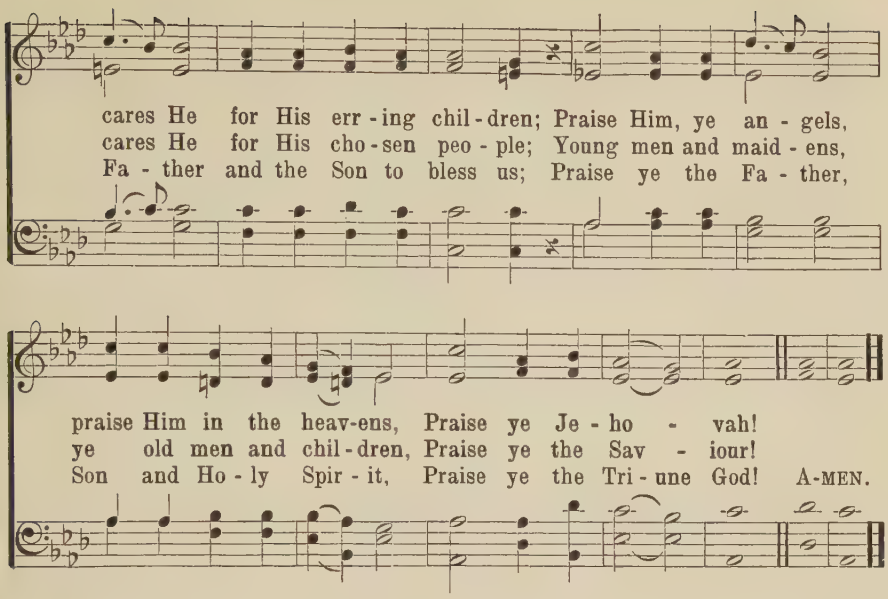


3 Praise Ye the Triune God!

Author unknown — FLEMMING, alt. — F. F. FLEMMING



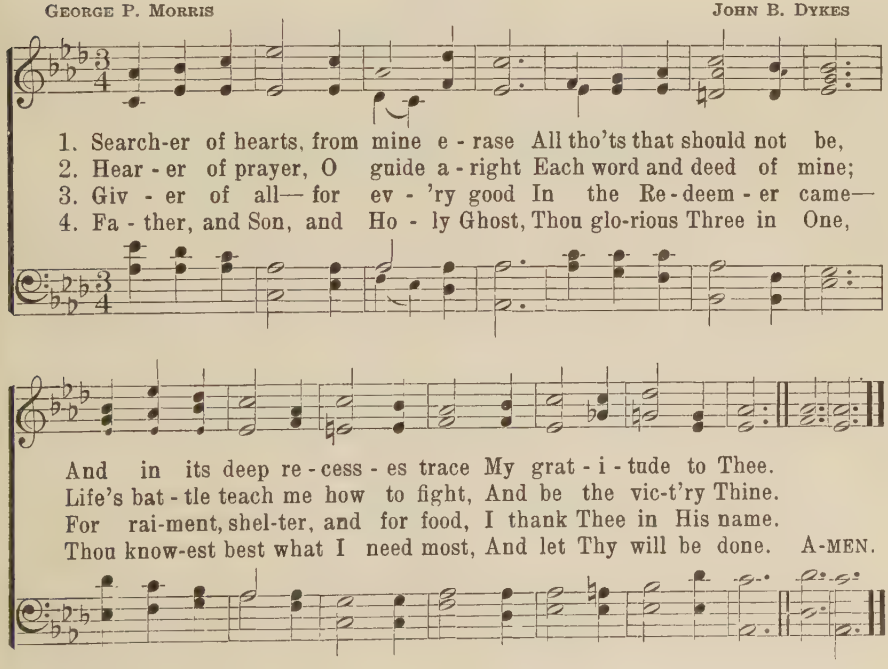
Praise Ye the Triune God



Searcher of Hearts 4

BEATITUDO

GEORGE P. MORRIS JOHN B. DYKES

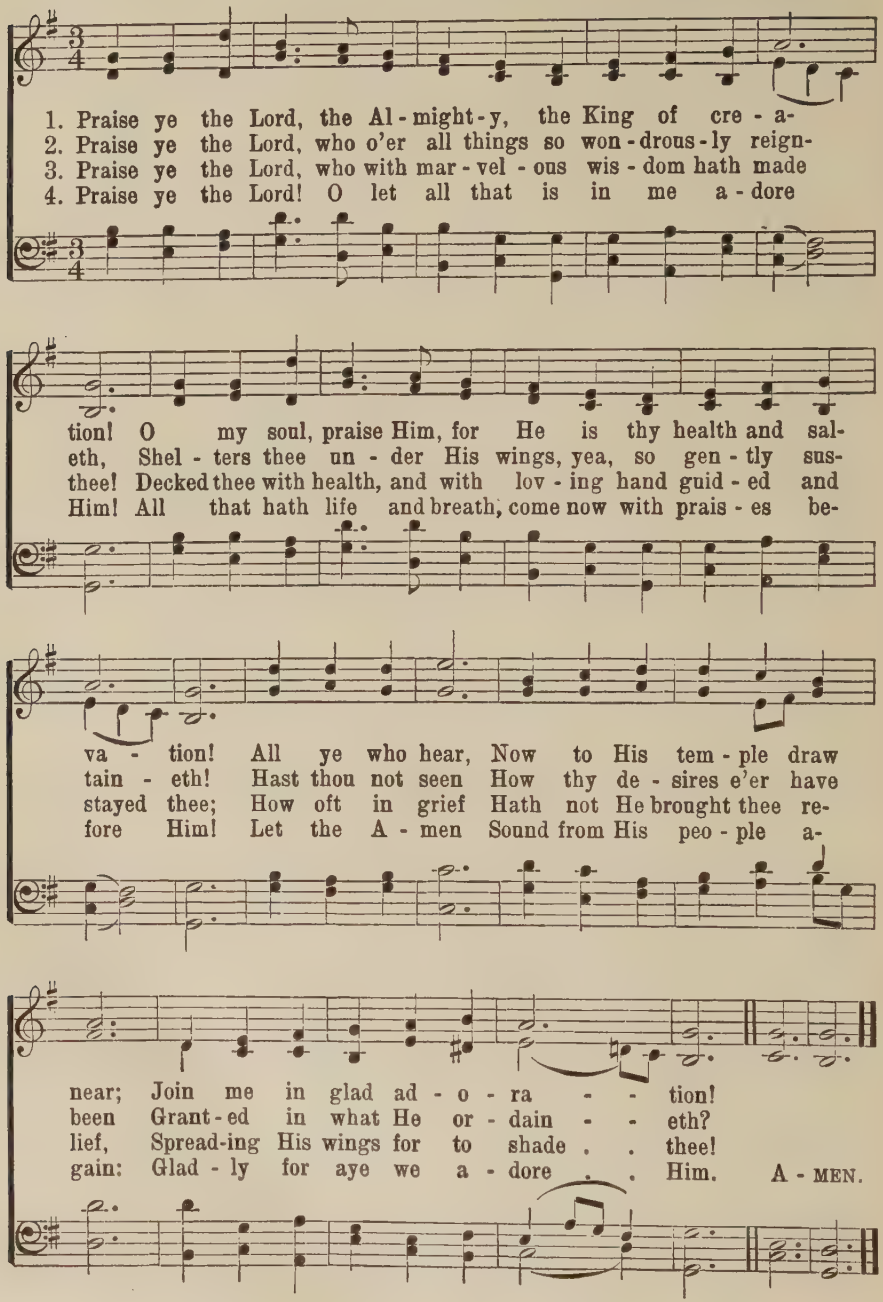


Praise Ye the Lord, the Almighty

JOACHIM NEANDER
Trans. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH

LOBE DEN HERREN

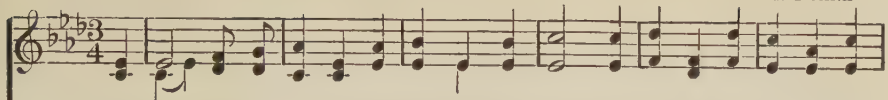
"Stralsund Gesangbuch"
Arr. in "Praxis Pietatas Melica"



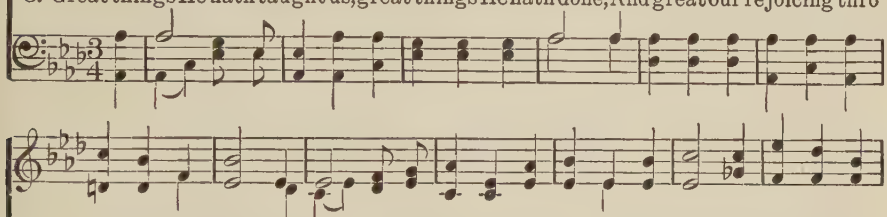
To God Be the Glory

FANNY J. CROSBY

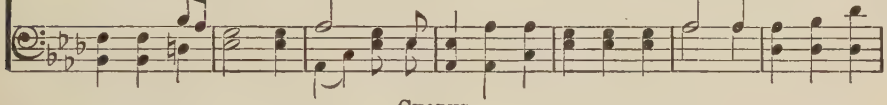
W. H. DOANE



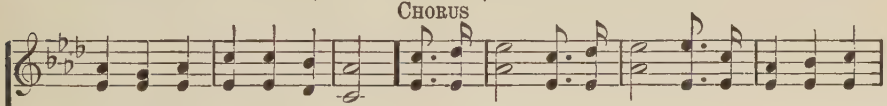
1. To God be the glo-ry,—great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He
2. O per - fect re-demp-tion, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be-liev - er the
3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro'



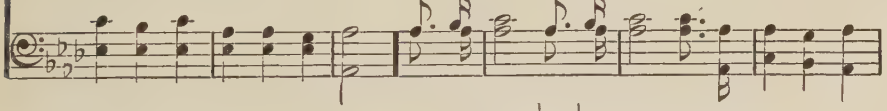
gave us His Son, Who yield-ed His life an a-tone-ment for sin, And o-pened the
prom-ise of God; The vil - est of-fend-er who tru-ly be-lieves, That moment from
Je - sus the Son; But pu - rer, and higher, and greater will be Our won-der, our

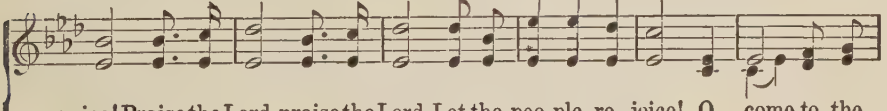


CHORUS

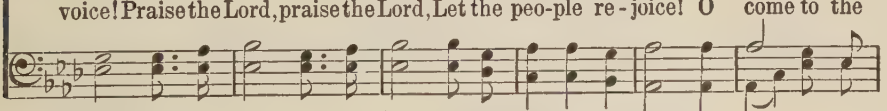


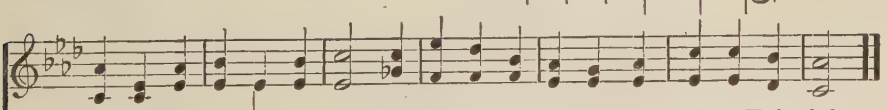
Life-gate that all may go in.
Je - sus a par-don receives. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His
transport, when Jesus we see.



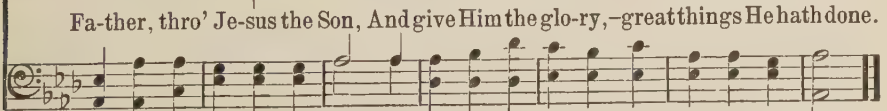


voice! Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo-ple re - joice! O come to the





Fa-ther, thro' Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glo-ry,—great things He hath done.



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Holy Is the Lord

FANNY J. CROSBY — WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout a - loud for joy! Watch-man of Zi - on,
3. King E - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the moun - tains trem - ble at His word,
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de - stroy,
glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns be-fore Him; There in His like - ness

bound-less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match-less, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

CHORUS

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

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Ancient of Days

WILLIAM C. DOANE

Not too fast

J. ALBERT JEFFERY

1. An - cient of Days, who sit - test throned in glo - ry,
2. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, who hast led Thy chil - dren
3. O Ho - ly Je - sus, Prince of Peace and Sav - ior,
4. O Ho - ly Ghost, the Lord and the Life - giv - er,
5. O Tri - une God, with heart and voice a - dor - ing,

To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray;
In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud,
To Thee we owe the peace that still pre - vails,
Thine is the quick - 'ning pow'r that gives in - crease;
Praise we the good - ness that doth crown our days;

Thy love hast blest the wide world's won - drous sto - ry
Thro' seas dry - shod, through wea - ry wastes be - wil - d'ring;
Still - ing the rude wills of men's wild be - hav - ior,
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleas - ant riv - er,
Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still im - plor - ing

With light and life since E - den's dawn - ing day.
To Thee, in rev - erent love, our hearts are bowed.
And calm - ing pas - sion's fierce and storm - y gales.
Our plen - ty, wealth, pros - per - i - ty and peace.
Thy love and fa - vor, kept to us al - ways. A - MEN.

9 O Worship the King

LYONS

ROBERT GRANT — FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN

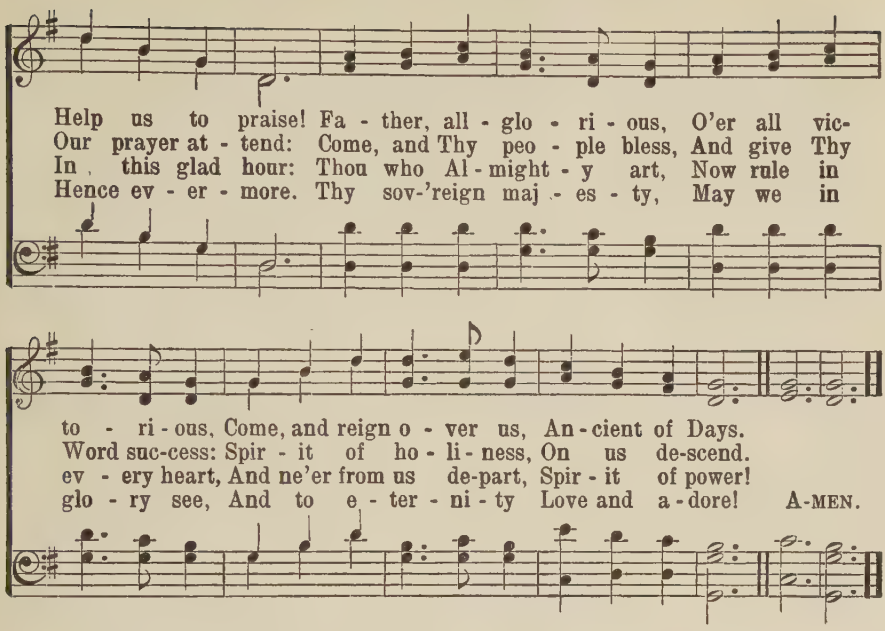
1. O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De-fen-der, the An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der, how firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er and Friend. A-MEN.

10 Come, Thou Almighty King

Author Unknown — ITALIAN HYMN — FELICE DE GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword,
3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear,
4. To Thee, great One in Three, E-ter-nal prais-es be

Come, Thou Almighty King

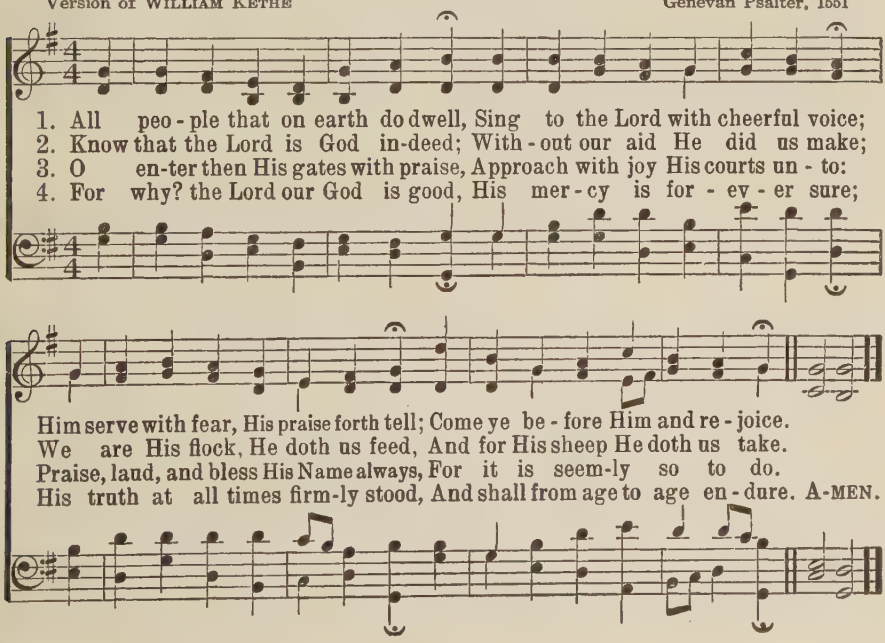


All People That on Earth Do Dwell 11

Psalm 100
Version of WILLIAM KETHE

OLD HUNDREDTH

Genevan Psalter, 1551



12 Angel Voices Ever Singing

FRANCIS POTT — ANGEL VOICES — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. An - gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Lord, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine;
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;
4. Hon - or, glo - ry, might and mer - it, Thine shall ev - er be,

An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring-ing, Rest not day nor night; Thou-sands
Thou didst ears and hands and voic-es For Thy praise com-bine; Crafts-man's
And for Thine ac-cept-ance prof-fer, All un - wor - thi - ly, Hearts and
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty: Of the

on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.
art and mu - sic's meas-ure For Thy pleas-ure Didst de - sign.
minds, and hands and voic - es, In our choic-est Mel - o - dy.
best that Thou hast giv - en, Earth and heav-en Ren - der Thee. A-MEN.

13 Every Day I Praise Thee

JAMES M. GRAY — FRANK EARNEST

1. Fa - ther of mer-cies, when fear pos - sessed me Sin and its sor - rows
2. Sav - iour of sin-ners, Thou didst con - fess me, And in Thine arms en-
3. Spir - it of prom - ise, when tri - als test me, And of my peace temp-]

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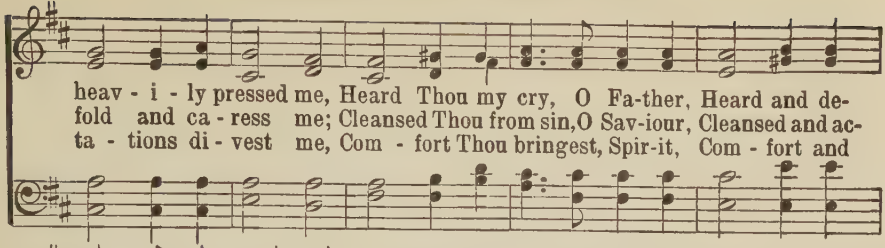
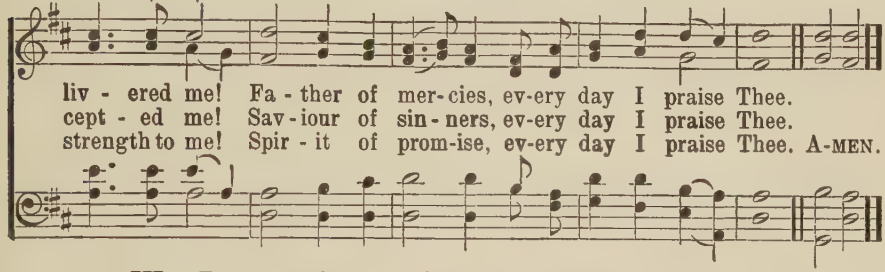
Every Day I Praise Thee



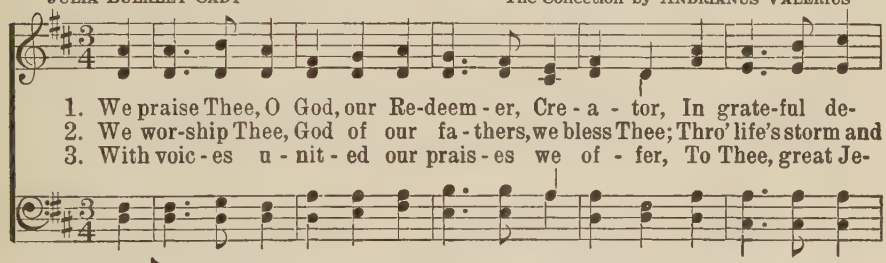
heav - i - ly pressed me, Heard Thou my cry, O Fa-ther, Heard and de-
fold and ca - ress me; Cleansed Thou from sin, O Sav-iour, Cleansed and ac-
ta - tions di - vest me, Com - fort Thou bringest, Spir-it, Com - fort and



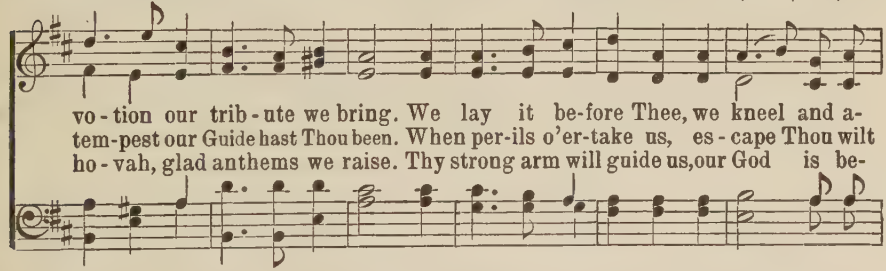
liv - ered me! Fa - ther of mer-cies, ev-ery day I praise Thee.
cept - ed me! Sav-iour of sin - ners, ev-ery day I praise Thee.
strength to me! Spir - it of prom-ise, ev-ery day I praise Thee. A-MEN.

We Praise Thee, O God, Our Redeemer 14

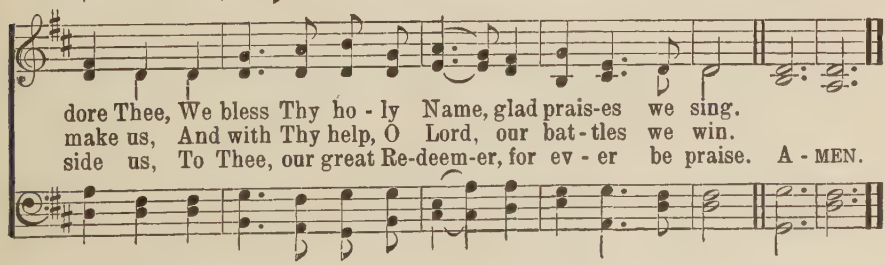
JULIA BULKLEY CADY — KREMSER — Netherlands Folksong from The Collection by ANDRIANUS VALERIUS



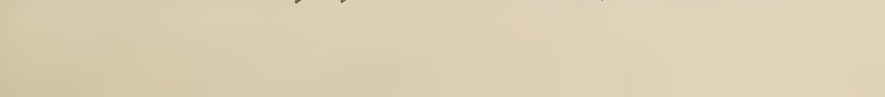
1. We praise Thee, O God, our Re-deem - er, Cre - a - tor, In grate-ful de-
2. We wor-ship Thee, God of our fa - thers, we bless Thee; Thro' life's storm and
3. With voic - es u - nit - ed our prais - es we of - fer, To Thee, great Je-



vo - tion our trib - ute we bring. We lay it be-fore Thee, we kneel and a-
tem-pest our Guide hast Thou been. When per-ils o'er-take us, es - cape Thou wilt
ho - vah, glad anthems we raise. Thy strong arm will guide us, our God is be-



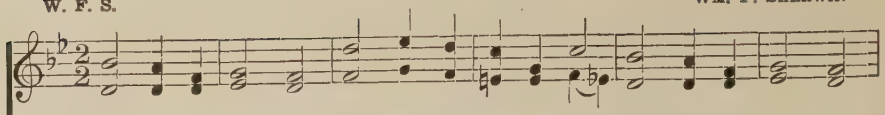
dore Thee, We bless Thy ho - ly Name, glad prais-es we sing.
make us, And with Thy help, O Lord, our bat - tles we win.
side us, To Thee, our great Re-deem-er, for ev - er be praise. A - MEN.



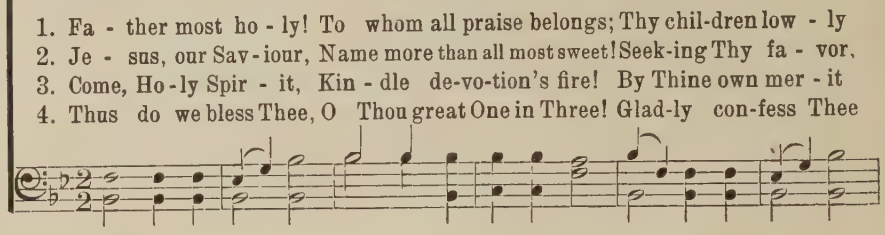
Father Most Holy!

THE TRINITY ADORED

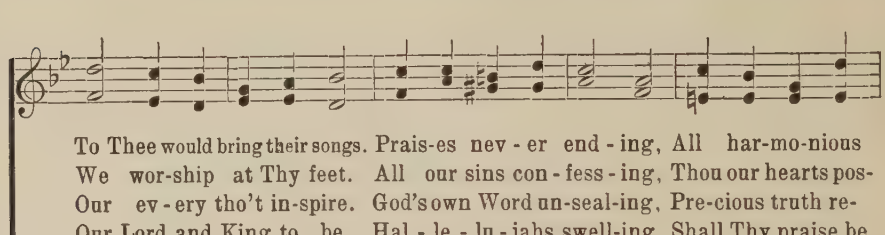
W. F. S. — Wm. F. Sherwin



1. Fa - ther most ho - ly! To whom all praise belongs; Thy chil-dren low - ly
2. Je - sus, our Sav - iour, Name more than all most sweet! Seek-ing Thy fa - vor,
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Kin - dle de-vo-tion's fire! By Thine own mer - it
4. Thus do we bless Thee, O Thou great One in Three! Glad-ly con-fess Thee



To Thee would bring their songs. Prais-es nev - er end - ing, All har-mo-nious
We wor-ship at Thy feet. All our sins con - fess - ing, Thou our hearts pos-
Our ev - ery tho't in-spire. God's own Word un-seal-ing, Pre-cious truth re-
Our Lord and King to be. Hal - le - lu - jahs swell-ing, Shall Thy praise be



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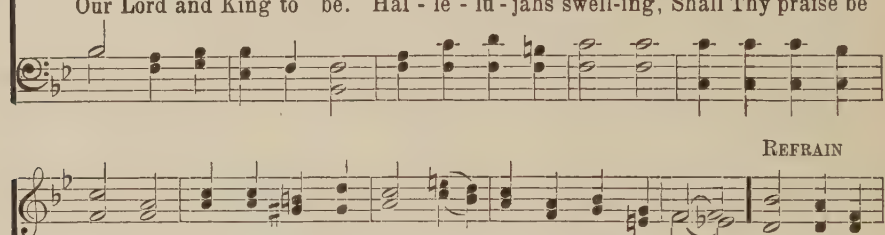
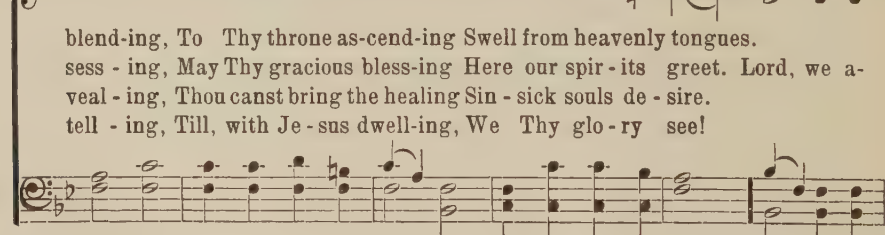
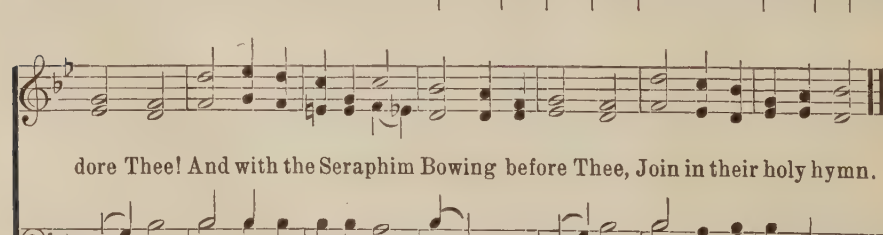


blend-ing, To Thy throne as-cend-ing Swell from heavenly tongues.
sess - ing, May Thy gracious bless-ing Here our spir - its greet. Lord, we a-
veal - ing, Thou canst bring the healing Sin - sick souls de - sire.
tell - ing, Till, with Je - sus dwell-ing, We Thy glo - ry see!

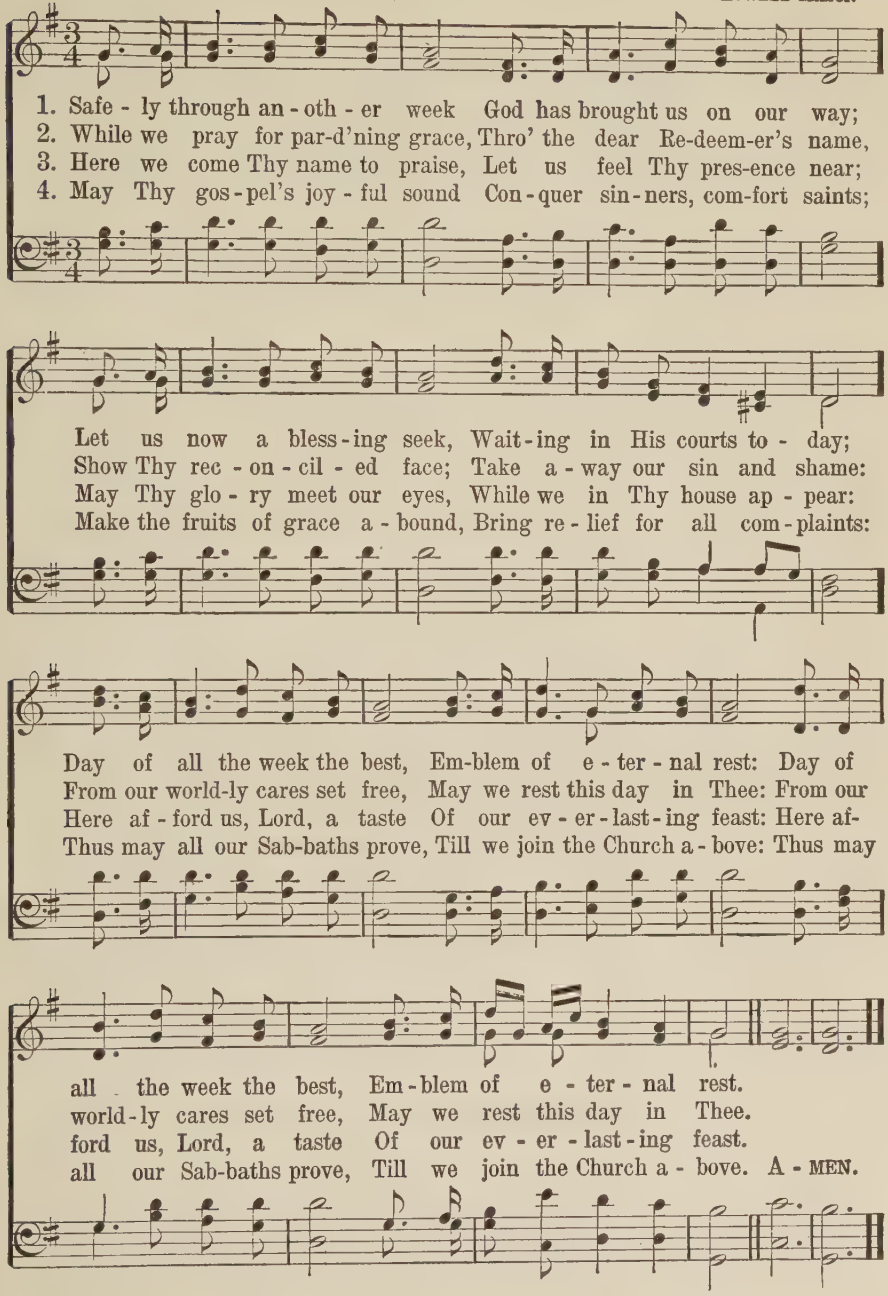


dore Thee! And with the Seraphim Bowing before Thee, Join in their holy hymn.



Safely Through Another Week

JOHN NEWTON — SABBATH — LOWELL MASON



Come, Thou Fount

NETTLETON

ROBERT ROBINSON — JOHN WYETH

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee:

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount–I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A-MEN.

To Thy Temple Holy

PROCESSIONAL

W. M. R.

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

1. To Thy tem - ple ho - ly Come we now with praise;
2. Not with os - ten - ta - tion, Not with proud ac - claim,
3. For Thy Ho - ly Spir - it Ear - nest - ly we plead,
4. To Thy tem - ple ho - ly Come we now with praise;

Thou, the meek and low - ly, Guide us to Thy ways:
Come we, Lord and Mas - ter, To ex - tol Thy name;
Vis - it us, be - stow - ing Grace for all our need,
Thou, the meek and low - ly, Lead us in Thy ways:

To Thy courts as - cend - ing, Though un - wor - thy we;
But with Christ - ly spir - it, Hum - ble and sin - cere,
Sanc - ti - fy our wor - ship To Thy glo - ry, Lord;
So shall we, re - new - ing Ev - ery sol - emn vow,

Let our wor-ship, blend - ing, Swell Thy har - mo - ny.
Plead-ing but Thy mer - it, We Thy name re - vere.
Grant us spir - its ea - ger To re - ceive Thy Word.
Live for lar - ger serv - ice If Thou bless us now. A-MEN.

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19 Welcome, Delightful Morn

LISCHER

THOMAS HAYWARD — FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER

1. Welcome, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I hail thy kind re-
2. Now may the King descend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy scepter, Lord, ex-
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Disclose a Sav-iour's

turn; Lord, make these moments blest: From the low train of mor-tal toys I
tend, While saints address Thy face: Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word, And
love, And bless the sa - cred hours: Then shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor

soar to reach im - mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Sabbaths be en-joyed in vain, Nor Sabbaths be en-joyed in vain. A-MEN.

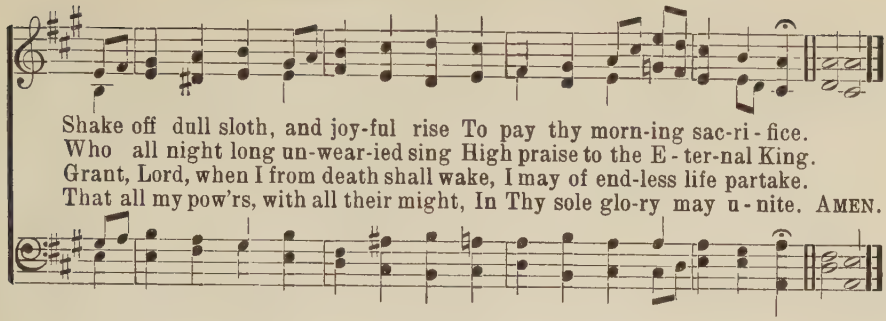
I soar to reach

20 Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun

THOMAS KEN — MORNING HYMN — FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Wake, and lift up thy-self, my heart, And with the an-gels bear thy part,
3. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept:
4. Di - rect, con-trol, sug-gest, this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say;

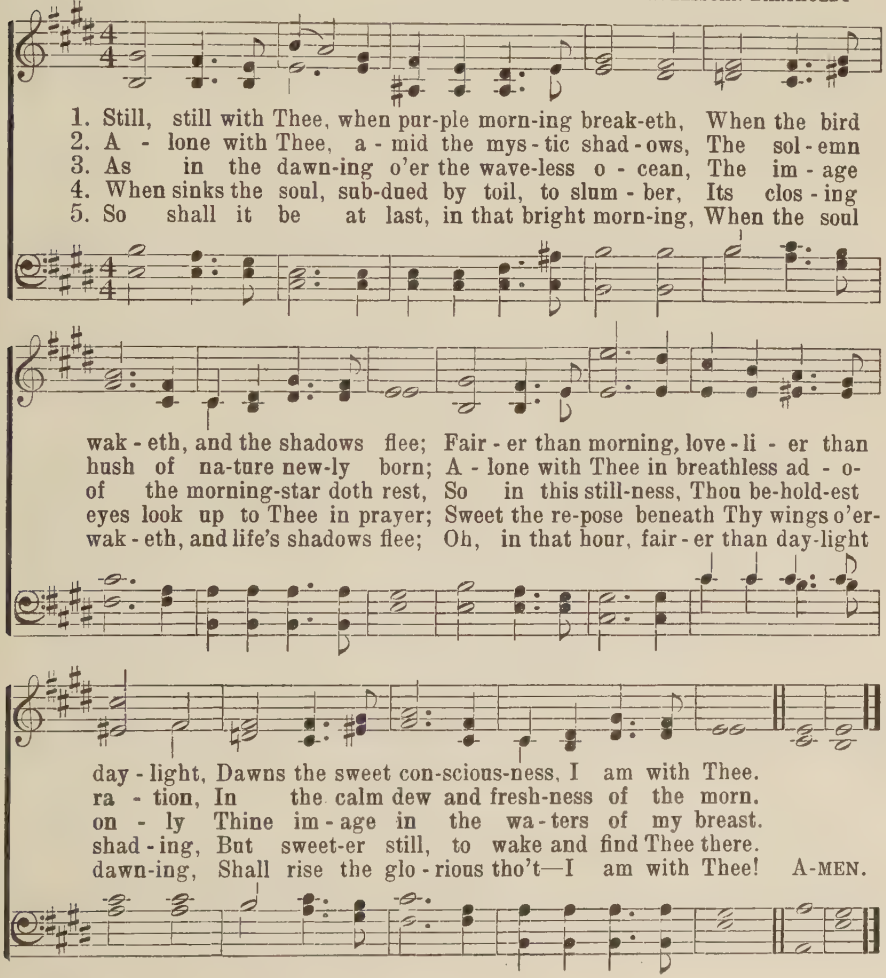
Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun



Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
Who all night long un-wear-ied sing High praise to the E - ter-nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end-less life partake.
That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo-ry may u - nite. AMEN.

Still, Still with Thee 21

HARRIET B. STOWE CONSOLATION FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY



1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows, The sol - emn
3. As in the dawn-ing o'er the wave-less o - cean, The im - age
4. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing, When the soul

wak - eth, and the shadows flee; Fair - er than morning, love - li - er than
hush of na-ture new-ly born; A - lone with Thee in breathless ad - o-
of the morning-star doth rest, So in this still-ness, Thou be-hold-est
eyes look up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re-pose beneath Thy wings o'er-
wak - eth, and life's shadows flee; Oh, in that hour, fair - er than day-light

day - light, Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with Thee.
ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.
on - ly Thine im - age in the wa - ters of my breast.
shad - ing, But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.
dawn-ing, Shall rise the glo - rious tho't—I am with Thee! A-MEN.

22 When Morning Gilds the Skies

Anonymous (German)
Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL

LAUDES DOMINI

JOSEPH BARNBY

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries,
2. The night be-comes as day, When from the heart we say,
3. Ye na-tions of man-kind, In this your con-cord find,
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine,

May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark-ness fear,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Let all the earth a-round
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this th' e-ter-nal song,

To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
Ring joy-ous with the sound, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
Through all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-MEN.

23 New Every Morning Is the Love

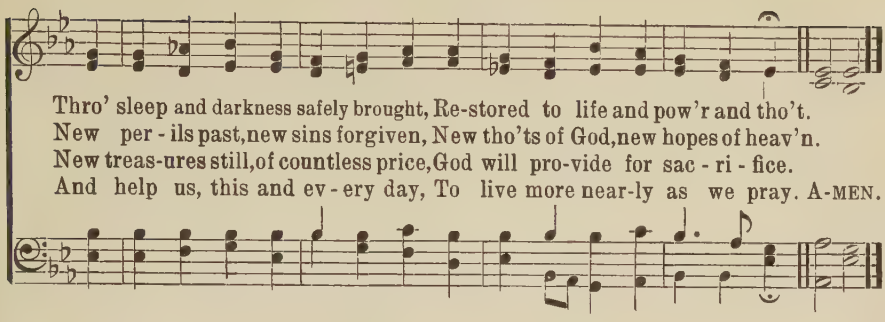
JOHN KEBLE

MELCOMBE

SAMUEL WEBBE

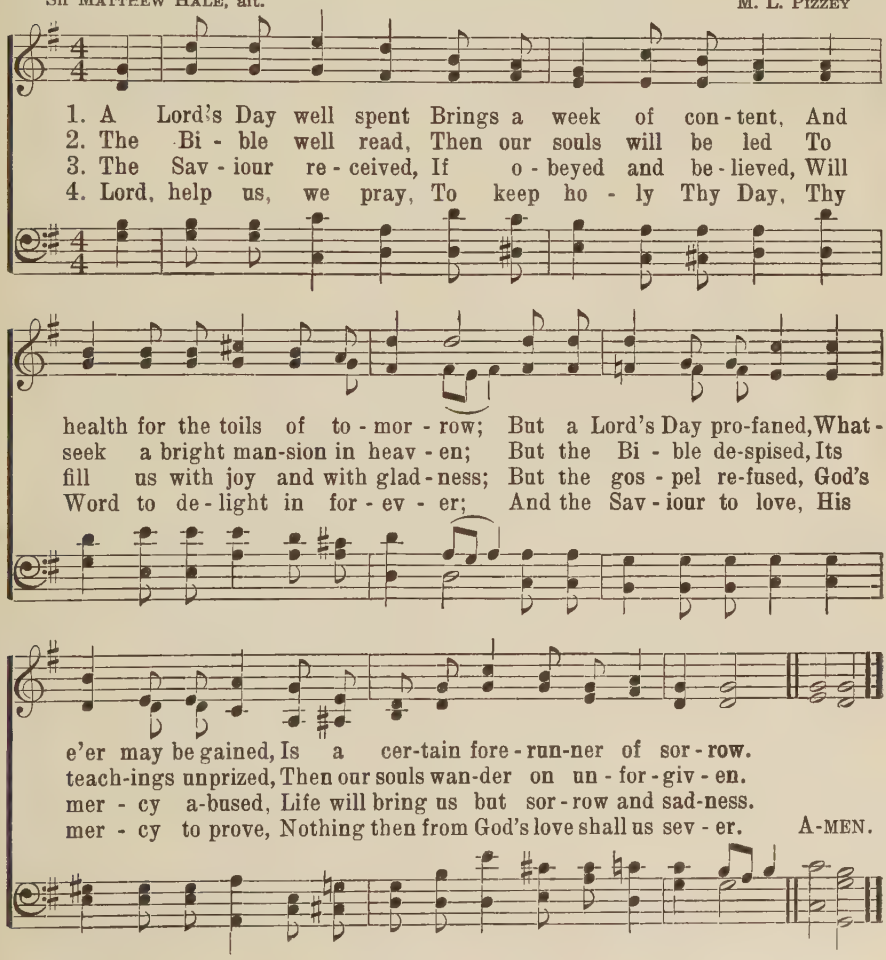
1. New ev-ery morn-ing is the love Our wak-ening and up-ris-ing prove;
2. New mer-cies each re-turn-ing day Hov-er a-round us while we pray;
3. If, on our dai-ly course, our mind Be set to hal-low all we find,
4. On-ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love, Fit us for per-fect rest a-bove,

New Every Morning Is the Love



A Lord's Day Well Spent 24

Sir MATTHEW HALE, alt. M. L. PIZZEY



25 Sun of My Soul

HURSLEY

JOHN KEBLE

PETER RITTER
Arr. by W. H. MONK

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove. A-MEN.

26 At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set

HENRY TWELLS

ABENDS

HERBERT S. OAKELEY

1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
2. Once more 'tis e - ven - tide, and we, Oppressed with va-rious ills, draw near:
3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dis - pel; For some are sick, and some are sad,
4. O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man; Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
5. Thy touch has still its an-cient pow'r, No word from Thee can fruit-less fall:

O in what divers pains they met! O with what joy they went a-way!
What if Thy form we can-not see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
And some have never loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
Thy kind but searching glance can scan The ver-y wounds that shame would hide.
Hear, in this solemn eve-ning hour, And in Thy mer - cy heal us all. A-MEN.

Now the Day Is Over 27

SABINE BARING-GOULD — MERRIAL — JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Through the long night-watch-es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-derest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A-MEN.

eve-ning, Steal a-cross the sky.

Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing 28

JAMES EDMESTON — EVENING PRAYER — GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
2. Though de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Though the ar-rows past us fly;
3. Though the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can-not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be-come our tomb,

rit.

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An-gel-guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo-ple be.
May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in bright and deathless bloom. A-MEN.

Day Is Dying in the West

MARY A. LATHBURY — EVENING PRAISE — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

Father, Give a Tranquil Spirit

E. Hawkinson — Evening Prayer — Frank Earnest

Slowly

p

1. Fa-ther, give a tran-quil spir-it As the day comes to its end-ing;
2. Fa-ther, give a tran-quil spir-it As a seal of Thy de-vo-tion,

dim. *rit.*

Let the peace of high-er plac-es Still the woes of striv-ing man-kind.
Grant a full-ness of Thy Spir-it In the in-ward emp-ty plac-es.

mf

Let the vast-ness of the heav-ens Give our tho'ts a no-bler set-ting;
Grant that wings of soul may guide us To a pur-er con-tem-pla-tion.

f

Let the fe-ver of pos-ses-sion Pass in no-bler as-pir-a-tion Like the
And that we in ev-ery bur-den May dis-cern a heavenly purpose, Add-ing

rit. *largo*

pass-ing whims of chil-dren End at night in sweet con-tent-ment.
worth to hu-man sto-ry, End-ing with Thy ben-e-dic-tion. A-MEN.

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31 An Evening Prayer

C. M. Battersby
Arr. by C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. If I have wounded an - y soul to - day, If I have caused one
2. If I have ut-tered i - dle words or vain, If I have turned a-
3. If I have been perverse, or hard, or cold, If I have longed for
4. For-give the sins I have confessed to Thee; For-give the se - cret

foot to go a - stray, If I have walked in my own will - ful way,
side from want or pain, Lest I of - fend some oth - er thro' the strain,
shel - ter in the fold, When Thou hast giv - en me some fort to hold,
sins I do not see; O guide me, love me, and my keep - er be.

Verses 1, 2 & 3. D. C. *4th Verse only.*

1–3. Dear Lord, for - give (for-give)!
[*Omit* . . . . .] 4. *Inst. only.*] A - men (A-men).

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32 May the Grace of Christ Our Saviour

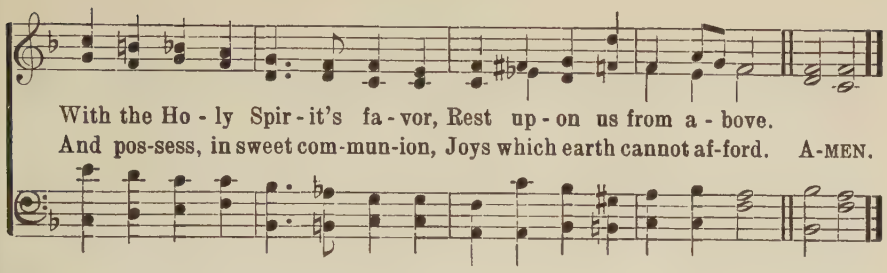
John Newton

SARDIS

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

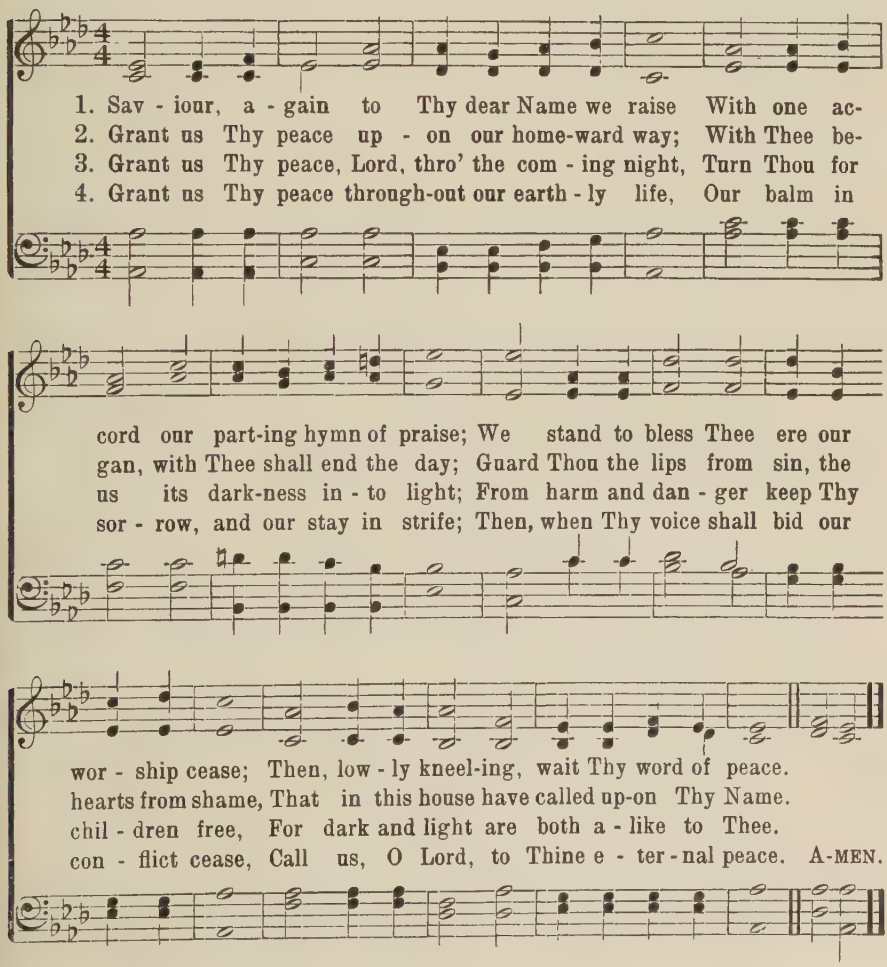
May the Grace of Christ Our Saviour



Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name 33

ELLERS

JOHN ELLERTON — EDWARD J. HOPKINS



One with the Lord

FELLOWSHIP SONG

JAMES M. GRAY — D. B. TOWNER

1. One with the Lord, and one with one an - oth - er, Joined by our faith to
2. By blood redeemed, and heirs of God's sal - va - tion, Called by His Son to
3. Blend-ed our tears as for each oth - er car - ing, Mingled our prayers, each
4. God bless the school that D. L. Moody found-ed; Firm may she stand, tho' by

Christ, the El - der Broth-er, Blest is our fel-low-ship, ev - er grow-ing
toil in ev - ery na - tion, Far in the har-vest field reap-ing we may
oth - er's bur-dens bear - ing, Shar - ing the prom - is - es, e - ven an - gels
foes of truth sur-round - ed! Rich - es of grace be-stowed may she nev - er

fond - er, Prom - ise of the bet - ter things in glo - ry o - ver yon - der!
wan - der, La - den with the gold-en grain we'll meet in glo - ry yon - der!
pon - der, Man-sions are a-wait - ing us in glo - ry o - ver yon - der!
squan-der, Keep- ing true to God and man her re - cord o - ver yon - der.

CHORUS

Glo - ry o - ver yon-der, o - ver yon - der, When Je - sus comes in
glo - ry o - ver yon - der,

glo - ry We shall part no more. . . . . We shall part no more.
shall part no more.

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God Be with You

J. E. Rankin

W. G. Tomer

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain;'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Chorus

Till we meet,.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;

Till we meet,.... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet,

The Spacious Firmament

JOSEPH ADDISON

FRANZ J. HAYDN

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue, e-
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the
3. What though, in sol - emn si - lence, all Move round the dark ter-

the - real sky, And spangled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O-
won-drous tale; And night - ly, to the lis - tening earth, Re - peats the
res - trial ball? What though no re - al voice nor sound A - mid their

rig - i - nal pro - claim: Th'un-wea - ried sun, from day to day,
sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,
ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis-play; And pub - lish - es to
And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings
And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice, For - ev - er sing - ing

ev - ery land The work of an al-might - y hand.
as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine." A-MEN.

All Creatures of Our God and King

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

St. Francis of Assisi
Tr. by William H. Draper

Melody from Geistliche Kirchengesänge

In unison

1. All crea-tures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us
2. Thou rush-ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in heaven a-
3. Dear moth-er earth, who day by day Un - fold-est bless-ings on our
4. And all ye men of ten-der heart, For - giv - ing oth-ers, take your
5. Let all things their Cre - a - tor bless, And wor-ship Him in hum-ble-

sing Al-le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou burn-ing sun with gold-en
long, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn. in praise re-
way, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! The flowers and fruits that in thee
part, O sing ye! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye who long pain and sor-row
ness, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the Father, praise the

beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft-er gleam! O praise Him, O
joice, Ye lights of eve-ning, find a voice! O praise Him, O
grow, Let them His glo - ry al - so show! O praise Him, O
bear, Praise God and on Him cast your care! O praise Him, O
Son, And praise the Spir-it, Three in One! O praise Him, O

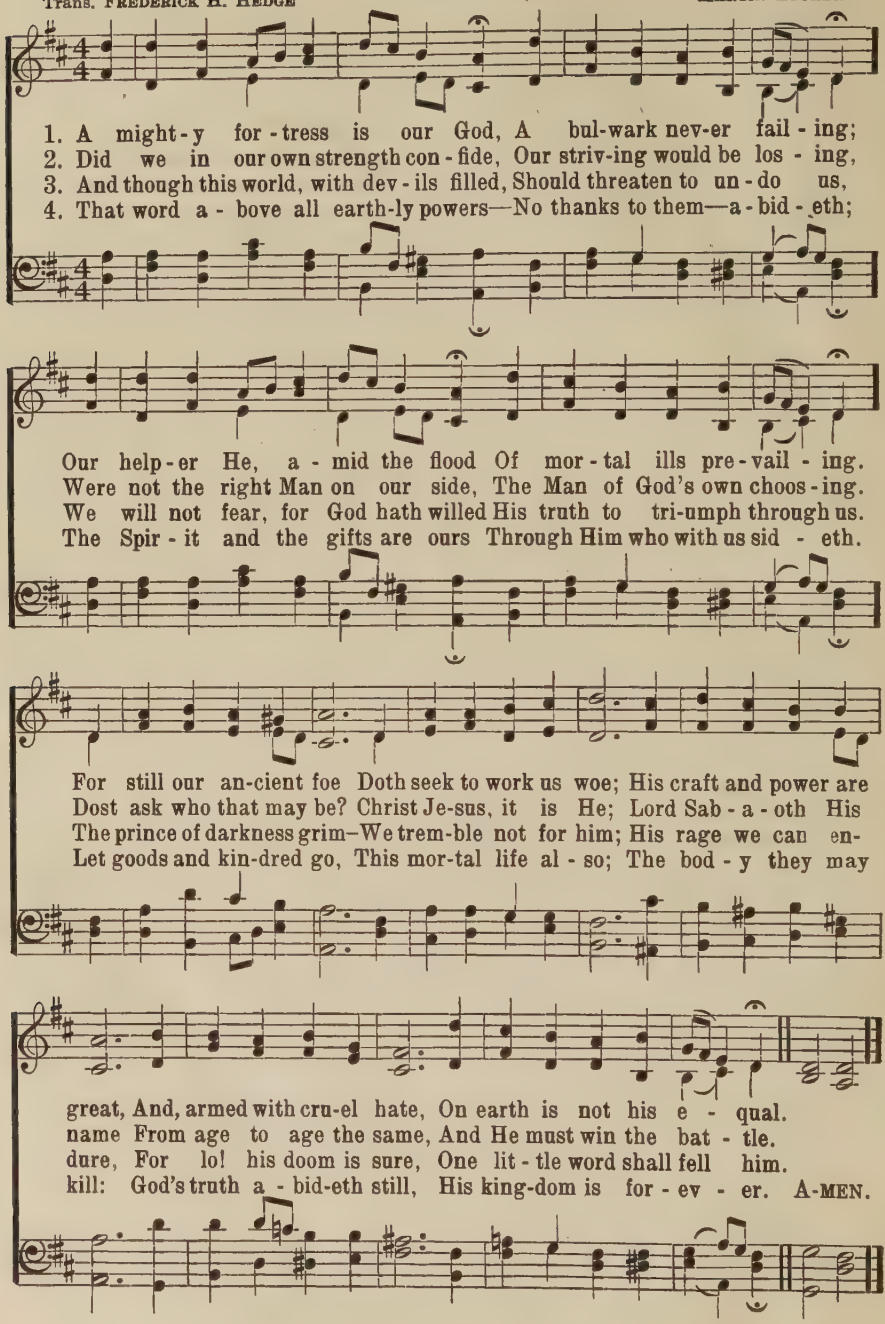
praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

MARTIN LUTHER
Trans. FREDERICK H. HEDGE

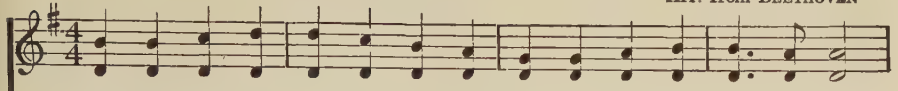
EIN' FESTE BURG

MARTIN LUTHER

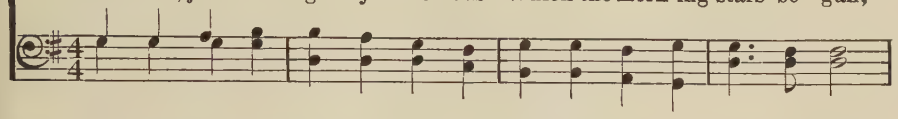


Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

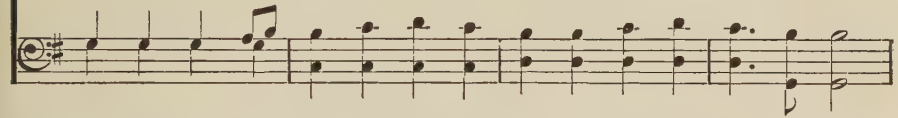
HENRY VAN DYKE — HYMN TO JOY — Arr. from BEETHOVEN



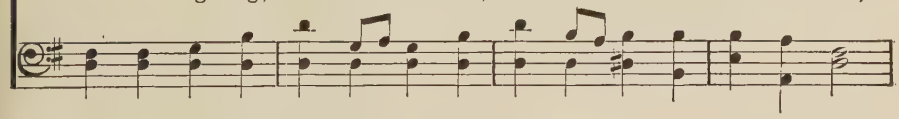
1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
2. All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heav'n re-flect Thy rays,
3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,
4. Mor - tals, join the might - y cho - rus Which the morn-ing stars be - gan;



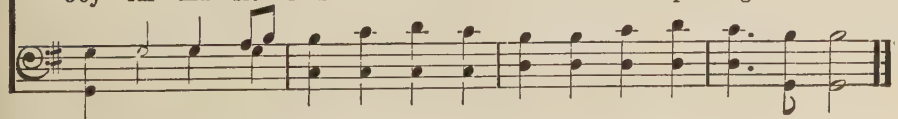
Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Hail Thee as the sun a - bove.
Stars and an - gels sing a-round Thee, Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise;
Well-spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean-depth of hap - py rest!
Fa - ther - love is reign-ing o'er us, Broth-er-love binds man to man.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;
Field and for - est, vale and mountain, Flow - ery meadow, flash-ing sea,
Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Broth-er, All who live in love are Thine:
Ev - er sing - ing, march we on-ward, Vic - tors in the midst of strife;



Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad-ness, Fill us with the light of day!
Chant-ing bird and flow - ing foun-tain, Call us to re - joice in Thee.
Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the Joy Di - vine.
Joy - ful mu - sic lifts us sun-ward In the tri-umph song of life.



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40 He Leadeth Me

JOSEPH H. GILMORE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would place my hand in Thine Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN

1 2

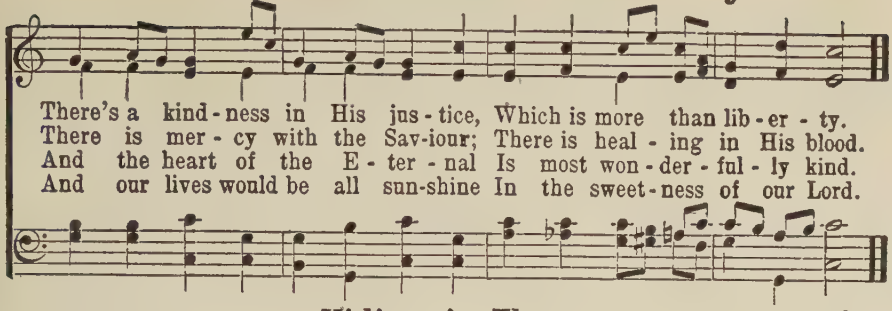
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me! By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful foll'wer I would be, For by His hand He (*Omit.....*) leadeth me.

41 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

FREDERICK W. FABER — WELLESLEY — LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE

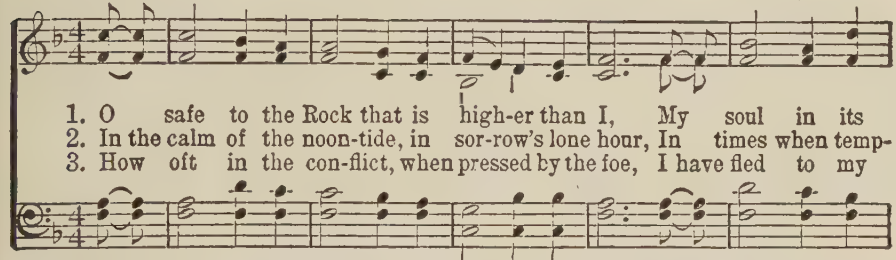
1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word,

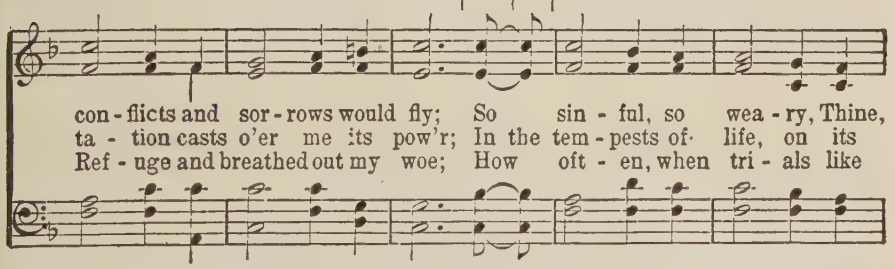
There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

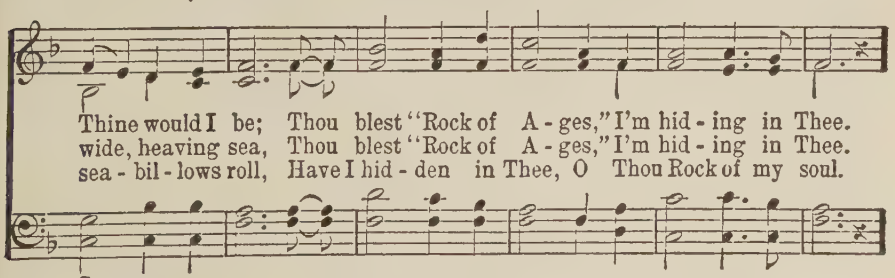


Hiding in Thee 42

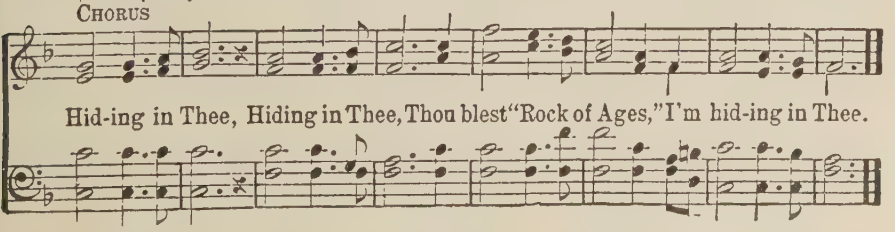
WM. O. CUSHING IRA D. SANKEY







CHORUS



Great Is Thy Faithfulness

T. O. Chisholm

William M. Runyan

1. "Great is Thy faith-ful-ness," O God my Fa-ther, There is no shad-ow of
2. Sum-mer and win-ter, and spring-time and harvest, Sun, moon and stars in their
3. Par-don for sin and a peace that en-dur-eth, Thy own dear presence to

turn-ing with Thee; Thou chang-est not, Thy com-pas-sions, they fail not;
cours-es a-bove, Join with all na-ture in man-i-fold wit-ness,
cheer and to guide; Strength for to-day and bright hope for to-mor-row,

Chorus

As Thou hast been Thou for-ev-er wilt be.
To Thy great faith-ful-ness, mer-cy and love. "Great is Thy faith-ful-ness!
Blessings all mine, with ten thou-sand be-side!

Great is Thy faithfulness!" Morning by morning new mercies I see; All I have

rall.

need-ed Thy hand hath provided—"Great is Thy faithfulness," Lord, un-to me!

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The Lord Is My Shepherd

JAMES MONTGOMERY

THOMAS KOSCHAT, arr. by E. O. E.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my

pas - tures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
steps till I meet Thee a - bove: I seek by the path which my

still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan-d'ring, redeems when op-
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er
noint-est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of

pressed; Re - stores me when wan-d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
near; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
love; Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love.

Under His Wings

WILLIAM O. CUSHING

IRA D. SANKEY

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
3. Un - der His wings, O what pre-cious en - joy-ment! There will I

deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I
yearn-ing - ly turns to His rest! Oft - en when earth has no
hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel-tered, pro - tect - ed, no

know He will keep me; He has re-deemed me, and I am His child.
balm for my heal-ing, There I find com-fort, and there I am blest.
e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS

Un-der His wings, un-der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?

Un-der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe-ly a - bide for - ev - er.

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God Will Take Care of You

C. D. Martin

W. S. Martin

1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

Chorus

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
take care of you.

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47 God Holds the Key

LLANELLY

JOHN PARKER — DAVID E. ROBERTS

1. God holds the key of all un-known, And I am glad, And
2. What if to-mor-row's cares were here With-out its rest, With-
3. The ver-y dim-ness of my sight Makes me se-cure, Makes
4. I can-not read His fu-ture plan, But this I know, But
5. E-nough; this cov-ers all my wants, And so I rest, And

I am glad. If oth-er hands should hold the key, Or if He
out its rest? I'd rath-er He'd un-lock the day, And, as the
me se-cure; For, grop-ing in my mist-y way, I feel His
this I know: I have the smil-ing of His face, And all the
so I rest; For, what I can-not, He can see, And, in His

rit.

trust-ed it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
hours swing o-pen, say, "My will be best," "My will be best."
hand; I hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."
ref-uge of His grace, While here be-low, While here be-low.
care I safe shall be, For-ev-er blest, For-ev-er blest.

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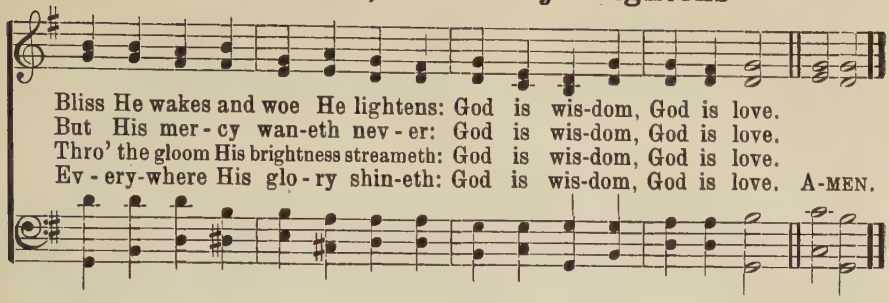
48 God Is Love, His Mercy Brightens

STUTTGART

JOHN BOWRING — Adapted from a melody in PSALMODIA SACRA, GOTHA, 1715

1. God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays and a-ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;

God Is Love, His Mercy Brightens

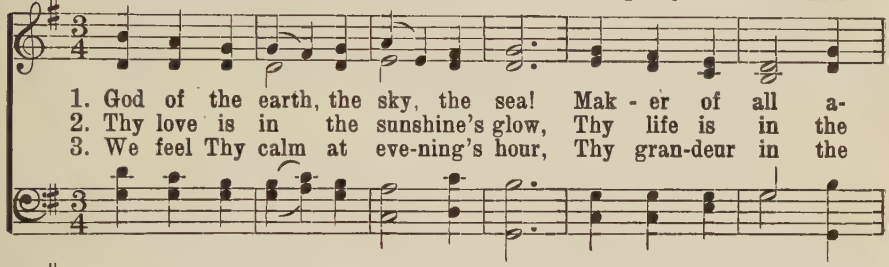


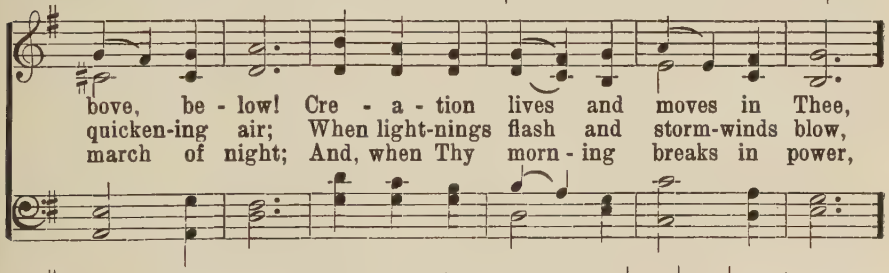
God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea 49

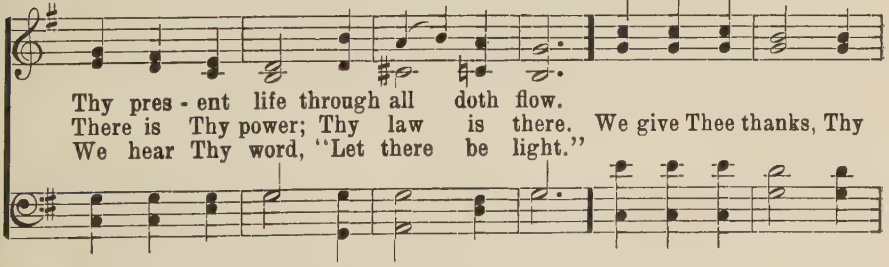
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

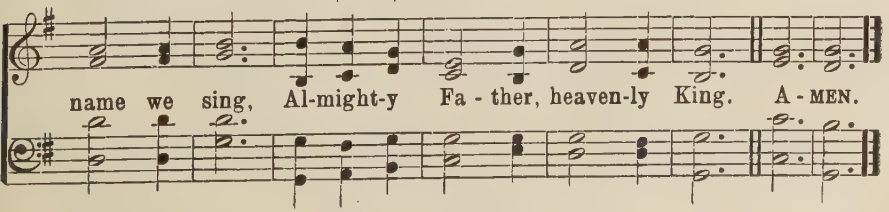
ST. CATHERINE

HENRI F. HEMY
Arranged by JAMES G. WALTON







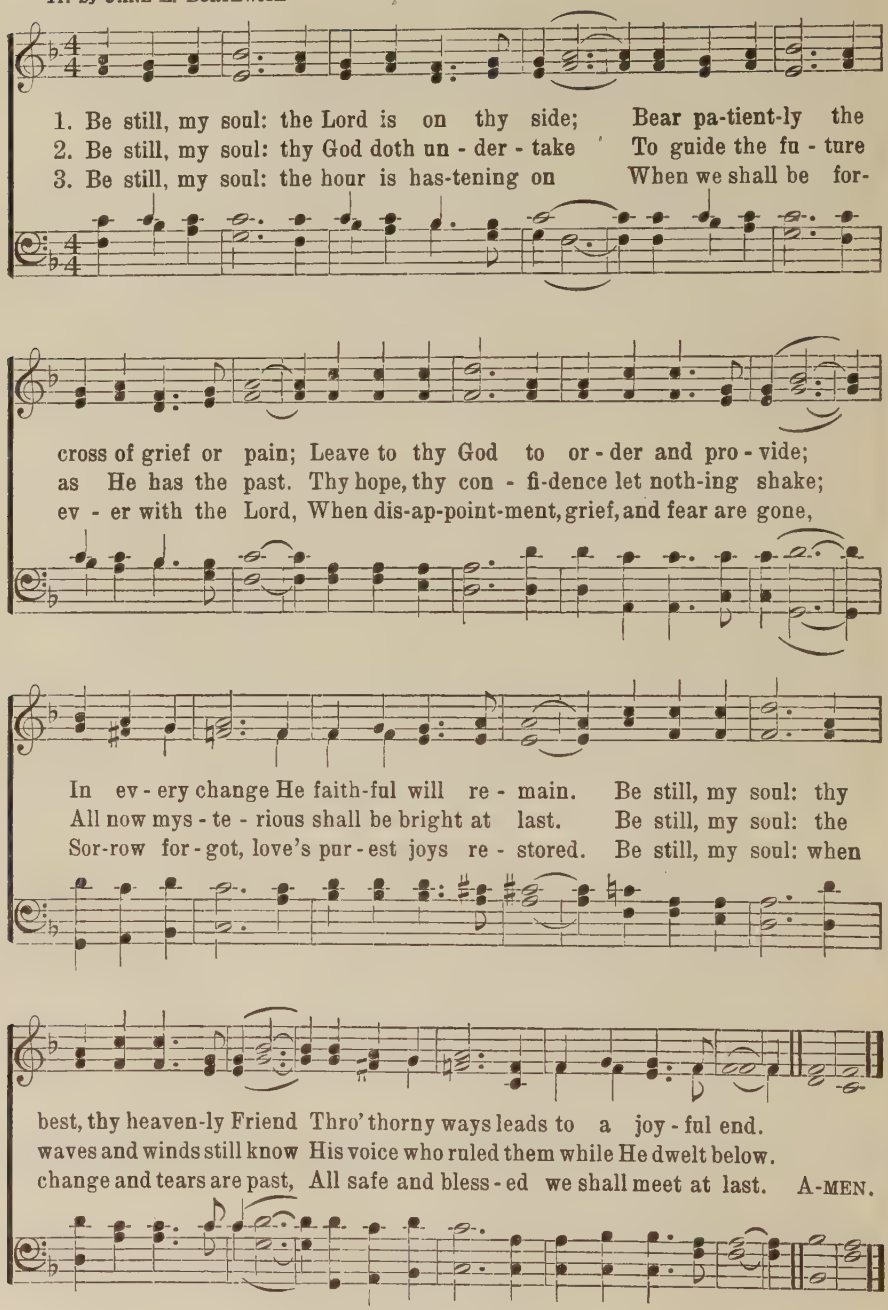


Be Still, My Soul

KATHARINA VON SCHLEGEL
Tr. by JANE L. BORTHWICK

FINLANDIA

JEAN SIBELIUS

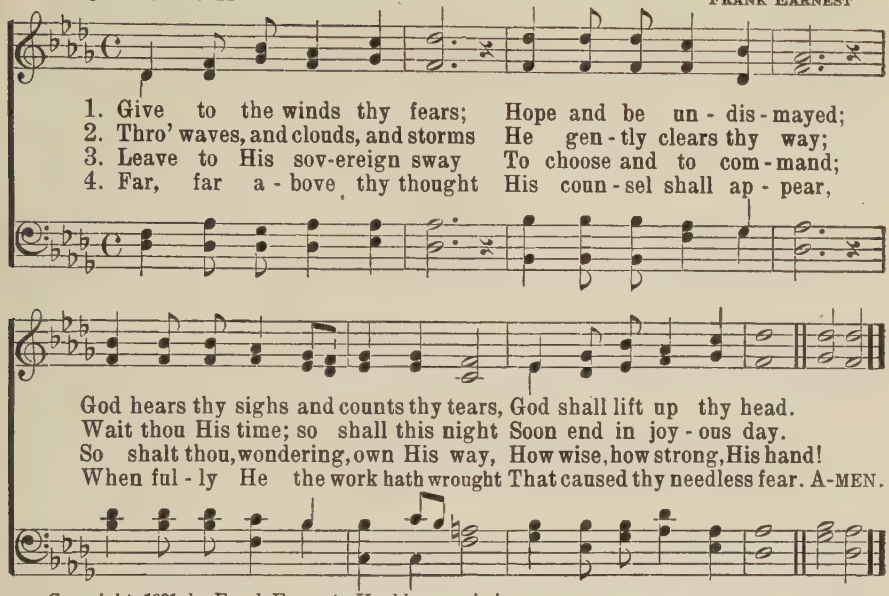


Give to the Winds Thy Fears 51

PAUL GERHARDT
Tr. by JOHN WESLEY

COURAGE

FRANK EARNEST



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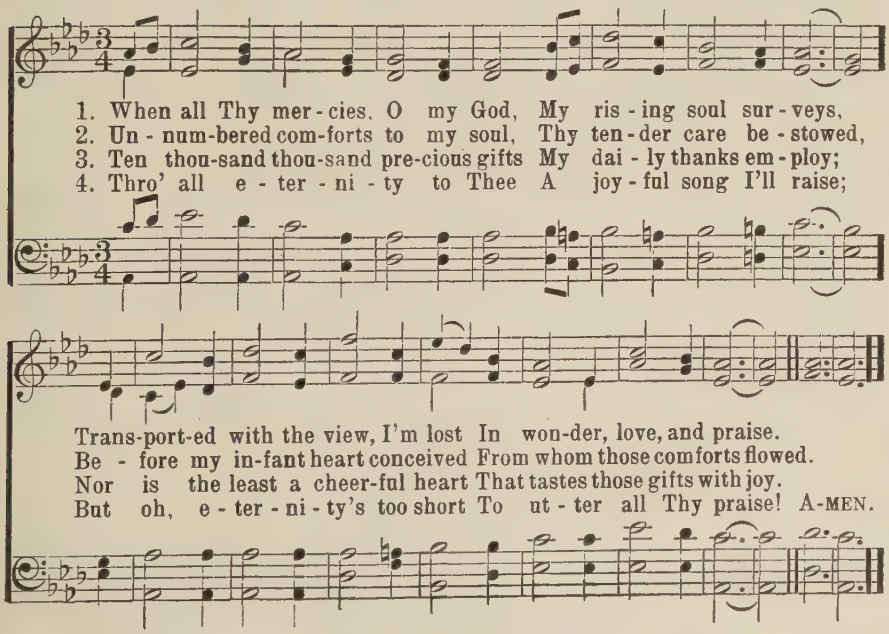
When All Thy Mercies, O My God 52

JOSEPH ADDISON

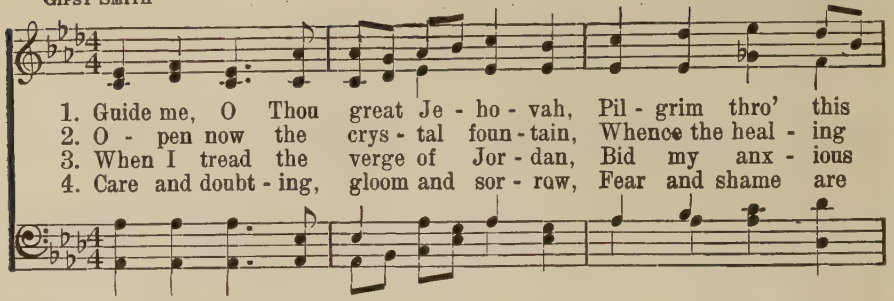
MANOAH

FRANCIS J. HAYDN

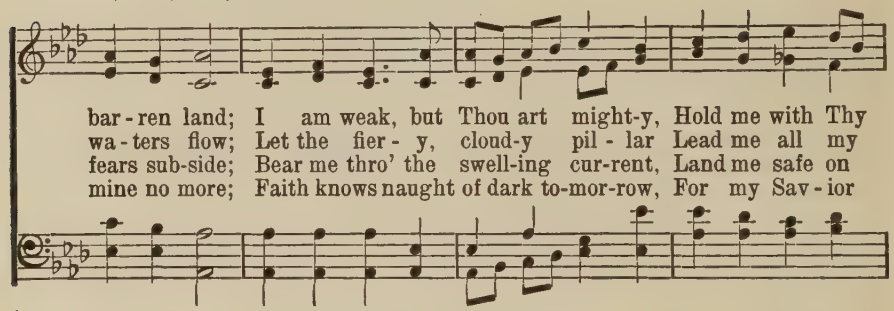


WILLIAM WILLIAMS and GIPSY SMITH

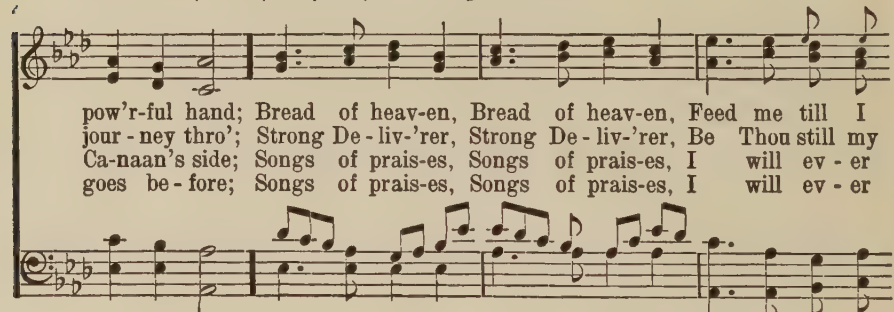
Arr. from Welch by E. EDWIN YOUNG



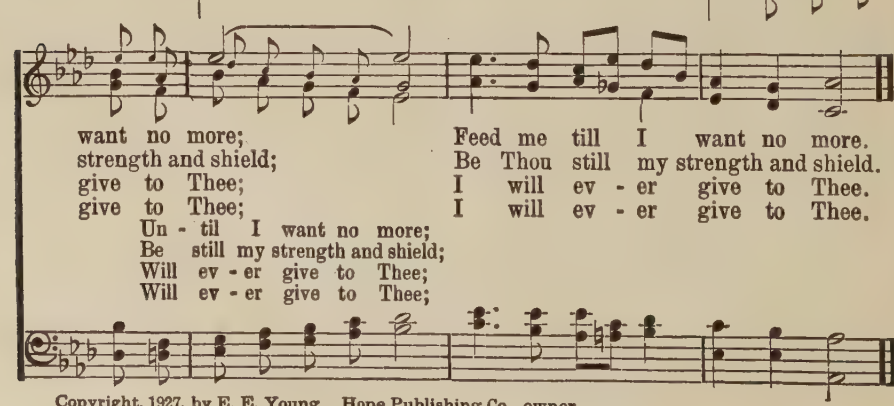
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious
4. Care and doubt - ing, gloom and sor - row, Fear and shame are



bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy
wa - ters flow; Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my
fears sub-side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on
mine no more; Faith knows naught of dark to-mor-row, For my Sav - ior



pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I
jour - ney thro'; Strong De - liv-'rer, Strong De - liv-'rer, Be Thou still my
Ca-naan's side; Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er
goes be - fore; Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er



want no more; Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Be Thou still my strength and shield.
give to Thee; I will ev - er give to Thee.
give to Thee; I will ev - er give to Thee.
Un - til I want no more;
Be still my strength and shield;
Will ev - er give to Thee;
Will ev - er give to Thee;

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Safe in Jehovah's Keeping

Sir Robert Anderson

D. B. Towner

1. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Led by His glo-rious arm, God is Him-
2. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Safe in temp-ta-tion's hour, Safe in the
3. Sure is Je-ho-vah's prom-ise, Naught can my hope as-sail; Here is my

self my ref-uge, A pres-ent help from harm. Fears may at times dis-
midst of per-ils, Kept by Al-might-y power. Safe when the tem-pest
soul's sure an-chor, En-tered with-in the veil. Blest in His love e-

tress me, Griefs may my soul an-noy; God is my strength and portion,
rag-es, Safe tho' the night be long; E'en when my sky is dark-est
ter-nal, What can I want be-side! Safe thro' the blood that cleanseth,

Chorus

God my ex-ceed-ing joy.
God is my strength and song. Safe in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Led by His
Safe in the Christ that died.

glo-rious arm, God is Him-self my ref-uge, A pres-ent help from harm.

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55 O Sometimes the Shadows Are Deep

ERASTUS JOHNSON — ROCK OF REFUGE — WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. O some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul!
But toil - ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad-ow - y vale.

REFRAIN

O then to the Rock let me fly, To the
let me fly,

Rock that is high - er than I; O then to the
is high - er than I;

Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I!
let me fly,

This Is My Father's World

TERRA BEATA

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK, 1901

FRANKLIN L. SHEPPARD

1. This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my lis - t'ning ears, All na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
2. This is my Fa - ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise, The morn-ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Ma - ker's praise.
3. This is my Fa - ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.

This is my Fa - ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of rocks and trees, of . . skies and seas—His hand the won-ders wrought.
This is my Fa - ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the rus - tling grass I . . hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - 'ry-where.
This is my Fa - ther's world, The bat - tle is not done, Je- - sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one. A-MEN.

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57 The Lord Jehovah Reigns

ISAAC WATTS — D. B. TOWNER

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The
2. The thun-ders of His hand Keep the wide world in awe; His
3. Thro' all His might - y works A - maz - ing wis - dom shines; Con-
4. And will this sovereign King Of glo - ry con - de - scend; And

gar - ments He as-sumes Are light and maj - es - ty; His glo - ries
wrath and jus-tice stand To guard His ho - ly law; And where His
founds the pow'r of hell, And all their dark de - signs; Strong is His
will He write His name, My Fa - ther and my Friend? I love His

shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.
love re-solves to bless, His truth con-firms and seals the grace.
arm and shall ful - fill His great de-crees and sovereign will.
Name, I love His Word; Join all my pow'rs to praise the Lord. A-MEN.

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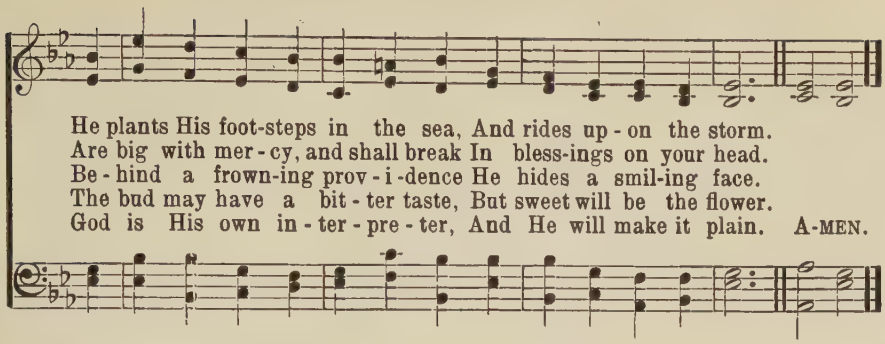
58 God Moves in a Mysterious Way

WILLIAM COWPER — DUNDEE — From the SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won-ders to per - form;
2. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour-age take; The clouds ye so much dread
3. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
4. His pur - pos - es will ri - pen fast, Un - fold - ing ev - ery hour:
5. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain:

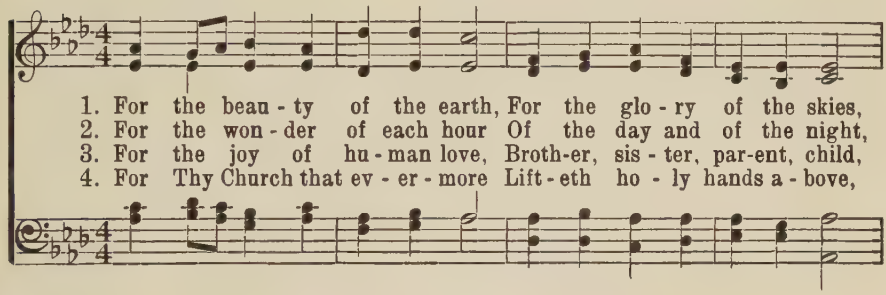
God Moves in a Mysterious Way

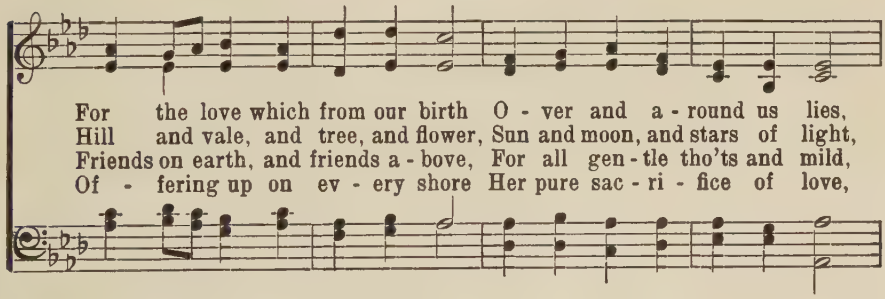


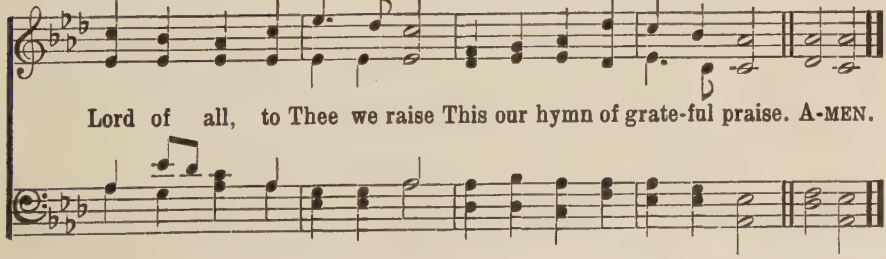
For the Beauty of the Earth 59

DIX

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT — Arranged from CONRAD KOCHER







Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS — ANTIOCH — Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,

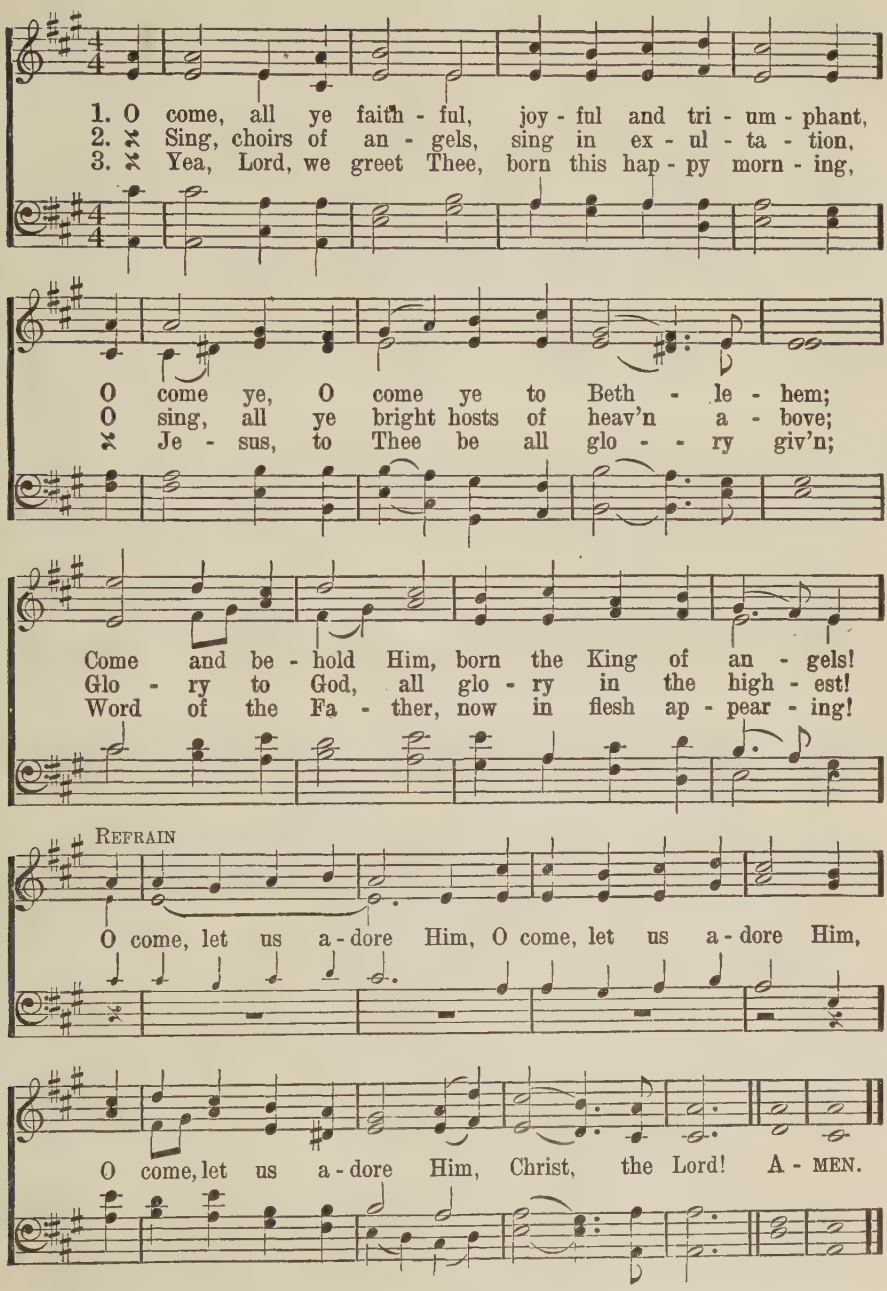
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
1. And heav'n and na - ture sing,..... And

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love.
heav'n and na - ture sing,

Latin, 18th century
Tr. by FREDERICK OAKELEY

ADESTE FIDELES

WADE'S Cantus Diversi



62 O Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS — ST. LOUIS — LEWIS H. REDNER

1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A-bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath-ered all a-bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly The wondrous Gift is giv'n! So God im-parts to
4. O ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and

dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to-geth - er Pro-
hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His Heav'n. No ear may hear His com-ing; But
en - ter in, Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas an - gels The

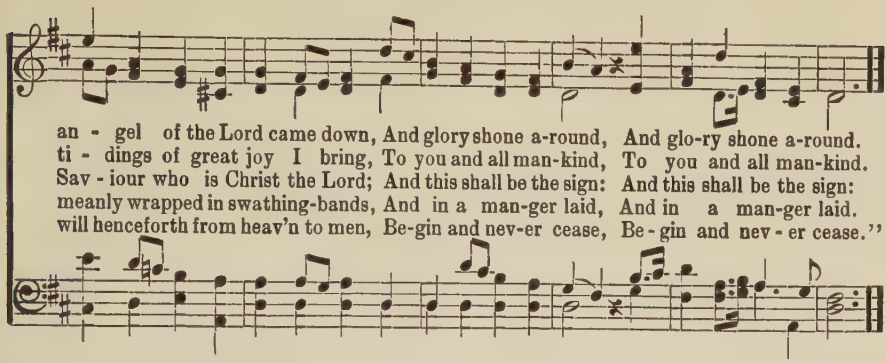
ev - er-last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
claim the ho-ly birth, And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
great glad tidings tell,—O come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u - el.

63 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

NAHUM TATE — CHRISTMAS — GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
2. "Fear not!" said he; for might-y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind, "Glad
3. "To you, in Dav-id's town this day, Is born of Dav-id's line, The
4. "The heav'n-ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis - played, All
5. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace: Good

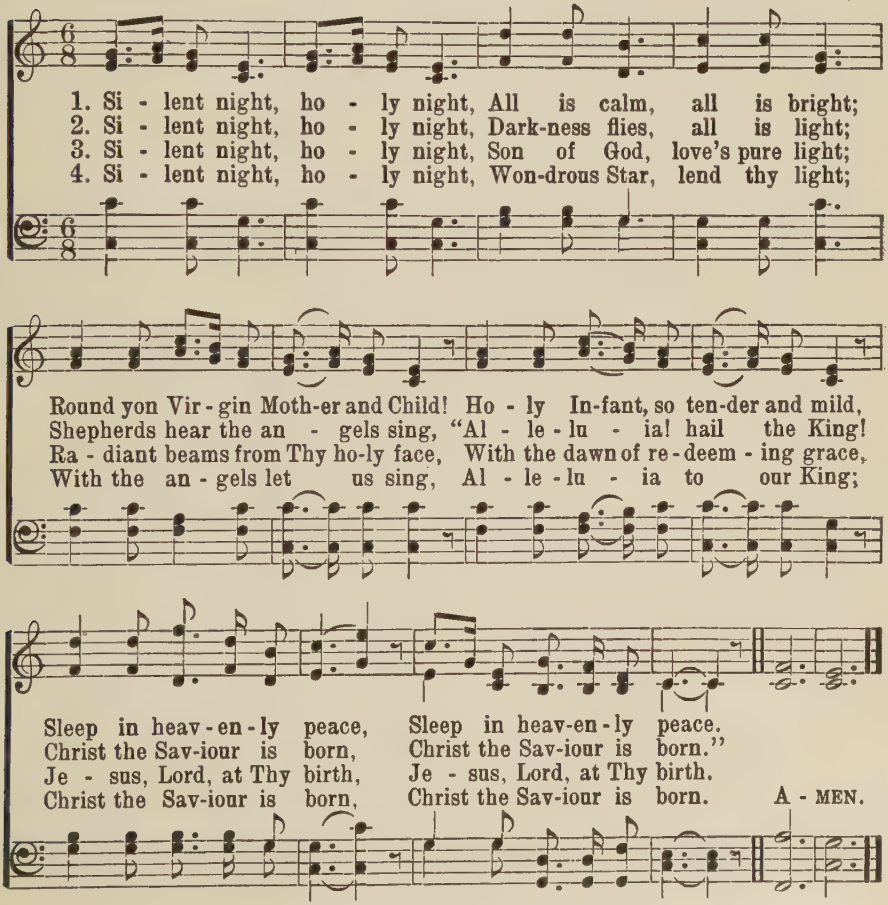
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks



Silent Night, Holy Night 64

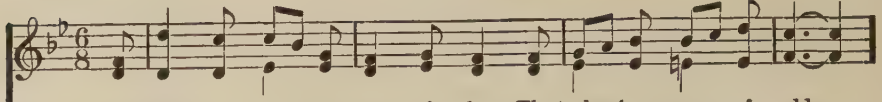
JOSEPH MOHR
Tr. compiled from various sources

FRANZ GRUBER

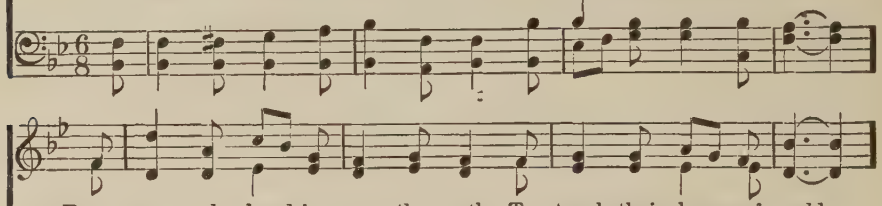


65 It Came upon the Midnight Clear

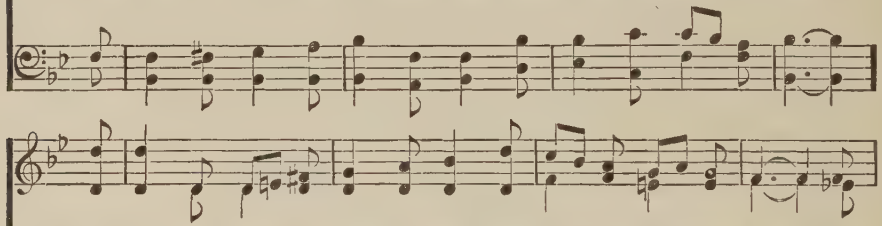
EDMUND H. SEARS — CAROL — RICHARD S. WILLIS



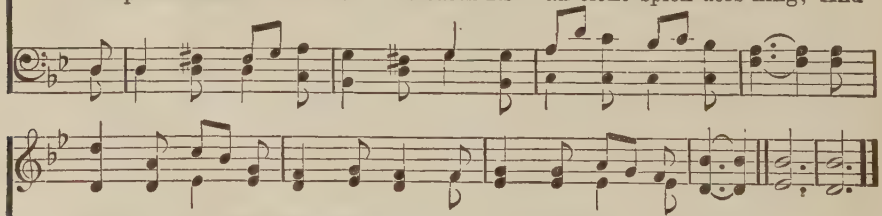
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be - neath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-et bards fore-told,



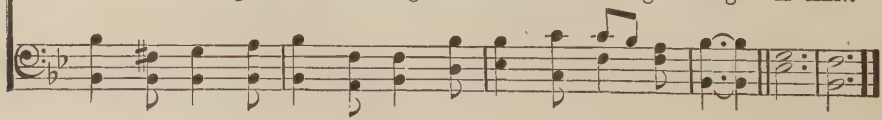
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious King:" The
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing: And
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing; O
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling, And



world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.



Rejoice, Ye Sons of Men

CORNELIUS FREUND
Refrain by CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, alt.

SONG OF JOY

Weihnachtslied, 14 Century
Arr. by WILLIAM LESTER

1. Re - joice, ye sons of men, al-way! God comes to you from heaven to-day;
2. He is the Branch of Jes - se's tree, The Li - on out of Ju - dah, He,
3. He brings us peace and hap - pi - ness, And heals all sor - row and dis-tress
4. Thro' His low birth and ho - ly blood We all are saved by Christ, true God;

The Lord is born a lit - tle child Of Ma - ry, cho - sen vir - gin mild.
The Gen-tile's Light, the prom-ised Seed Who was to bruise the Ser - pent's head.
Which, on ac-count of Ad - am's fall, For-ev - er weighed up-on us all.
The an - gel's glo - ry we shall share, And in His king-dom live for - e'er.

REFRAIN

Sing . . . . . *Women's voices*

Sing, . . sing, . . sing the bless - ed morn; Un - to us a

Sing, sing, . .

All voices

Child is born, Un - to us a Son is given. God Him-self comes

Bass marked

down from heav - en. Sing this morn;— Je - sus Christ is born.

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67 How Sweet the Name

HOLY CROSS

JOHN NEWTON — Adapted by JAMES C. WADE

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou-bled breast;
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought;
4. Till then, I would Thy love pro-claim With ev - ery fleet - ing breath;

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of Thy Name Re-fresh my soul in death. A-MEN.

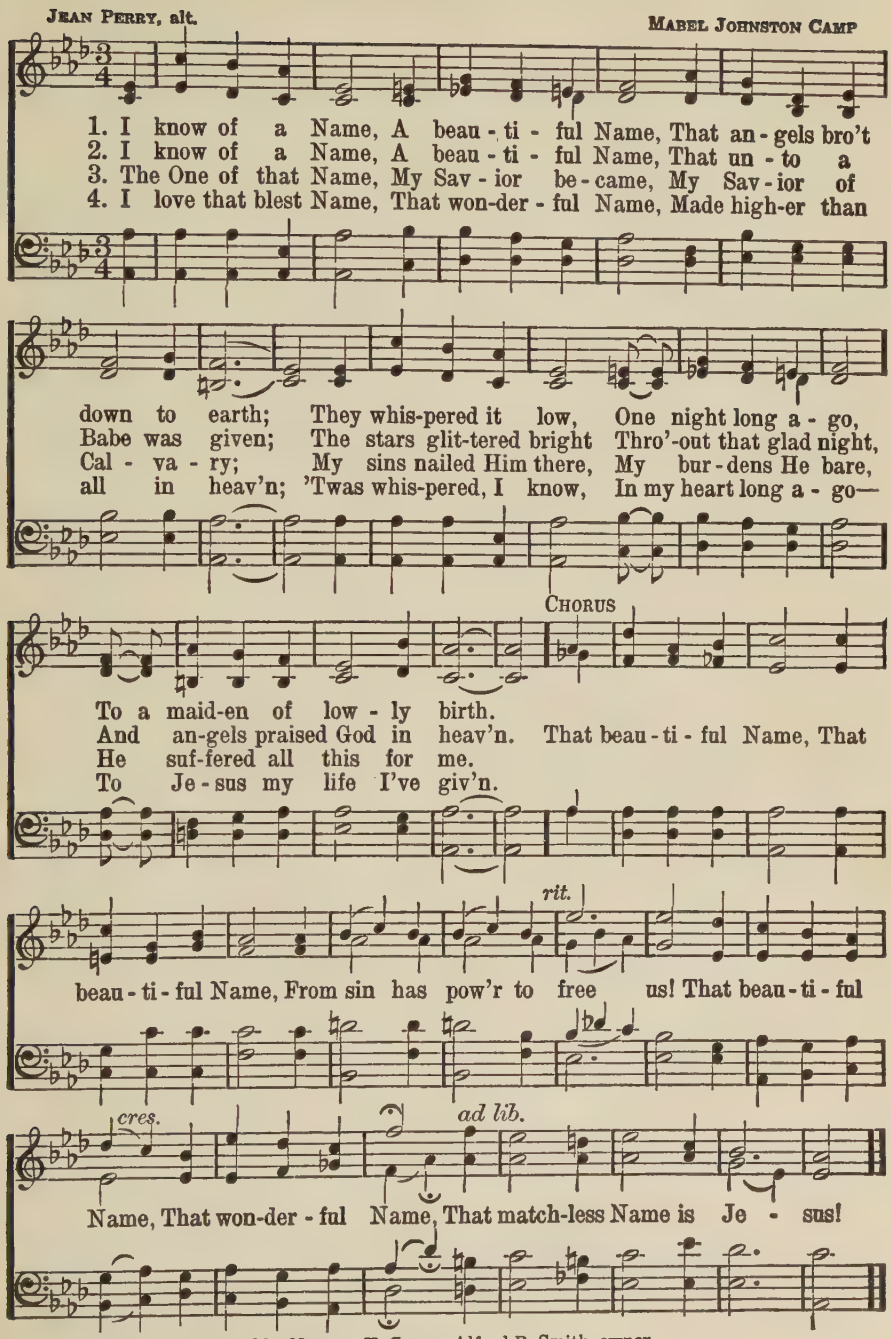
68 Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

LLANTHONY — ABBEY HYMNS

Slowly

1. Je - sus! Je - sus! Je - sus! Sing a - loud the Name;
2. Je - sus! Name of cleans - ing, Wash-ing all our stains;
3. Je - sus! Name of bold - ness,— Mak - ing cow - ards brave;
4. Je - sus! Name of beau - ty, Beau - ty far too bright
5. Je - sus! be our joy - note In this vale of tears;

Till it soft - ly, slow - ly, Sets all hearts a - flame.
Je - sus! Name of heal - ing, Balm for all our pains.
Name! that in the bat - tle, Cer - tain - ly must save.
For our earth-born fan - cy, For our mor - tal sight.
Till we reach the home-land, And th' e-ter - nal years. A - MEN.



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'Tis Jesus

J. Wilbur Chapman

Robert Harkness

Duet

1. I know of a World That is sunk in shame, Where hearts oft faint and tire; But I know of a Name, A pre - cious Name, That can set that world on fire; Its sound is sweet, Its let - ters flame.
2. I know of a Book, A mar-vel-ous Book, With a message for all who hear; And the same dear Name, His wonderful Name, Il - lu-mines its pag - es clear; The Book is His word, Its mes-sage I've heard.
3. I know of a Home In Im-man-u - el's Land, Where hearts ne'er faint nor tire; And His marvelous Name, His own dear Name, In - spires the Heav'n-ly Choir; Hear the mel - o - dy ring-ing, My own heart sing-ing.

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'Tis Jesus

REFRAIN

I know of a Name, a pre-cious Name, 'Tis Je - - sus.
'Tis Je - sus.

The Name of Jesus 71

W. C. MARTIN

E. S. LORENZ

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer,
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

It makes my joys full and com-plete, The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx-ious fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus!
The pre-cious name

CHORUS

"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - ery day the same;

"Je - sus," let all saints pro-claim Its wor-thy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor - thy praise

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72 All Hail the Power

EDWARD PERRONET — CORONATION — OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

73

MILES' LANE — WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name 74

E. Perronet — DIADEM — James Ellor

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .

crown Him, crown Him;

all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!
crown . . . . . Him;

. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

75 Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY — CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:

2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His praises! Je-sus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!

3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:

REFRAIN

tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

O Thou God of My Salvation

TOWNER

THOMAS OLIVERS

DANIEL B. TOWNER

1. O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re-deem-er from all sin;
2. Though un-seen, I love the Sav - iour, He hath brought sal - va - tion near;
3. While the an - gel choirs are cry - ing, "Glo - ry to the great I Am,"
4. An - gels now are hov-ering round us, Un - per-ceived a - mong the throng;

Moved by Thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win;
Man - i - fests His par-doning fa - vor; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear,
I with them will still be vy - ing—Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
Won - dering at the love that crowned us, Glad to sing the ho - ly song;

I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, Where shall I Thy praise be - gin?
Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y, Shall His glo-rious im - age bear;
Oh, how pre-cious, oh, how pre-cious Is the sound of Je - sus' name!
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and praise to Christ be-long!

I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, Where shall I Thy praise be-gin?
Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y, Shall His glo-rious im-age bear.
Oh, how precious, oh, how pre-cious Is the sound of Je-sus' name!
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and praise to Christ be-long! A-MEN.

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His Mighty Hand

Geo. Walker Whitcomb — Albert Simpson Reitz

1. I am saved from sin, I have peace with-in And I walk with Je - sus
2. Man - y passed me by, Heeding not my cry, But the Sav - ior heard and
3. There's a prom-ise sure; And it shall en-dure, "Lo, I will be with thee
4. There is sweet - er peace, There is perfect peace, And my Fa-ther's word is

day by day; O His hand, so strong, Holds me all day long And with
res - cued me; I was lost and blind, Je - sus was so kind, Lo, He
all the way;" And tho' foes as - sail, I shall still pre - vail, For I
won-drous dear; There is might-y pow'r, For each try - ing hour, There is

Chorus

Him I will not go a - stray.
touched my eyes and now I see. He will hold me with His might-y hand!
know He helps me watch and pray.
love that "cast-eth out all fear!"

He will hold me with His might - y hand! In temp - ta - tion He will

help me stand, For He will hold me with His might - y hand!

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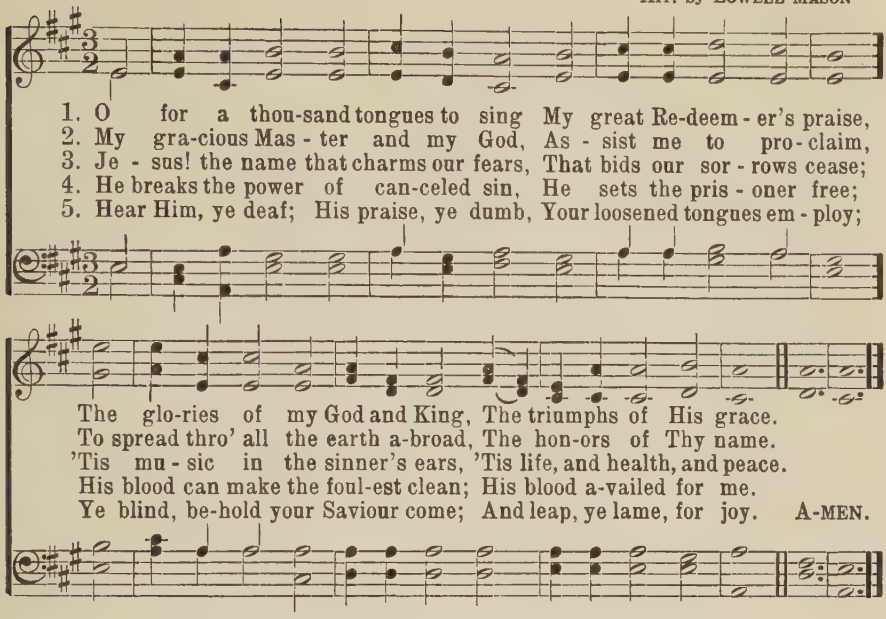
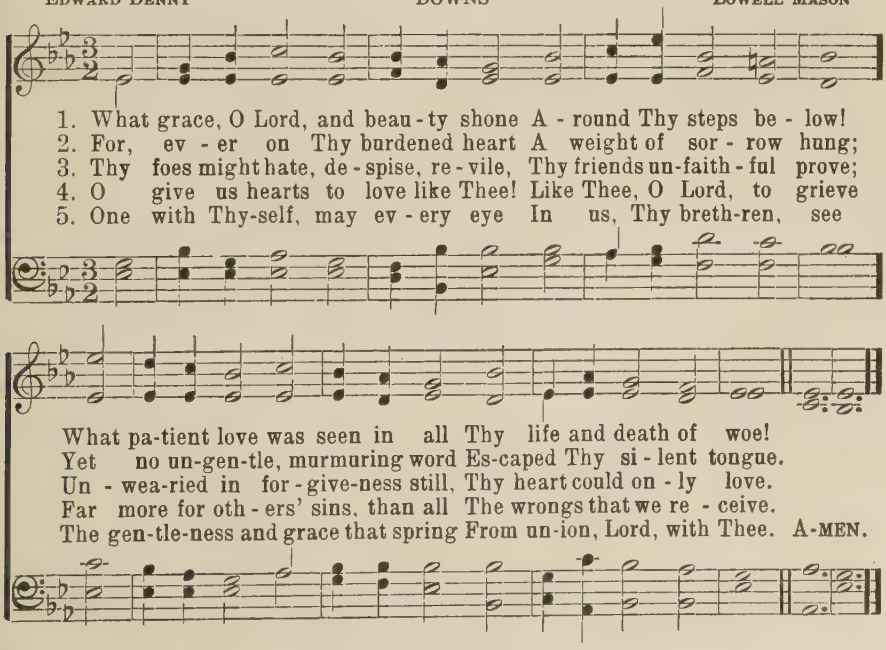
O for a Thousand Tongues 78

CHARLES WESLEY — AZMON — CARL G. GLASER, Arr. by LOWELL MASON



What Grace, O Lord 79

EDWARD DENNY — DOWNS — LOWELL MASON



Immanuel, Prince of Peace

ANDREW SHERWOOD — D. B. TOWNER

1. Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth nev-er cease,
2. When I, a lisp-ing in-fant, lay Up-on my moth-er's knee,
3. Oh, song of songs, that grows sub-lime As on-ward roll the years;

Of Him who died for sin-ful men: Im-man-uel, Prince of Peace.
She told me in the twi-light gray, How Je-sus died for me;
Oh, sto-ry wov-en in-to rhyme, That melts the heart to tears;

The peer-less One of all the throng Who've walked our earth-ly sod;
She sang a song of heaven and God I nev-er can for-get;
I love, I love to hear that song, It fills my soul with joy:

The sweet-est name that lives in song: Christ Je-sus, Son of God.
And tho' she sleeps be-neath the sod, Her song is liv-ing yet.
To Him all songs of praise be-long Which mor-tal tongues em-ploy.

CHORUS

Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth nev-er cease,

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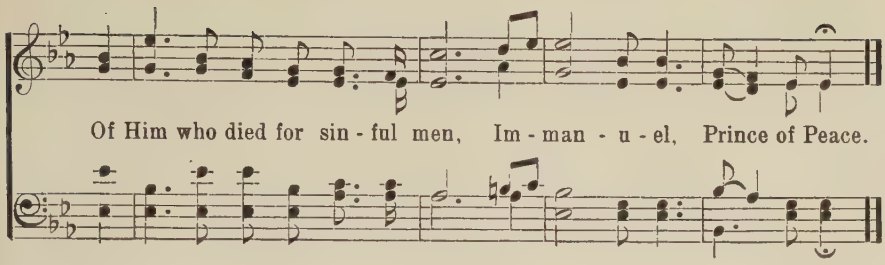
Immanuel, Prince of Peace

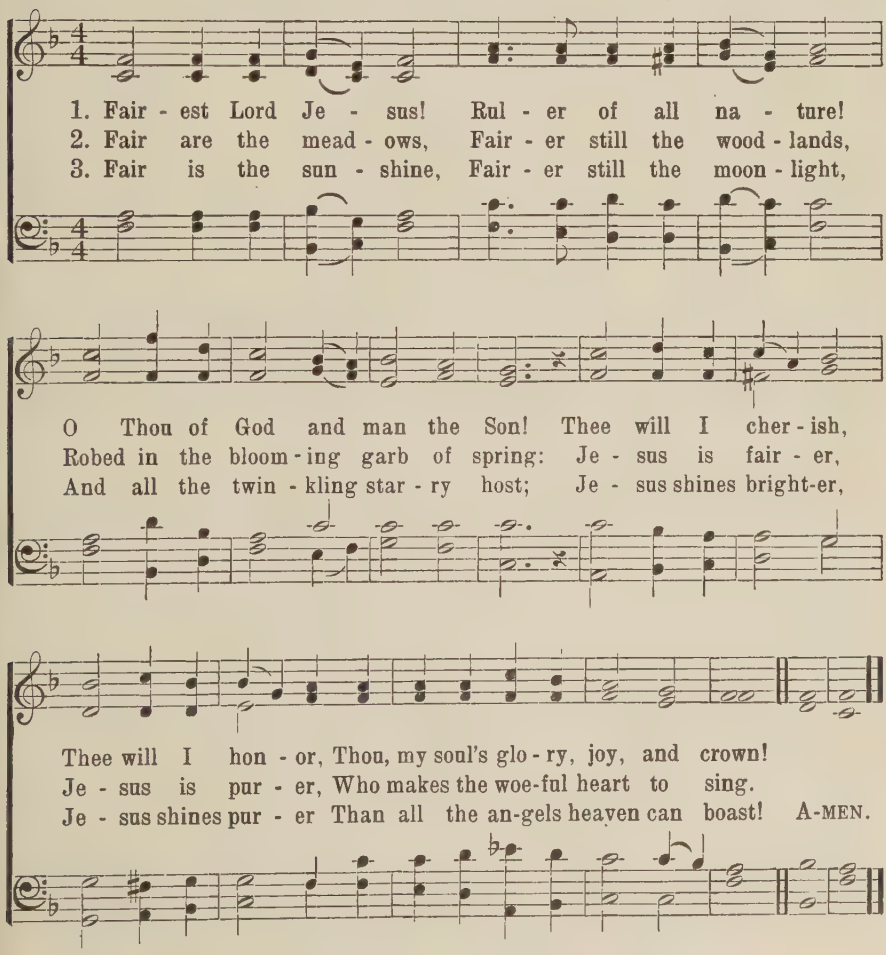


Fairest Lord Jesus 81

CRUSADERS' HYMN

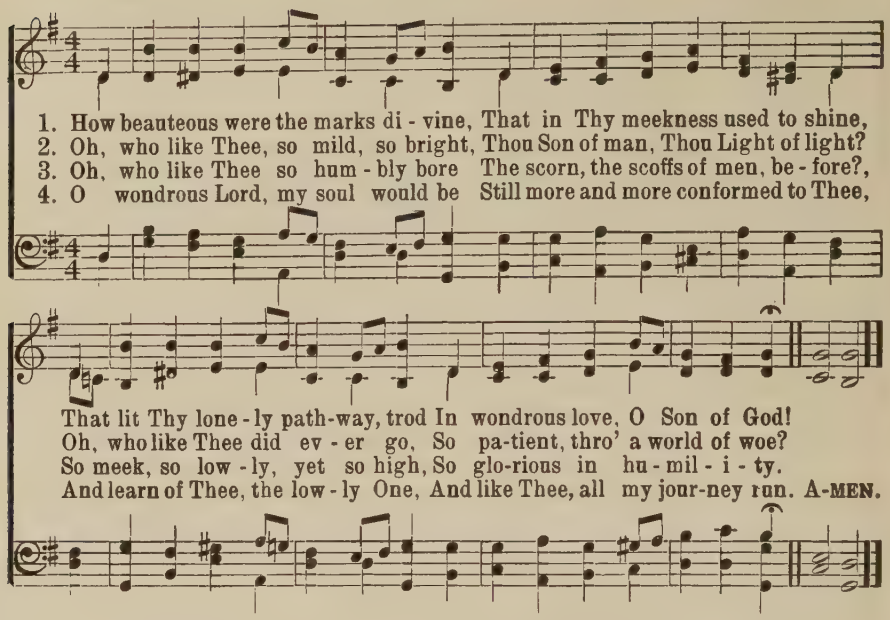
German, 17th Century

Silesian Folk Song
Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS



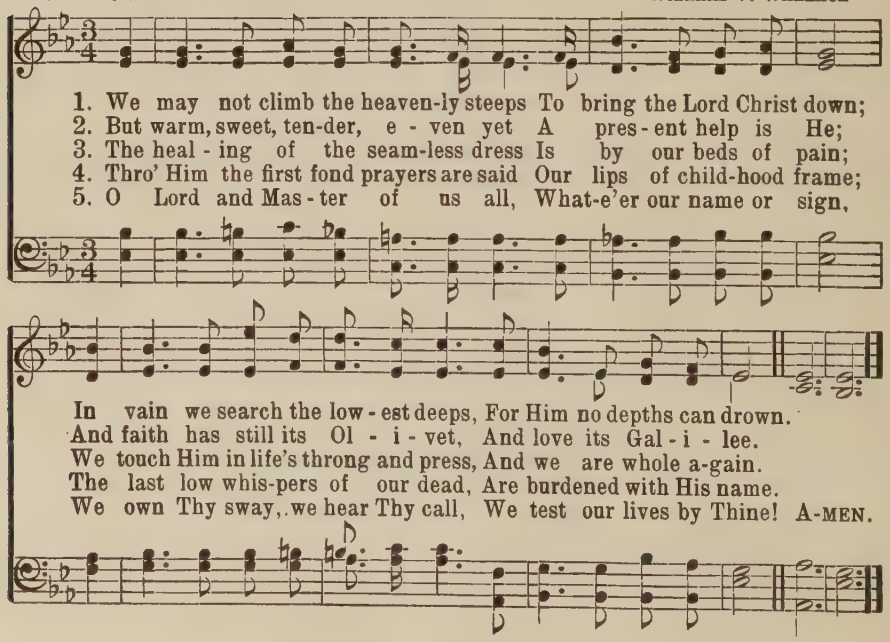
82 How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine

A. Cleveland Coxe — CANONBURY — Robert Schumann



83 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps

John G. Whittier — SERENITY — William V. Wallace



Ride On in Majesty

84

HENRY HART MILMAN

DANIEL B. TOWNER

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho-san - na" cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! The an - gel ar-mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! The last and fierc-est strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;

O Sav-iour meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.
Look down with sad and won-dering eyes To see th'approaching sac - ri - fice.
The Fa - ther on His sapphire throne A - waits His own an - noint - ed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

CHORUS

Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - - ly
Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Ride on! ride on! In low - ly pomp, in

pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri-umphs now be -
low - ly pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri-umphs now be - gin, Thy

gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
tri - umphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con-quered sin.

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Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

JEANNETTE THRELFALL — ELLACOMBE — GESANGBUCH DER HERZOGL

1. Ho - san - na, loud ho - san - na The lit - tle chil - dren sang;
2. From Ol - i - vet they fol - lowed 'Mid an ex - ult - ant crowd,
3. "Ho - san - na in the high - est!" That an-cient song we sing,

Thro' pil - lared court and tem - ple The love - ly an - them rang;
The vic - tor palm-branch wav - ing, And chant-ing clear and loud;
For Christ is our Re - deem - er, The Lord of heaven our King.

To Je - sus, who had blessed them Close fold - ed to His breast,
The Lord of men and an - gels Rode on in low - ly state,
O may we ev - er praise Him With heart and life and voice,

The chil - dren sang their prais - es, The sim-plest and the best.
Nor scorned that lit - tle chil - dren Should on His bid-ding wait.
And in His bliss-ful pres - ence E - ter - nal - ly re - joice! A-MEN.

Olivet to Calvary

SUOMI

ERNEST F. MCGREGOR

Finnish Cavalry March
Thirty Years' War

1. Lift high the tri-umph song to - day! From Ol - i - vet to Cal - va - ry
2. We climb a - gain the wood-ed slopes Of Ol - i - vet and Cal - va - ry;
3. We join the throng to wel-come Him: From Ol - i - vet and Cal - va - ry—
4. We o - pen wide the gates of love! By Ol - i - vet, by Cal - va - ry,

We tread a - gain that an - cient way Our Sav-iour rode in maj - es - ty.
We share with Him those ra-diant hopes, Which led at last to vic - to - ry.
De - scend the heights to shad-ows dim, Thro' death with Him to lib - er - ty.
Ac-claim Him Christ, from God a - bove, Our King, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

Let now the loud ho - san - nas ring! The Prince of Peace is pass - ing by;
Let now the loud ho - san - nas ring! The Prince of Peace is pass - ing by;
Let now the loud ho - san - nas ring! The Prince of Peace is pass - ing by;
Let now the loud ho - san - nas ring! The Prince of Peace is pass - ing by;

The Lord of Life, our Sav-iour, King, Goes bravely forth, to reign and die.
The Lord of Life, our Sav-iour, King, Goes bravely forth, to live—and die.
The Lord of Life, our Sav-iour, King, Goes humbly forth, to serve—and die.
The Lord of Life, our Sav-iour, King, Goes no - bly forth, no more to die. A-MEN.

Words copyright, 1932, by Ernest F. McGregor.

There Is a Green Hill Far Away

CECIL F. ALEXANDER — GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS

Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too;

rit . . .

And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

Once for All

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss

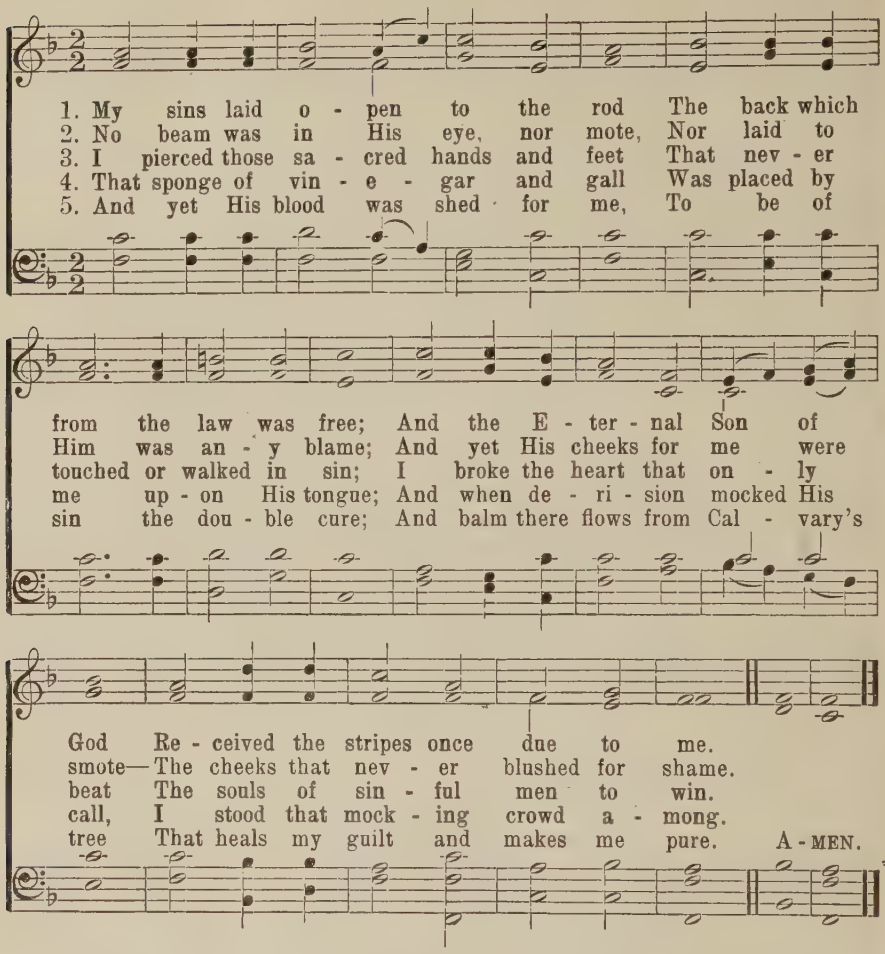
1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath bled, and there is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.
2. Now are we free—there's no con - dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro- vides a per-fect sal - va - tion; "Come un - to Me," O hear His sweet call, Come, and He saves us once for all.
3. "Chil-dren of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass-ing from death to life at His call, Bless - ed sal - va - tion once for all.

Chorus

Once for all, O sin-ner, re- ceive it, Once for all, O broth-er, be - lieve it; Cling to the Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath re-deemed us once for all.

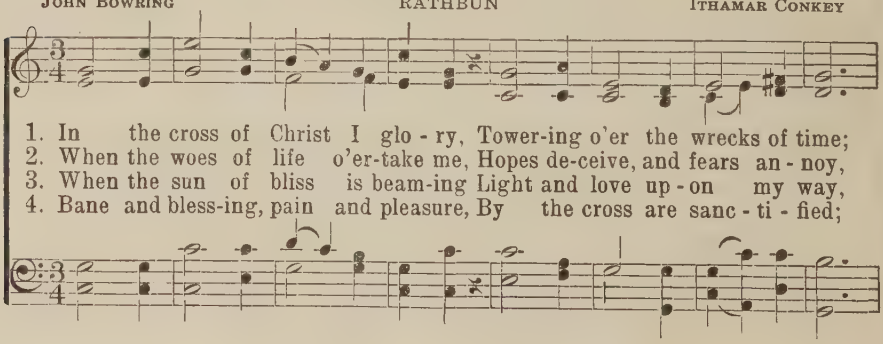
89 "By His Stripes We Are Healed"

JAMES M. GRAY — FEDERAL STREET — HENRY K. OLIVER

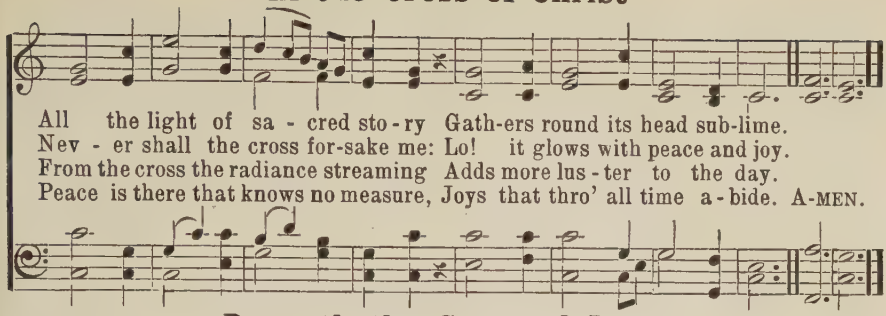


90 In the Cross of Christ

JOHN BOWRING — RATHBUN — ITHAMAR CONKEY

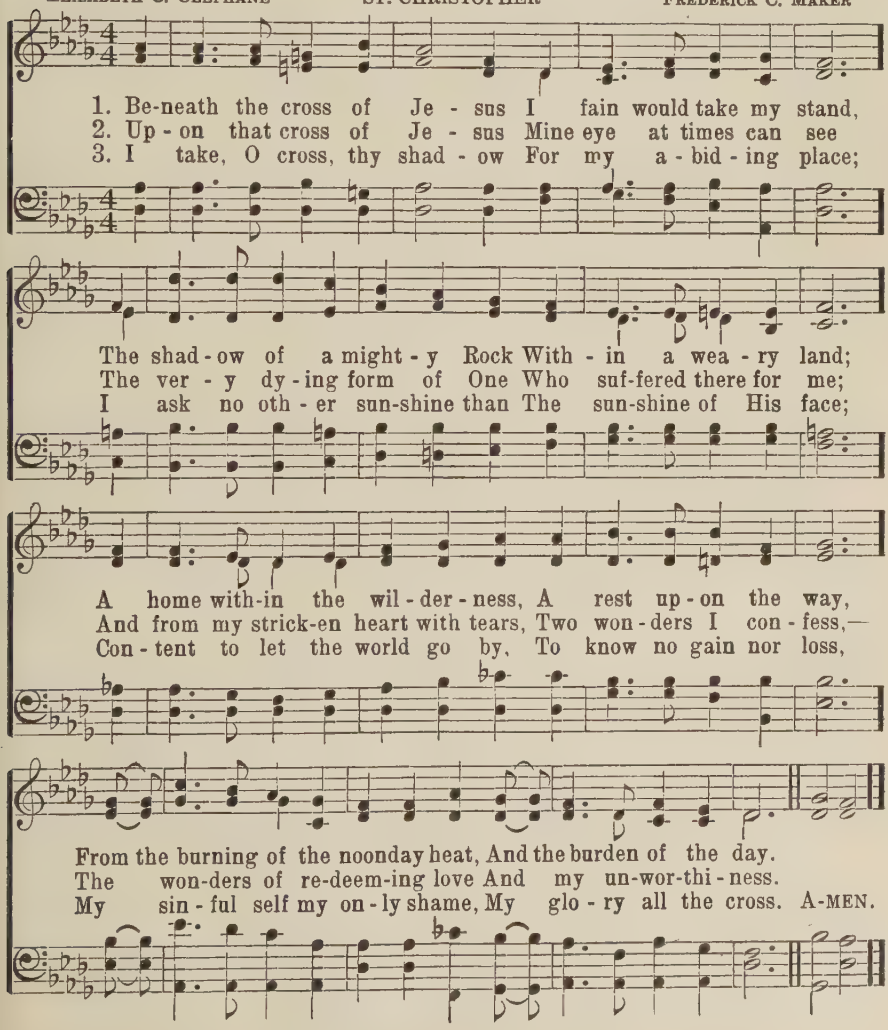


In the Cross of Christ



Beneath the Cross of Jesus 91

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE ST. CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK C. MAKER



There Is a Fountain

WILLIAM COWPER — LOWELL MASON

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When

sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

Blessed Redeemer

AVIS BURGESON CHRISTIANSEN

HARRY DIXON LOES

1. Up Cal-vary's mountain one dreadful morn, Walked Christ my Saviour, weary and worn;
2. "Fa-ther, forgive them!" thus did He pray, E'en while His life-blood flowed fast a-way;
3. O how I love Him, Sav-iour and Friend, How can my prais-es ev - er find end!

Fac-ing for sin-ners death on the cross, That He might save them from endless loss.
Pray-ing for sin-ners while in such woe— No one but Je - sus ev - er loved so.
Thro' years un-num-bered on heaven's shore, My tongue shall praise Him for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS

Bless-ed Re-deem - er! pre-cious Re-deem - er! Seems now I
Bless-ed Re-deem-er! bless-ed Re-deem - er!

see Him on Cal - va - ry's tree; Wound-ed and bleed - ing, for sin-ners
Wound-ed and bleed-ing,

plead - ing— Blind and un - heed - - ing— dy - ing for me!
for sin-ners plead - ing— Blind and un-heed - ing—

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Believe, and Keep on Believing

Arr. from W. L. by EL. NATHAN

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. I be-lieved in God's won-der - ful mer - cy and grace, Be-lieved in the
2. I be-lieved in the work of my cru - ci - fied Lord, Be-lieved in re-
3. I be-lieved in the heart that was o - pened for me, Be-lieved in the
4. I be-lieved in Him - self, as the true Liv - ing One, Be-lieved in His

smile of His rec - on-ciled face, Believed in His message of par - don and peace;
demp-tion a-lone thro' His blood, Believed in my Sav-ior by trust-ing His word;
love flow-ing bless-ed and free, Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree;
pres-ence on high on the throne, Believed in His coming in glo - ry full soon;

CHORUS

I be-lieved, and I keep on be - liev - ing. Be - lieve! and the feel-ing may

come or may go; Be - lieve in the word that was writ - ten to show That

all who be-lieve their salvation may know; Believe, and keep right on be-liev-ing.

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I've Found a Friend

J. G. Small — Geo. C. Stebbins

1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!

And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

I Know Whom I Have Believed

EL NATHAN

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

Moderato

1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Nor why un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS

But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, and am per-suad-ed that He is

a - ble To keep that which I've committed Un - to Him a-gainst that day."

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JULIA H. JOHNSTON

D. B. TOWNER

1. Mar - vel-ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
2. Sin and de - spair like the sea waves cold, Threat-en the soul with
3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
4. Mar - vel-ous, in - fi - nite, match-less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,
in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

CHORUS

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. Grace, grace,
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day.
Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive? Mar - vel - ous grace,

God's grace, Grace that will par-don and cleanse with-in; Grace,
In - fi - nite grace, Mar - vel-ous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great-er than all our sin.
grace, In - fi - nite grace,

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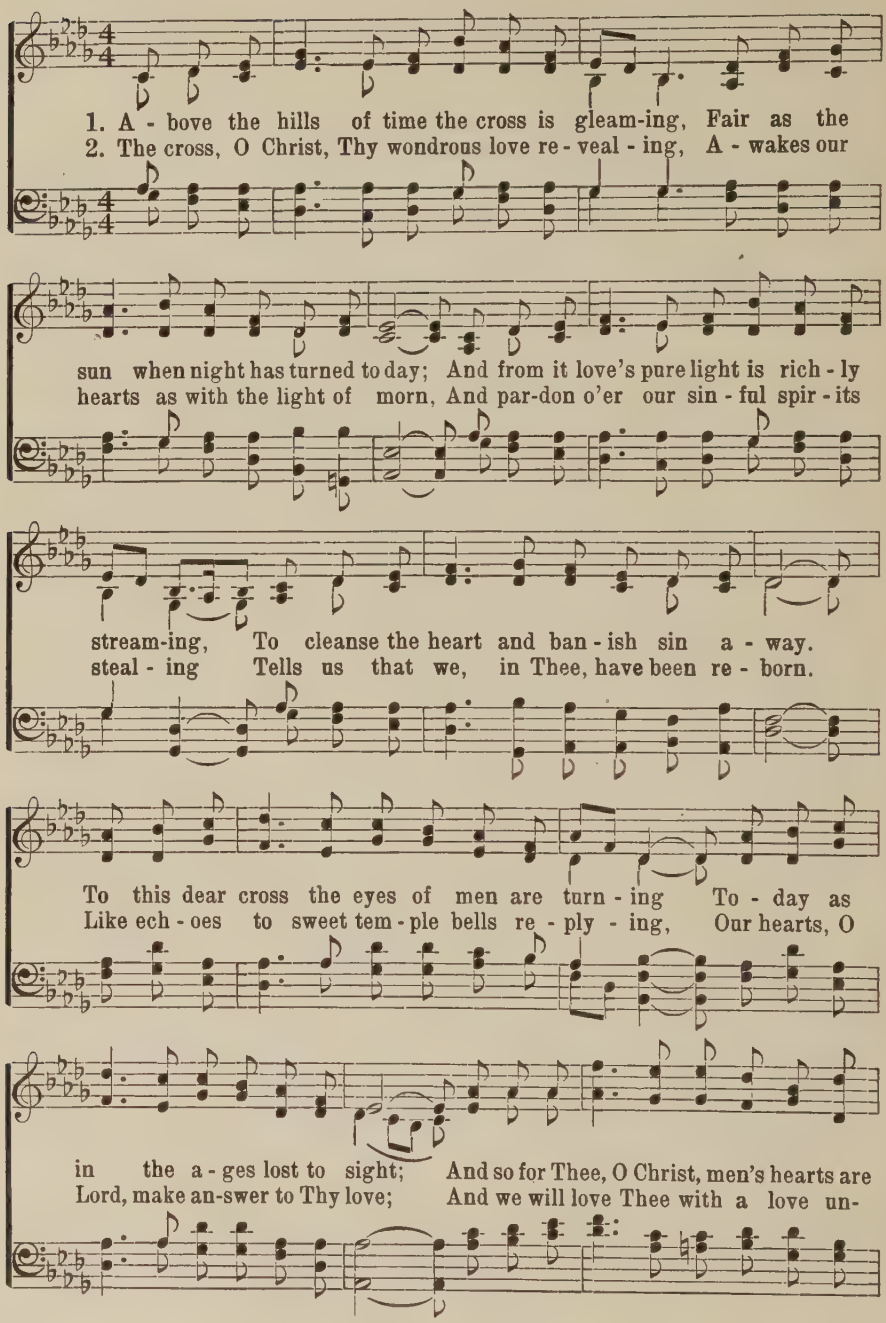
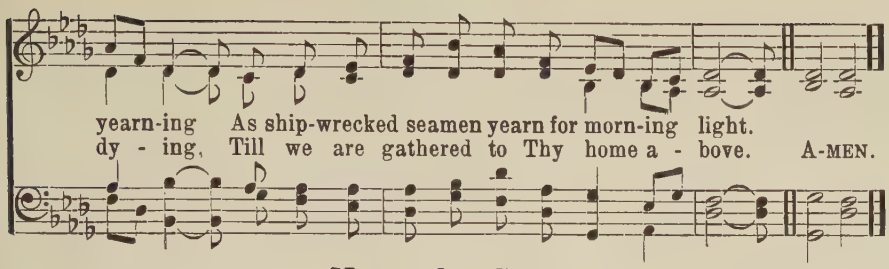
Above the Hills of Time

THOMAS TIPLADY — LONDONDERRY — Irish traditional melody

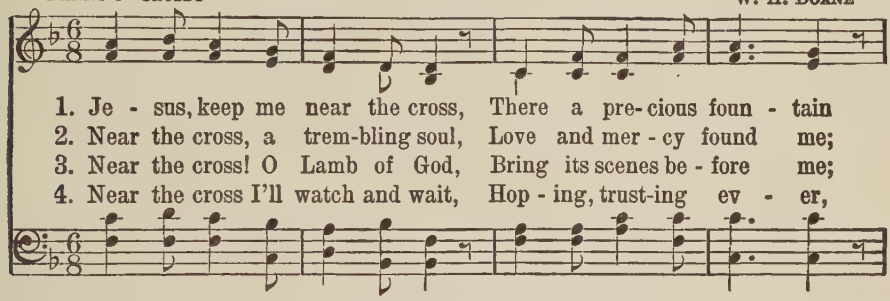


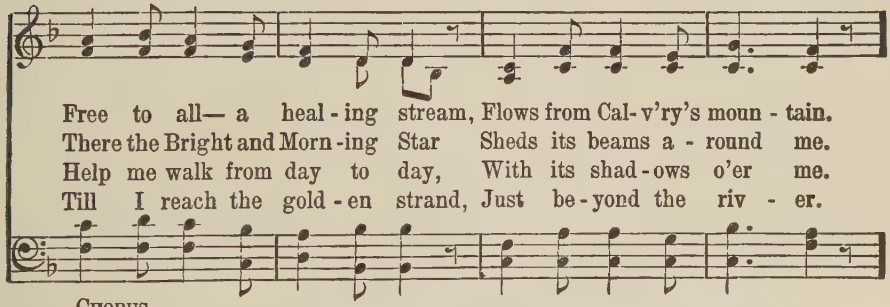
Above the Hills of Time



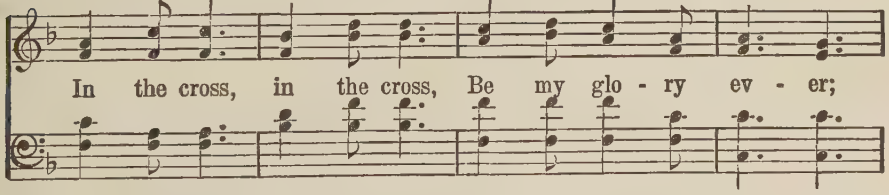
Near the Cross 99

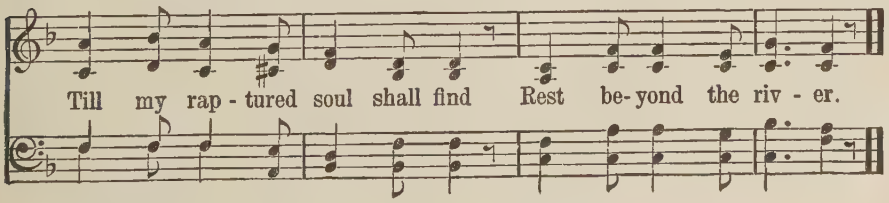
FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE





CHORUS





One Day!

J. Wilbur Chapman

Chas. H. Marsh

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun-tain, One day they
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the
5. One day the trump - et will sound for His com - ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be,... Je - sus came forth to be
nailed Him to die on the tree;.. Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de-
rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free;.. An - gels came down o'er His
stone rolled a - way from the door;. Then He a - rose, o - ver
skies with His glo - ries will shine; Won-der - ful day, my be-

born of a vir - gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am - ple is He!...
spised and re - ject - ed: Bear - ing our sins, my Re-deem-er is He!...
tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope-less, my Sav - ior is He!...
death He had con-quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!.
lov - ed ones bring-ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, this Je - sus is mine!.

Chorus

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He

car - ried my sins far a - way;.. Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

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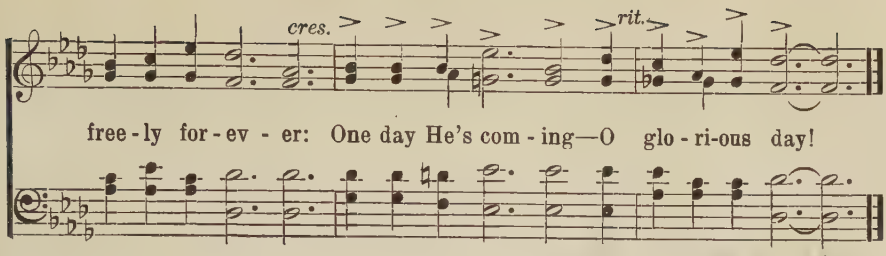
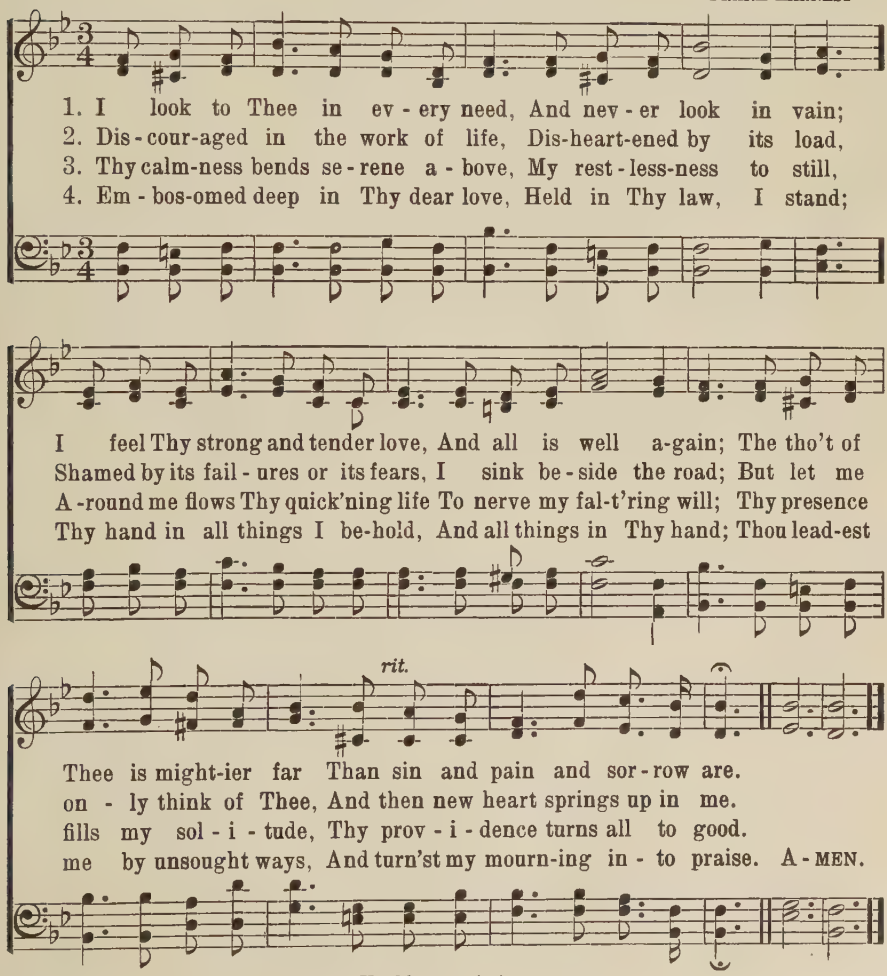
One Day!



I Look to Thee 101

CHRISTIAN LIFE

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW — FRANK EARNEST



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Blessed Calvary

CHRISTIAN B. ANSON

LANCE B. LATHAM

1. I look at the cross up - on Cal - va - ry, And oh, what a
2. I find at the cross bless-ed vic - to - ry, And grace for each
3. The cross is my hope for e - ter - ni - ty, No mer - it have

won-der di - vine, To think of the wealth it holds for me—The
step of my way; The fount of God's love is flow - ing free, And
I of my own; The shed blood of Christ my on - ly plea—My

CHORUS

rich - es of heav-en are mine.
sweet-er it grows day by day. Bless-ed Cal - va - ry! Pre-cious
trust is in Je - sus a - lone.

Cal - va - ry! 'Neath thy shad-ow I'll ev - er a - bide. Bless-ed

Cal - va - ry! Precious Cal - va-ry! 'Twas there Je-sus suf-fered and died.

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EASTER HYMN

CHARLES WESLEY and others

From Lyra Dividica

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia!
3. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King; Al - - le - lu - ia!
4. Soar we now, where Christ has led, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head; Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Dy - ing once, He all doth save: Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Christ Arose

ROBERT LOWRY

ROBERT LOWRY

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav - ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Je - sus my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—

REFRAIN *Faster*

Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a

might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a-rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-

rit.

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

He a - rose! He a - rose!

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

J. H. FILLMORE

1. I know that my Redeemer liv-eth, And on the earth a-gain shall stand;
2. I know His promise never fail-eth, The word He speaks, it can-not die;
3. I know my mansion He prepareth, That where He is there I may be;

1. And on the earth again shall stand;

I know e-ter-nal life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r are in His hand.
Tho' cruel death my flesh assaileth, Yet I shall see . . . . Him by and by.
O wondrous tho't, for me He careth, And He at last. . . . will come for me.

That grace and pow'r are in His hand.

CHORUS

I know, I know . . . . . that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the

I know, I know

earth. . . . . a - gain shall stand; I know, I know . . . . . .

And on the earth

I know, I know

that life He giv - eth, That grace and pow'r . . . . . are in His hand.

That grace and pow'r

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106 The Strife Is O'er

VICTORY. With Alleluia

Anon. (Latin) tr. by FRANCIS POTT

From Palestrina
Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org.

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won; The song of tri-umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions hath dis- persed; Let shouts of ho - ly joy out-burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
3. The three sad days are quick-ly sped; He ris - es glo - rious from the dead; All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
4. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy serv-ants free, That we may live and sing to Thee, Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

D. S.

107 Lift Up, Lift Up Your Voices Now

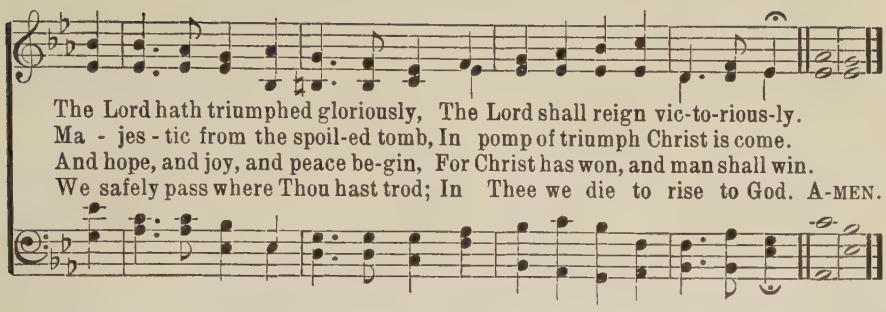
WALTHAM

JOHN M. NEALE

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN

1. Lift up, lift up your voic - es now! The whole wide world re-joic - es now;
2. In vain with stone the cave they barred; In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
3. And all He did, and all He bare, He gives us as our own to share;
4. O Vic - tor, aid us in the fight, And lead thro' death to realms of light;

Lift Up, Lift Up Your Voices Now

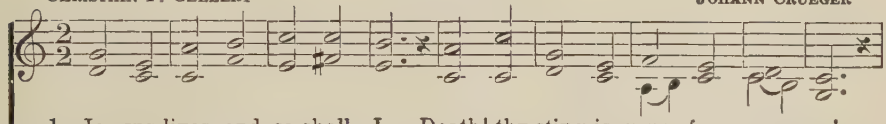


The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, The Lord shall reign vic-to-rious-ly.
Ma - jes - tic from the spoil-ed tomb, In pomp of triumph Christ is come.
And hope, and joy, and peace be-gin, For Christ has won, and man shall win.
We safely pass where Thou hast trod; In Thee we die to rise to God. A-MEN.

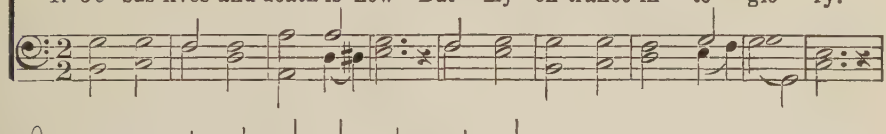
Jesus Lives, and So Shall I 108

ZUVERSICHT

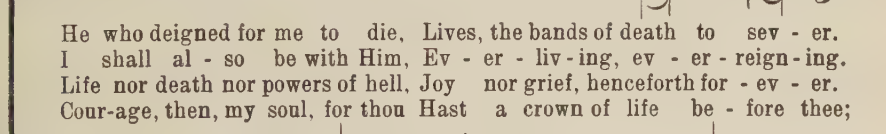
CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT — JOHANN CRUEGER

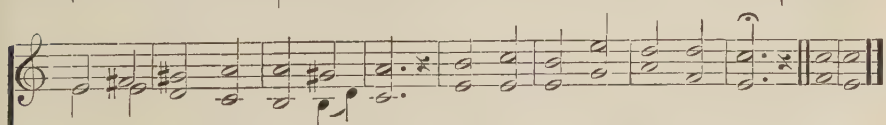


1. Je - sus lives, and so shall I. Death! thy sting is gone for - ev - er!
2. Je - sus lives and reigns supreme; And, His king-dom still re - main - ing,
3. Je - sus lives! I know full well, Naught from Him my heart can sev - er,
4. Je - sus lives and death is now But my en-trance in - to glo - ry.

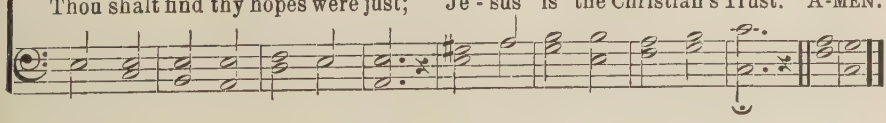


He who deigned for me to die, Lives, the bands of death to sev - er.
I shall al - so be with Him, Ev - er - liv - ing, ev - er - reign - ing.
Life nor death nor powers of hell, Joy nor grief, henceforth for - ev - er.
Cour-age, then, my soul, for thou Hast a crown of life be - fore thee;





He shall raise me from the dust: Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.
God has promised: be it must: Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.
None of all His saints is lost; Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just; Je - sus is the Christian's Trust. A-MEN.



109 The Saviour Lives

Oswald J. Smith — Harry Dixon Loes

1. O hon - or and a - dore Christ Je - sus ev - er - more! All glo - ry to His name, Who ev - er is the same. Pro-claim on ev - ery side His prais - es far and wide; Let hal - le - lu - jahs ring
2. From heav - en's loft - y throne, He came, the Son of God, And on the cross He died, Him-self a curse be - came, All-pow'r - ful to a - tone, To bear the sin-ner's rod. For man was cru - ci - fied; For Christ our Lord and King. Be-hold, the Sav-iour lives! E - ter - nal
3. His might - y work is done, The vic - t'ry has been won; Re- demp-tion is com-plete—Be - hold the mer - cy seat! Then let us all pro - claim Our Sav-iour's wor-thy name; Re-deem-er, Lord and King, That all might freedom claim. His prais - es let us sing. Be-hold, the Sav-iour lives! E- ter - nal life He gives; Triumphant o'er the grave, With pow'r He rose to save! ter - nal life He gives; Tri-um-phant o'er the grave, to save!

D. S.—*wor - thy prais - es sound, To all the world a - round.*

Fine.

Chorus *cres.*

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The Saviour Lives

D. S.

Then let all hearts a - dore Christ Je - sus ev - er - more, His
Then let all hearts a - dore Christ Je - sus ev - er-more,

Welcome, Happy Morning 110

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS
Tr. by JOHN ELLERTON

HERMAS

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

1. "Wel-come, happy morning;" Age to age shall say: "Hell to-day is vanquished,
2. Earth with joy con-fess - es, Clothing her for spring, All good gifts returned with
3. Come then, true and faithful, Now fulfill Thy word, 'Tis Thine own third morning,

Heaven is won to - day." Lo! the dead is liv - ing, God for - ev - er-more:
Her re-turn-ing King. Bloom in ev - ery mead - ow, Leaves on ev - ery bough,
Rise, O bur - ied Lord! Show Thy face in brightness, Bid the na-tions see,

REFRAIN

Him their true Cre - a - tor, All His works a - dore.
Speak His sor-rows end-ed; Hail His triumph now. "Welcome, happy morn-ing,"
Bring a-gain our day-light; Day returns with Thee!

Age to age shall say: "Hell today is vanquished, Heaven is won today." A-MEN.

111 The Veil Is Rent

JAMES G. DECK — RAPHAEL — From G. DONNIZETTI

1. The veil is rent: lo! Je - sus stands Be - fore the throne of grace;
2. The pre-cious blood is sprinkled there, Be - fore and on the throne;
3. "'Tis fin-ished!" on the cross He said, In ag - o - nies and blood;
4. "'Tis fin-ished!" here our souls can rest, His work can nev - er fail:
5. Bold-ly our hearts and voice we raise, His name, His blood, our plea;

And clouds of in-cense from His hands Fill all that glo-rious place.
And His own wounds in heaven de-clare His work on earth is done.
"'Tis finished!'" now He lives to plead, Be - fore the face of God.
By Him, our Sac - ri - fice and Priest, We en - ter thro' the veil.
Assured our prayers and songs of praise As-cend by Him to Thee. A-MEN.

112 Christ to Heaven Is Gone Before

GEORGE RAWSON — MERCY — Arr. from LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK

1. Christ to heaven is gone be - fore In the bod - y here He wore;
2. All the an - gels wondering own, 'Tis our na - ture on the throne;
3. Fear not, ye of lit - tle faith, For He hath a - bol-ished death;
4. As our Shep-herd He is there, With the com-fort of His care;

He that as our Bro - ther died, Is our Bro-ther glo - ri - fied.
"How He lov - ed them, be-hold!" Trembles on the harps of gold.
And no lon - ger now we die, We but fol - low Christ on high.
Fear no e - vil, doubt no more, Christ to heaven is gone be-fore. A-MEN.

CORONÆ

THOMAS KELLY

WILLIAM H. MONK

1. Look, ye saints! The sight is glo - rious: See the Man of
2. Crown the Sav - iour! An - gels, crown Him! Rich the tro - phies
3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned Him, Mock - ing thus the
4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri-

Sor - rows now; From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious,
Je - sus brings; In the seat of power en - throne Him;
Sav - iour's claim; Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him,
um - phant chords! Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion;

Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow: Crown Him! Crown Him!
While the vault of heav - en rings: Crown Him! Crown Him!
Own His ti - tle, praise His Name: Crown Him! Crown Him!
Oh, what joy the sight af - fords! Crown Him! Crown Him!

Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.
Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.
King of kings, and Lord of lords! A - MEN.

114 Crown Him with Many Crowns

MATTHEW BRIDGES — DIADEMATA — GEORGE J. ELVEY

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri - umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,

Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it through Him giv'n From yon-der glo - rious throne!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be

hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
down-ward bends his wondering eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
died e ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-MEN.

HENRY BURTON — MT. HOLYOKE — MAURICE L. WOSTENHOLM

1. There's a light up-on the mountains, And the day is at the spring,
2. In the fad-ing of the star-light We may see the com-ing morn;
3. He is break-ing down the bar-riers, He is cast-ing up the way;
4. Hark! we hear a dis-tant mu-sic, And it comes with full-er swell;

When our eyes shall see the beau-ty And the glo-ry of the King:
And the lights of men are pal-ing In the splen-dors of the dawn;
He is call-ing for His an-gels To build up the gates of day:
'Tis the tri-umph-song of Je-sus, Of our King, Im-man-u-el!

Wea-ry was our heart with waiting, And the night-watch seemed so long, But His
For the east-ern skies are glow-ing As with light of hid-den fire, And the
But His an-gels here are hu-man, Not the shin-ing hosts a-bove; For the
Go ye forth with joy to meet Him! And, my soul, be swift to bring All thy

tri-umph-day is breaking, And we hail it with a song.
hearts of men are stir-ring With the throbs of deep de-sire.
drum-beats of His ar-my Are the heart-beats of our love.
sweet-est and thy dear-est For the tri-umph of our King! A-MEN.

116 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

HENRY ALFORD — ALFORD — JOHN B. DYKES

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spar-kling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what rap - tured greet-ings On Ca-naan's hap - py shore!
4. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;

The ar - mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!
What knit-ting sev-ered friend-ships up, Where part-ings are no more!
Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign:

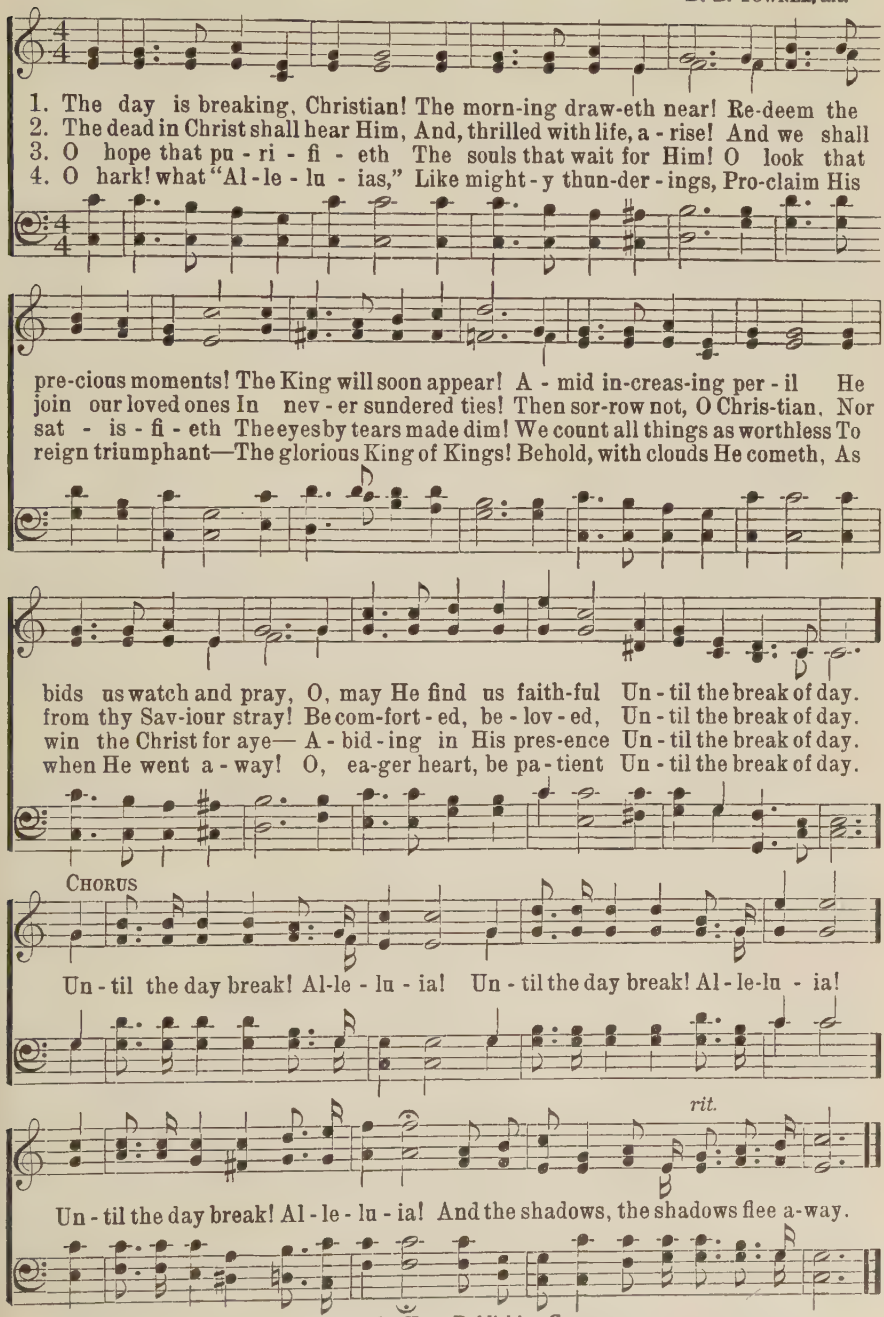
'Tis fin - ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin:
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made;
Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle, That brimmed with tears of late,
Ap - pear, De-sire of na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for home;

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic-tors in.
O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou-sand-fold re - paid!
Or - phans no lon-ger fa - ther-less, Nor wid-ows des - o - late.
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign; Thou Prince and Saviour, come. A-MEN.

Until the Day Break

ADELAIDE A. POLLARD

D. B. TOWNER, alt.



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Is It the Crowning Day?

George Walker Whitcomb — Charles H. Marsh

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx-ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap - pear
4. Faithful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan-gers and trou - bles would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

Chorus

Je - sus should come to - day.
I should go home to - day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.

day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I

rit.

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

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H. L. Turner

James McGranahan

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."

Chorus

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

rit.

turn-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

What If It Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do - min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faith-ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com-ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com-ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re-deemed and pu - ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morning light breaks in east-ern sky,

rit. *a tempo*

O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?

Chorus

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring;.. Glo - ry, glo - ry!
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;

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What If It Were To-day?

When we shall crown Him King; . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
When we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-

ritard.

way; . . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day.
pare the way;

Bride of the Lamb, Awake, Awake! 121

EDWARD DENNY ST. AGNES JOHN B. DYKES

1. Bride of the Lamb, a - wake, a - wake! Why sleep for sor - row now?
2. Thy spir - it, thro' the lone - ly night, From earth-ly joy a - part,
3. But see! the night is wan - ing fast, The break-ing morn is near;
4. He comes—for, oh, His yearn-ing heart No more can bear de - lay—
5. Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own, His crown, His joy di - vine;

The hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, A child of glo - ry thou.
Hath sighed for One that's far a - way,—The Bridegroom of thy heart.
And Je - sus comes, with voice of love, Thy droop-ing heart to cheer.
To scenes of full un - min - gled joy To call His bride a - way.
And, sweet-er far than all be - side, He, He Him - self is thine!

Bringing Back the King

JAMES M. GRAY — JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Why say ye not a word Of bring-ing back the King? Why
2. Dost thou not want to look Up - on His lov - ing face? Dost
3. O hark! cre - a-tion's groans, How can they be as - suaged? How
4. Come quick - ly, bless - ed Lord, Our hearts a wel-come hold! We

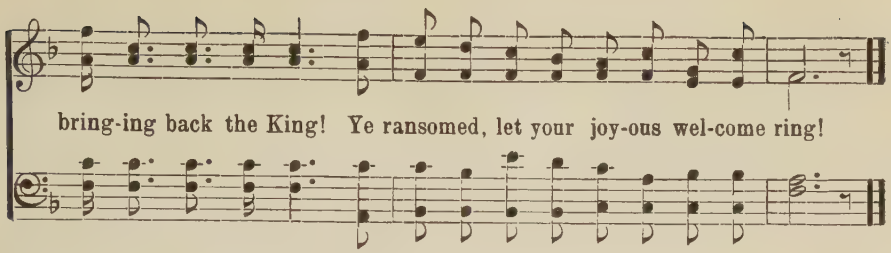
speak ye not of Je - sus and His reign? Why tell ye of His king-dom,
thou not want to see Him glo - ri - fied? Would'st thou not hear His wel-come,
can our bod-ies know re-demp-tive joy? How can the war be end - ed
long to see cre - a-tion's sec-ond birth; The prom-ise of Thy com - ing

And of its glo - ries sing, But noth-ing of His com-ing back a - gain?
And in that ver - y place, Where years a-go we saw Him cru - ci - fied?
In which we are en-gaged, Un - til He come the law-less to de - stroy?
To some is grow-ing cold, O has - ten Thy re - turn-ing back to earth.

Bring-ing back the King, Oh, bringing back the King! The an-gel choirs of

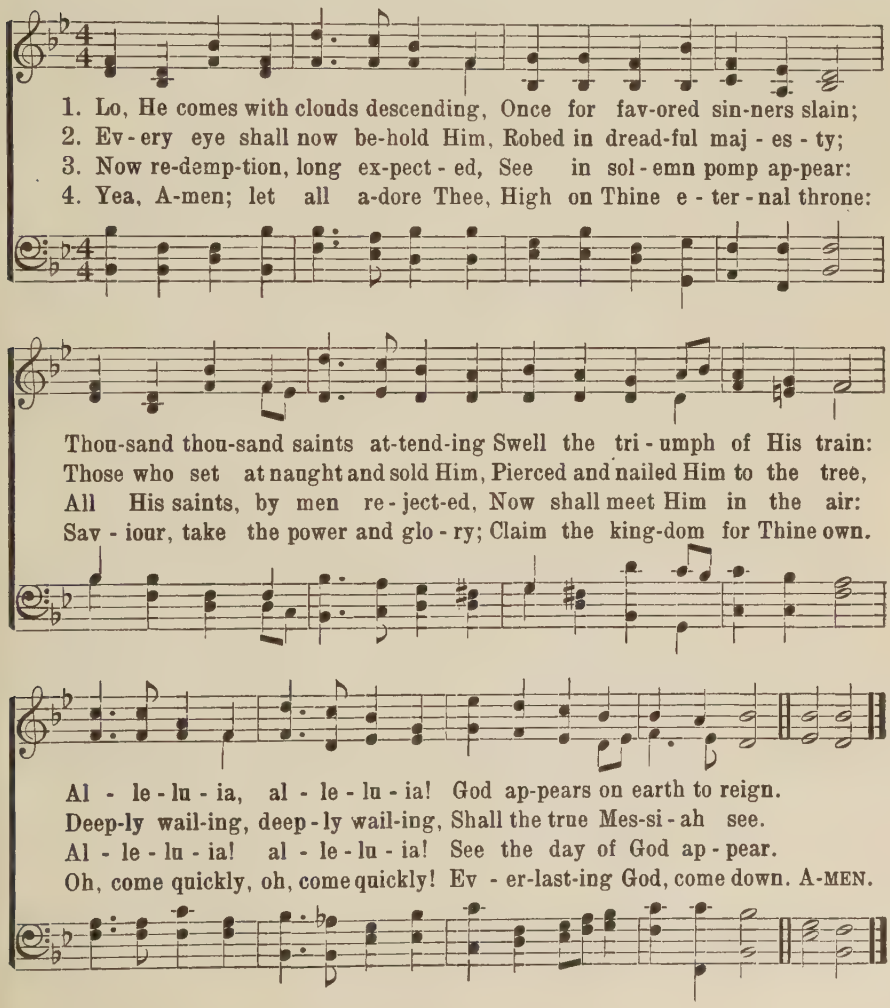
heav'n their hal - le - lu - jahs sing, Ho-san-na! Bring-ing back the King, Oh,

Bringing Back the King



Lo, He Comes with Clouds Descending 123

CHARLES WESLEY — REGENT SQUARE — HENRY SMART



The Music of His Coming

W. Lomax Childress — George S. Schuler

1. I some-times sit and pon-der in the qui-et eve-ning hour,
2. Or, when the dawn-light flush-es on the moun-tain-tops of blue,
3. It may be in the morn-ing, or it may be at the noon,

When the west is pearl and crim-son and is bloom-ing like a flow'r;
I shall not be-hold the glo-ry of His com-ing breaking through;
But my soul can nev-er ques-tion, for my Lord is com-ing soon!

If be-neath the twi-light por-tals, un-der-neath the star-lit sky,
Hear the rush of glo-rious pin-ions and the mu-sic of the feet
E-ven now He may be com-ing swift-ly down the jas-per street;

My dear Lord may not be com-ing and with an-gels draw-ing nigh.
Of the Son of God de-scend-ing, with His cho-sen ones to meet.
Oh the mu-sic of His com-ing, of the com-ing of His feet!

Refrain

Oh, the mu-sic of His com-ing, of the com-ing of His feet!

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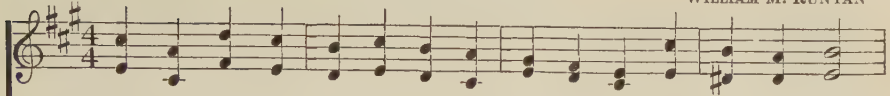
Forward Still, with Face Full Forward

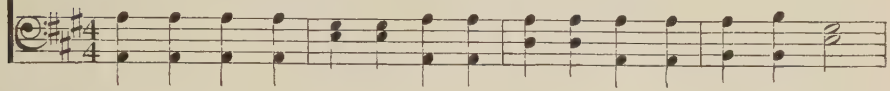
PRINCE OF PEACE

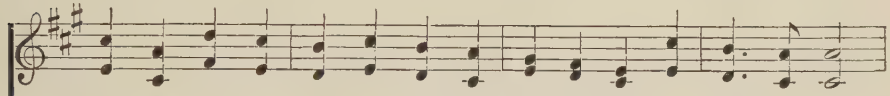
W. M. R.

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

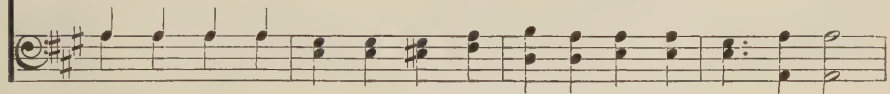


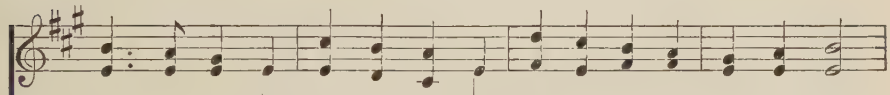
1. For - ward still! With face full for-ward, Let us press tow'rd yon-der height,
2. For - ward still! A kind-lier pas-sion, Shall earth's trou-bled bos-om warm;
3. For - ward still! A might-y con-clave Shall in that great day con-spire
4. For - ward still! Tho' dark-some hours Seem to spread a sa - ble pall—



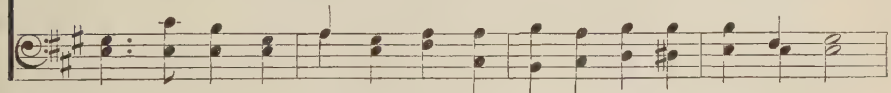


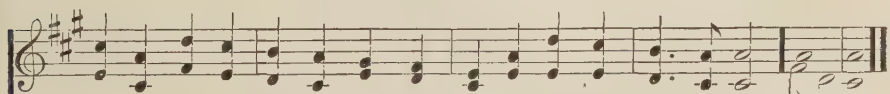
There to view a fair - er morn-ing Ban - ish - ing op - pres-sion's night.
Weap-ons wrought for hurt and slaught-er Shall no long - er fling a - larm.
Forth to pour its hal-lowed an-them, Kin-dled by love's ho - ly fire.
Morn - ing breaks, 'tis sure - ly com - ing, When the pow'rs of night shall fall.



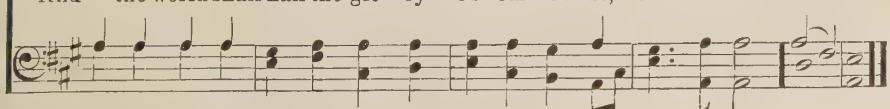


For - ward still, for day is dawn-ing When the reign of hate shall cease—
Seeds of love shall yield a har-vest That shall ev - er - more in-crease;
Hate and all its brood of sor-rows—All the earth shall frown on these
Morn - ing breaks, its won-drous heal-ing Shall of sor-row mean sur-cease,





Not thro' might of sword-girt mon-archs, But thro' Christ, the Prince of Peace.
Bless - ed hope, we dare to claim it, Thro' our Christ, the Prince of Peace.
In that ho - ly, hap - py mor-row— Day of Christ, the Prince of Peace.
And the world shall hail the glo - ry Of our Christ, the Prince of Peace. A-MEN.



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The Comforter Has Come

F. Bottome

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To

ev-er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev-'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of

D.S.—*Ho-ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings*

Fine.

tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com-fort-er has come!
hell, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!

'round, wher-ev-er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!

Chorus

D.S.

The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The

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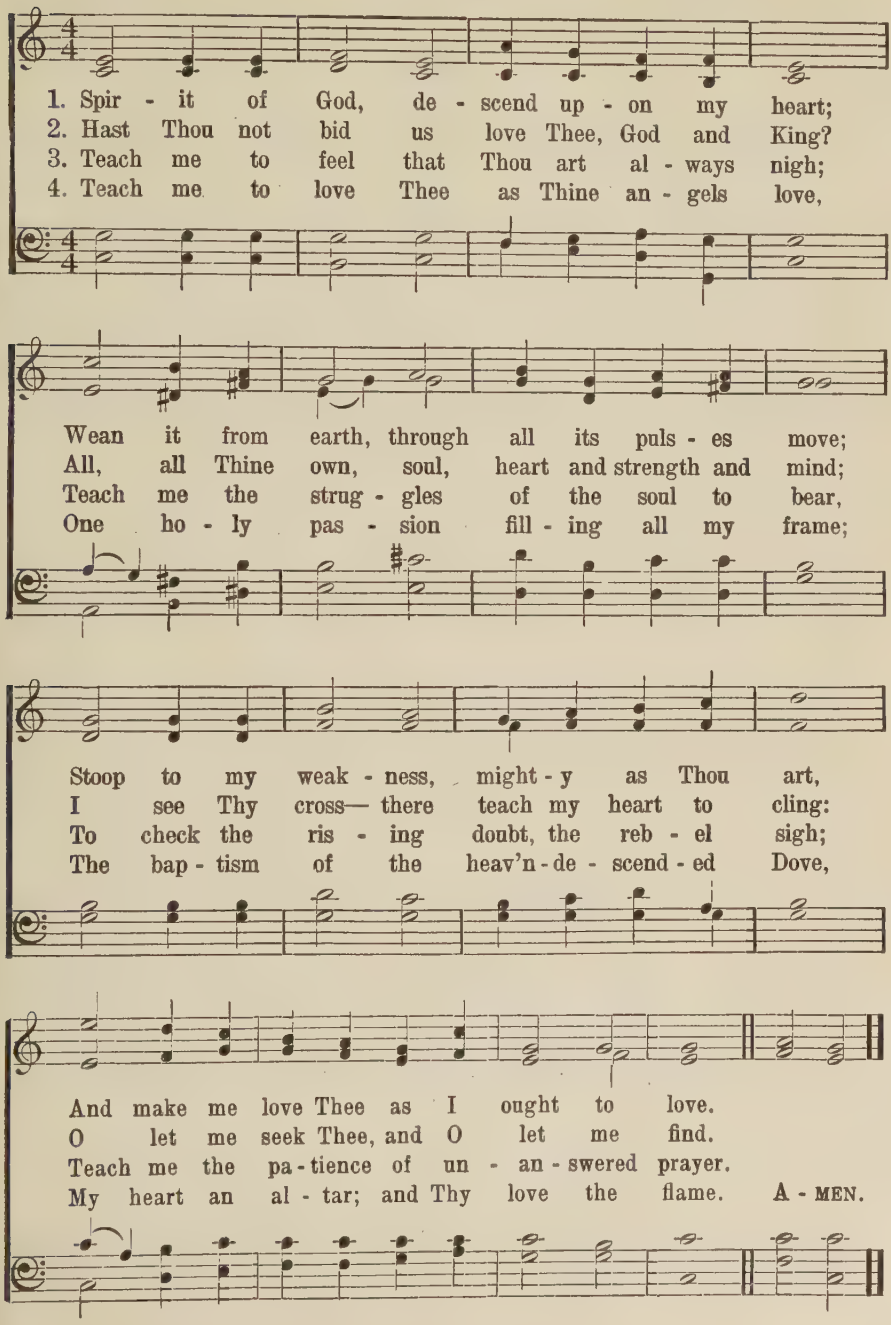
GEORGE CROLY MORECAMBE FREDERICK C. ATKINSON



128 The Holy Ghost Is Here

CHAS. H. SPURGEON — ST. THOMAS — AARON WILLIAMS' Coll.

1. The Ho - ly Ghost is here, Where saints in prayer a - gree;
2. Not far a - way is He, To be by prayer bro't nigh,
3. He dwells with - in our soul, An ev - er - wel - come guest;
4. Our bod - ies are His shrine, And He th'in-dwell - ing Lord;
5. O - be - dient to Thy will, We wait to feel Thy pow'r;

As Je - sus' part-ing gift—is near Each plead-ing com - pa - ny.
But here in pres-ent maj - es - ty, As in His courts on high.
He reigns with ab - so - lute con-trol, As mon - arch in the breast.
All hail, Thou Com-fort-er di - vine, Be ev - er - more a - dored!
O Lord of life, our hopes ful - fill, And bless this hal-lowed hour. A-MEN.

129 Breathe On Me, Breath of God

EDWIN HATCH — MORNINGTON — Arr. from a chant by GARRET WELLESLEY

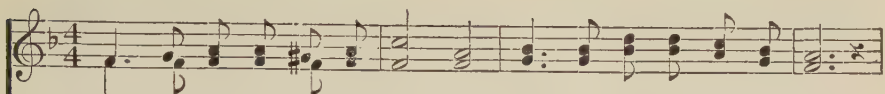
1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure,
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine,
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
Un - til with Thee I will one will, To do and to en - dure.
Un - til this earth-ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
But live with Thee the per-fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

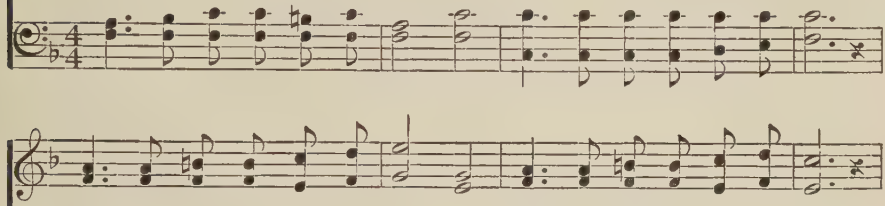
The Spirit of Light

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

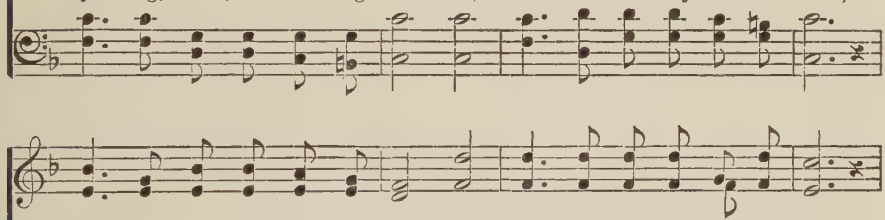
ALFRED HOLZWORTH



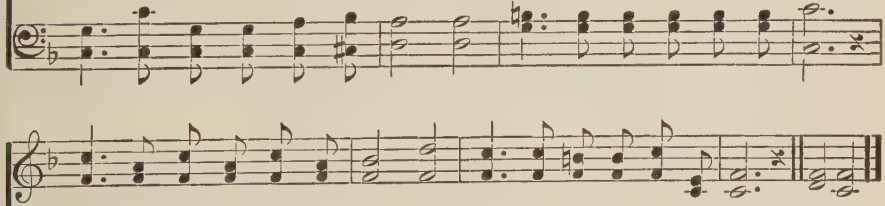
1. Ho - ly Ghost, Il - lu - mi - na - tor, Shed Thy beams up - on our eyes;
2. See Him, who is gone be - fore us, Heav'n-ly man-sions to pre-pare;
3. So at last when He ap - pear - eth, We from out our graves may spring,
4. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,



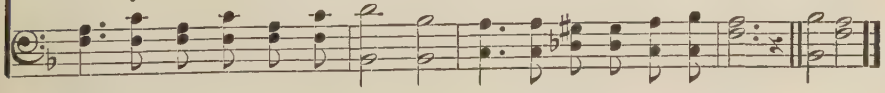
Help us to look up with Steph - en, And to see be-yond the skies,
See Him, who is ev - er plead - ing For us with pre-vail-ing prayer.
With our youth re-newed like ea - gles, Flock-ing round our heav'nly King.
Dy - ing, risen, as - cend-ing for us, Whom the heav'nly realm has won;



Where the Son of Man in glo - ry Stands on high at God's right hand
See Him who with sound of trump - et And with His an - gel - ic train,
Caught up - on the clouds of heav - en, And may meet Him in the air,
Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it. To one God in Per-sons Three,



Beck-oning on His mar - tyr - ar - my, Suc - cor-ing His faithful band.
Sum-mon-ing the world to judg-ment, On the clouds will come a-gain.
Rise to realms where He is reign-ing, And may reign for-ev-er there.
Glo - ry both in earth and heav - en, Glo - ry, end-less glo-ry, be! A-MEN.



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131 Therefore Give Us Love

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

Scottish Folksong

1. Gra - cious Spir-it, Ho-ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov-et most, Of Thy gifts at
2. Faith and hope and love we see, Join-ing hand and hand, a-gree; But the great-est
3. From the o - ver-shad-ow-ing Of Thy gold and sil - ver wing, Shed on us who

Pen - te-cost, Ho - ly, heaven-ly love. Love is kind, and suf-fers long; Love is
of the three, And the best is love. Faith will van-ish in - to sight; Hope be
to Thee sing, Ho - ly, heaven-ly love. Proph-e - cy will fade a-way, Melt-ing

meek and thinks no wrong; Love than death itself more strong, Therefore give us love.
emp-tied in delight; Love in heaven will shine more bright, Therefore give us love.
in the light of day; Love will ev - er with us stay, Therefore give us love. A-MEN.

132 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

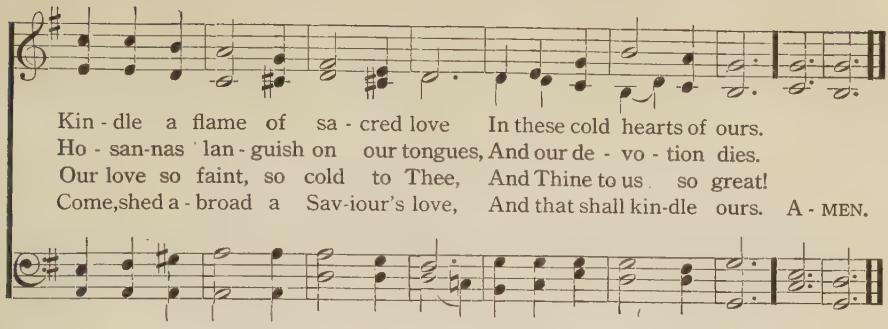
ST. AGNES

ISAAC WATTS

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick-ening powers;
2. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
3. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick-ening powers;

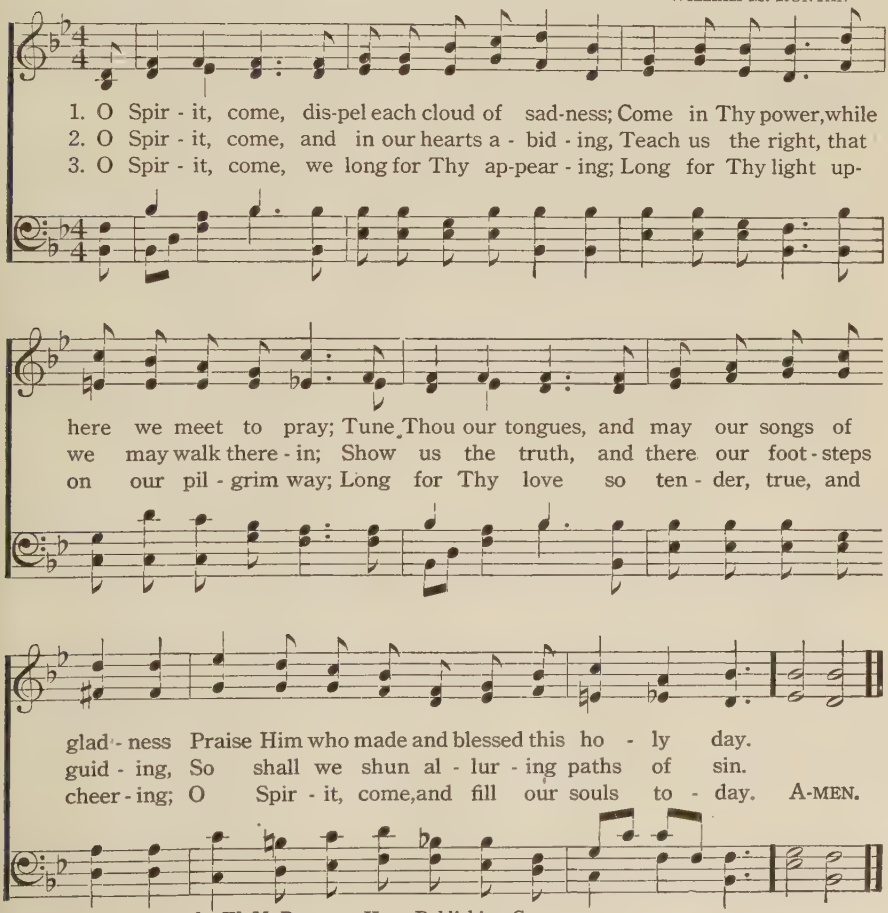
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove



O Spirit, Come 133

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN



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134 Our Blest Redeemer, Ere He Breathed

HARRIET AUBER — ST. CUTHBERT — JOHN B. DYKES

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-well,
2. He came in tongues of liv-ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub-due;
3. He comes, sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing Guest,
4. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
5. Spir-it of pur-i-ty and grace, Our weakness, pity-ing, see;

A guide, a Com-fort-er, bequeathed, With us to dwell.
All-power-ful as the wind He came, As view-less, too.
While He can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.
That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.
O make our hearts Thy dwell-ing-place, And wor-thier Thee. A-MEN.

135 Cleanse, and Illume, and Fill

A. J. GORDON — GOTTLIEB — FREDERICK C. MAKER

1. O Ho-ly Ghost! a-rise, Thy tem-ple fill:
2. Breath from a-bove, re-fine My wait-ing heart:
3. Thou ver-y Light of light, Poured from on high,
4. Cleanse, and il-lume, and fill— It shall be so:

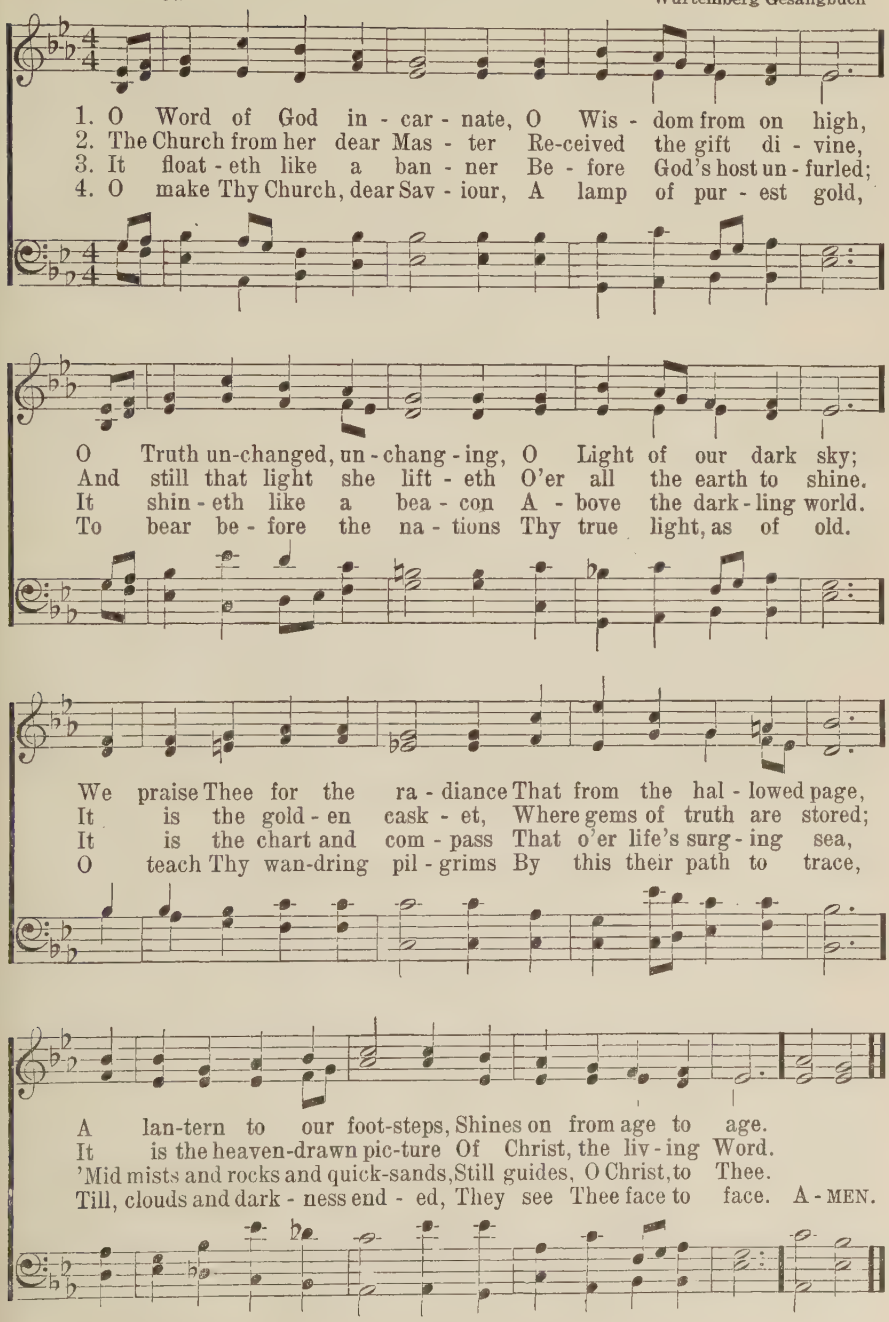
With cleans-ing fire bap-tize My yield-ed will.
Im-pulse and power di-vine To me im-part.
Kin-dle with vi-sion bright Mine in-ward eye.
Then send me where Thou will, And I will go. A-MEN.

O Word of God Incarnate 136

MUNICH

WILLIAM W. How

Würtemberg Gesangbuch

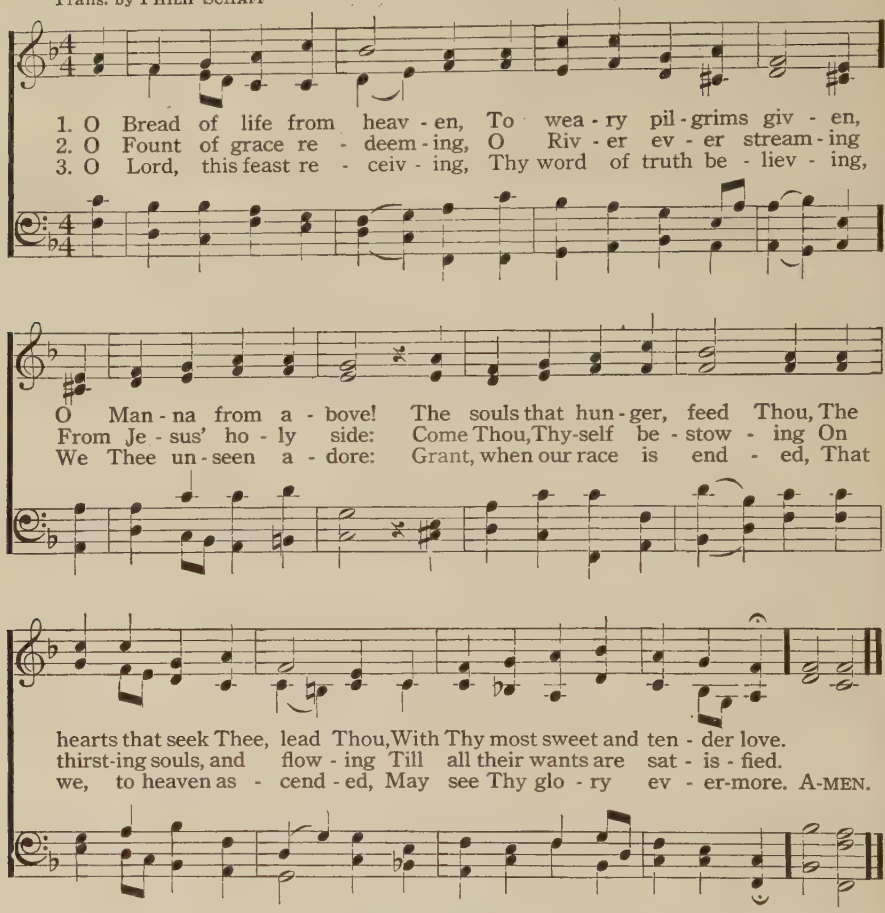


137 O Bread of Life from Heaven

BREAD OF LIFE

Anonymous, Latin
Trans. by PHILIP SCHAFF

HEINRICH ISAAC
Arr. by F. MELIUS CHRISTIANSEN

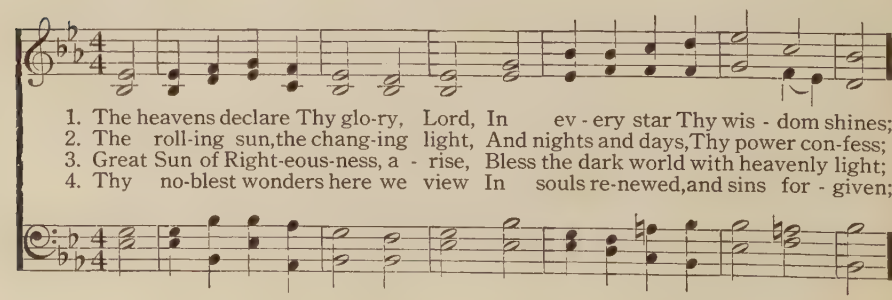


138 The Heavens Declare Thy Glory

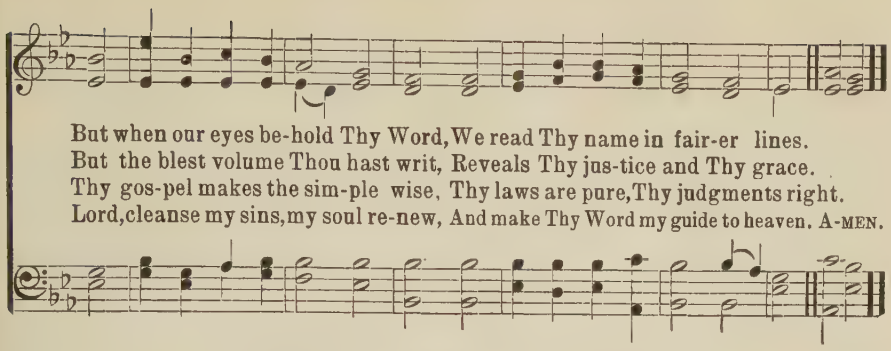
From Psalm 19
ISAAC WATTS

UXBRIDGE

LOWELL MASON

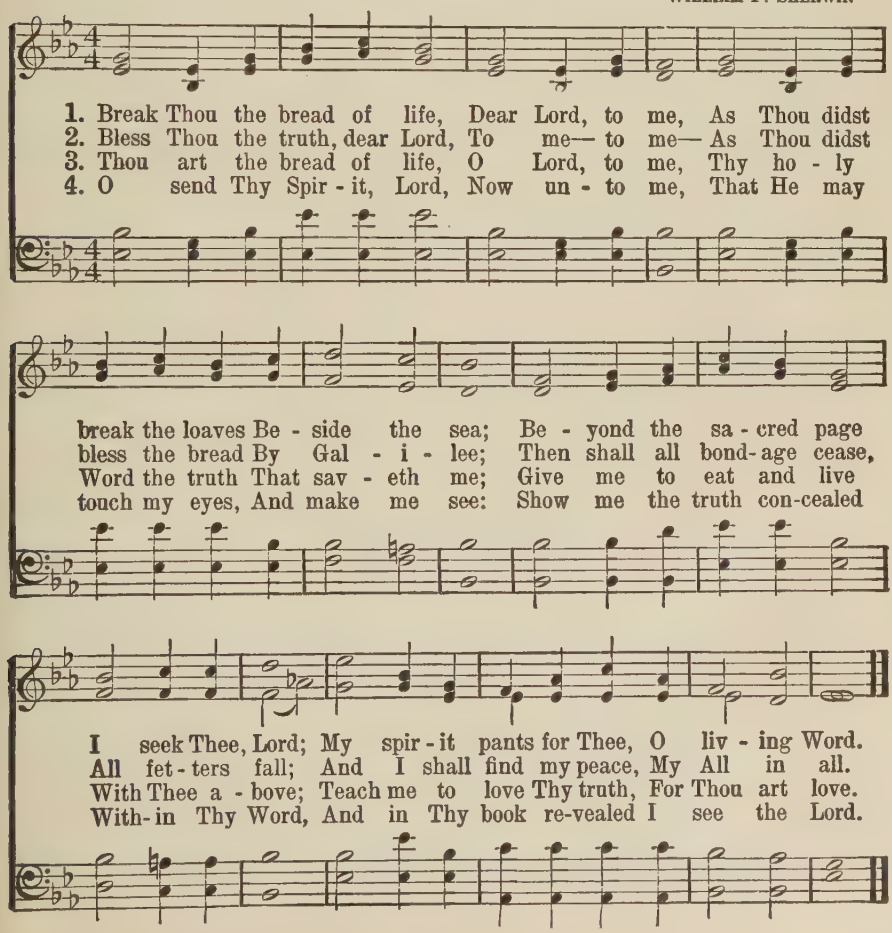


The Heavens Declare Thy Glory



Break Thou the Bread of Life 139

MARY A. LATHBURY — BREAD OF LIFE — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN



Cling to the Promises

ELIZABETH B. MILLER — GEORGE S. SCHULER

1. When doubts and fears as-sail thy soul And o'er thy heart like bil-lows roll,
2. When tempt-ed sore on ev - ery side To fol - low with the drift-ing tide,
3. When all is peace and joy and health, And fortune brings to you much wealth,
4. When ev-ery-thing is bright and gay, And when we hear the dear Lord say,

When wrath seems hovering like a cloud, O cling to the promise of God.
To leave the path thy Sav-iour trod, O cling to the promise of God.
For - get not in this cher-ished state To cling to the promise of God.
"Come, dwell up - on the moun-tain - top," Still cling to the promise of God.

CHORUS

O cling to the prom-is - es, They nev - er will fail; O cling to the prom-is - es, to the prom-is - es of God; In Christ are the prom-is-es Yea and A - men! Then cling, O cling to the prom-is-es of God.

O cling

O cling

In Christ

Unison

Parts

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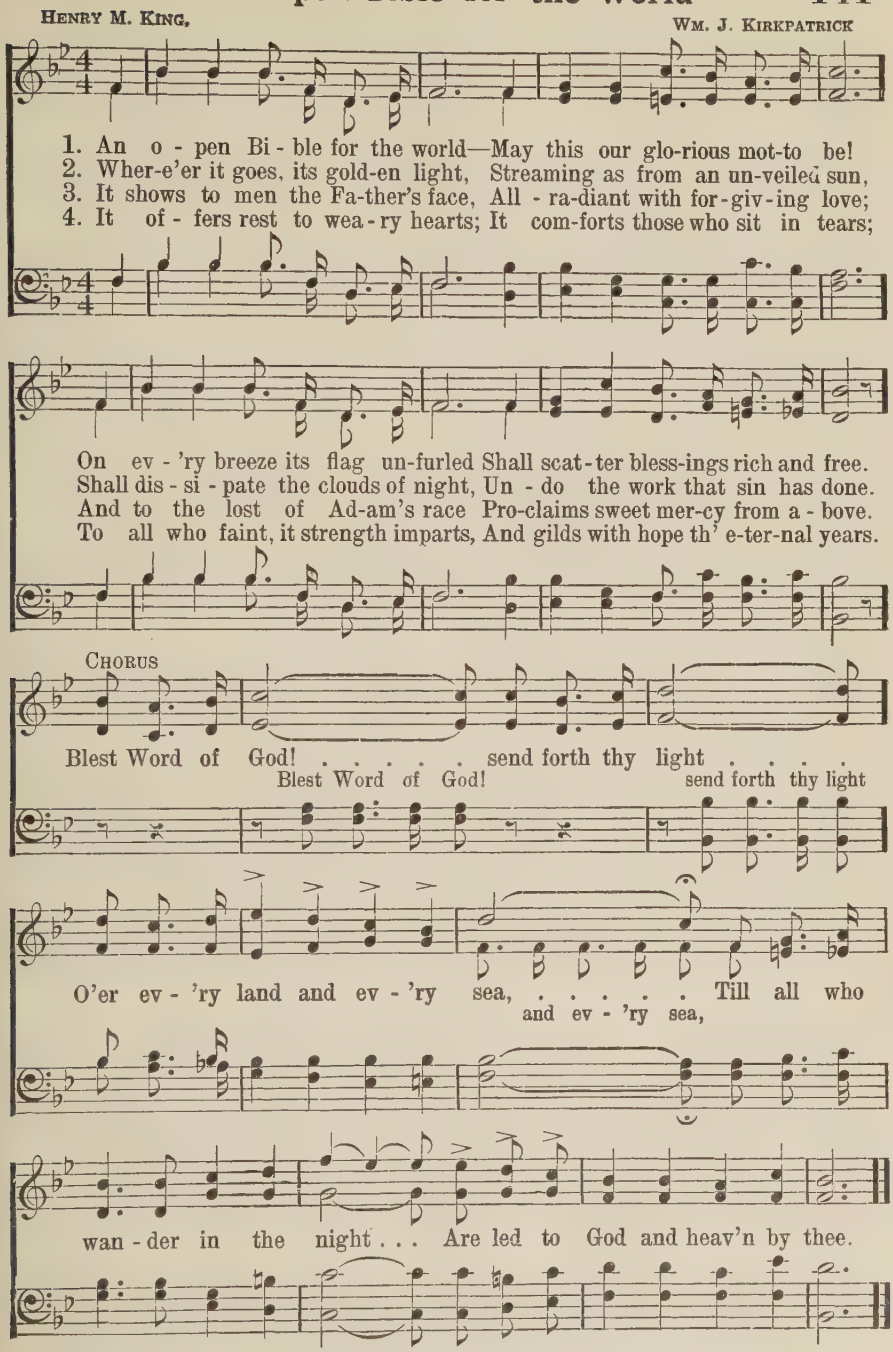

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142 Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart

Adapted by E. O. S. — E. O. Sellers

1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way,
2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Es-tab-lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Sav-ior and Morn-ing Star,

To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'n-ly way.
Thy faith-ful-ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er nigh.
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days!
Sal - va-tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.

Chorus—Ps. 119: 11

Thy Word have I hid in my heart (in my heart), That I might not

sin a - gainst Thee (a - gainst Thee); That I might not sin, That

ad lib.

I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

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O How Love I Thy Law

PSALM 19. C. M.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Most per - fect is the law of God, Re - stor - ing those that stray;
2. The pre - cepts of the Lord are right; With joy they fill the heart;
3. The fear of God is un - de - filed And ev - er shall en - dure;
4. They warn from ways of wick - ed - ness Dis - pleas - ing to the Lord,

His tes - ti - mo - ny is most sure, Pro - claim-ing wis-dom's way.
The Lord's commandments all are pure, And clear - est light im - part.
The stat - utes of the Lord are truth And right-eous-ness most pure.
And in the keep - ing of His word There is a great re - ward.

CHORUS *Psalm 119: 97*

"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i-
ta - tion all . . . the day; O how love I Thy law, O how
all
rit.
love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day (all the day)."

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Praise the Lord, Ye Lands

ASCENDING KING

PSALM 47
Version of DEWEY WESTRA

LOUIS BOURGEOIS
Arr. by SEYMOUR SWETS

1. Praise the Lord, ye lands; Na - tions, clap your hands; Shout a - loud to God,
2. At His wise com-mand, By His might - y hand, He will sub - ju - gate
3. God has gone on high With a joy - ful cry; Hosts with trumpets sound
4. Praise His maj - es - ty Un - der - stand-ing - ly; God is King a - lone

Spread His fame a - broad; Praise Him loud and long With a tri-umph song;
Na - tions strong and great, And to their dis - may Bring them 'neath our sway.
Make His praise a - bound; Sing ye praise to God, Tell His fame a - broad;
On His ho - ly throne, Is - sues His commands To all hea - then lands.

Bow as ye draw nigh, For the Lord Most High, Ter - ri - ble is He
Our De - liv - erer thus Will se - lect for us An in - her - it - ance,
Take a psalm and shout, Let His praise ring out; Lift your voice and sing
Lo, the princ - es all Gath-er at His call; His the shields of earth,

In His dig - ni - ty; And His kingdom's girth Cir-cles all the earth.
E'en the ex - cel - lence Of His Is - ra - el, Whom He loved so well.
Glo - ry to our King; He is Lord of earth, Mag-ni - fy His worth.
His the power, the worth; He, the God on high, Is our Help - er nigh. A-MEN.

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As the Hart, About to Falter

THIRSTING

PSALM 42
Version of DEWEY WESTRA

LOUIS BOURGEOIS

1. As the hart, a - bout to fal - ter, In its trem-bling ag - o - ny,
2. Bit - ter tears of lam-en - ta - tion Are my food by night and day;
3. But the Lord will send sal - va - tion, And by day His love pro - vide;
4. O my soul, why art thou griev - ing, Why dis - qui - et - ed in me?

Pant - eth for the brooks of wa - ter, So my soul doth pant for Thee.
In my deep hu - mil - i - a - tion Where is now thy God? they say.
He shall be my ex - ul - ta - tion, And my song at e - ven - tide.
Hope in God, thy faith re - triev - ing; Let Him still thy ref - uge be.

Yea, a - thirst for Thee I cry; God of life, O when shall I
Yea, my soul doth melt in me, When I bring to mem - o - ry,
On His praise e'en in the night I will pon - der with de - light,
I shall yet ex - tol His grace For the com - fort of His face;

Come a-gain to stand be - fore Thee In Thy tem - ple, and a - dore Thee?
How of yore I did as - sem - ble With the joy - ful in Thy tem - ple.
And in prayer, transcending distance, Seek the God of my ex - ist - ence.
He has ev - er turned my sor - row In - to glad - ness on the mor-row. A-MEN.

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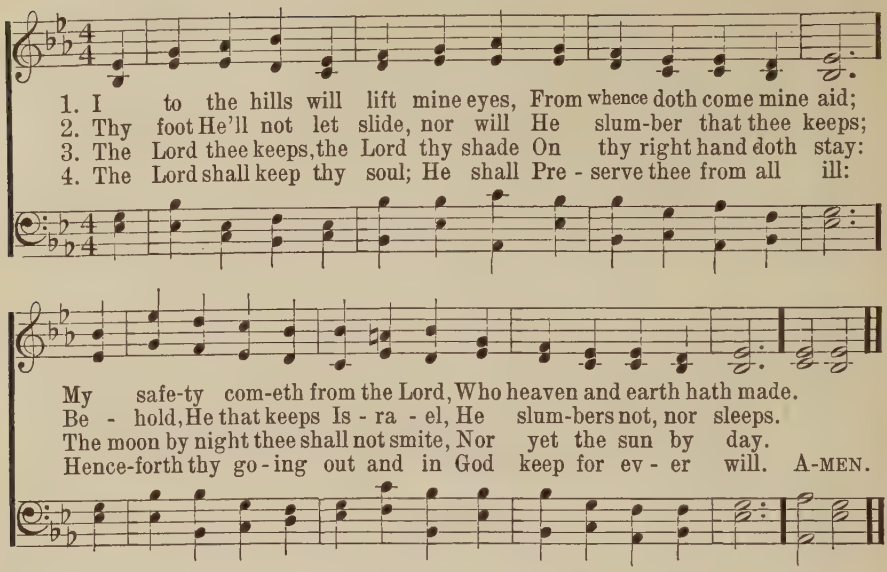
146 I to the Hills Will Lift

Psalm 121
SCOTTISH PSALTER

DUNDEE (FRENCH)

From the SCOTTISH PSALTER

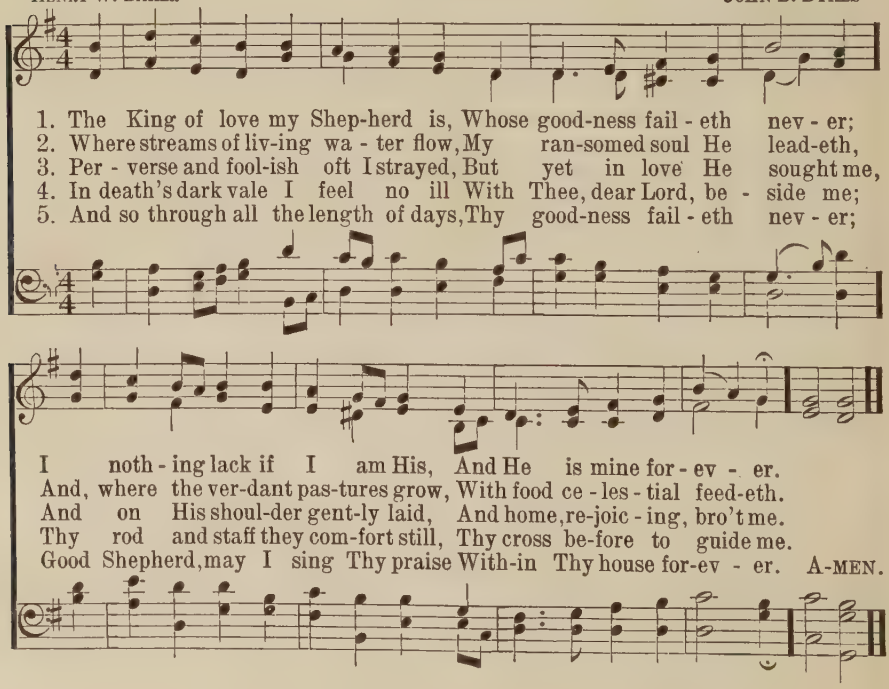


147 The King of Love

Psalm 23
HENRY W. BAKER

DOMINUS REGIT ME

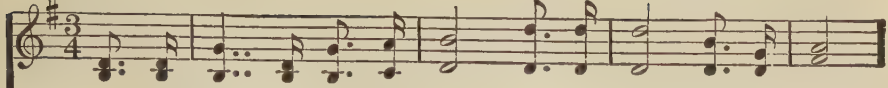
JOHN B. DYKES



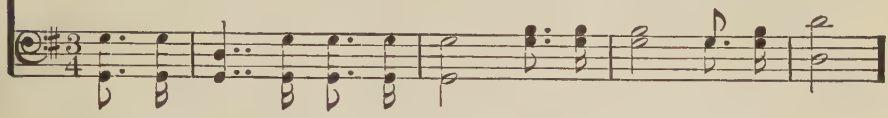
Jesus Saves

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

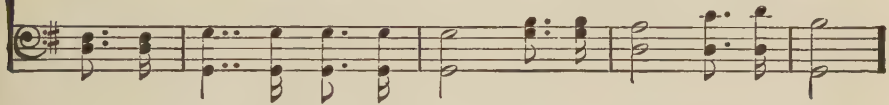
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



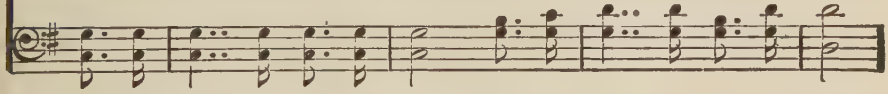
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



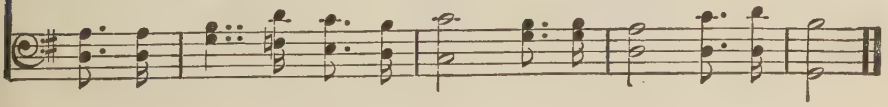
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free; High - est hills and deep-est caves;



On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Saved By Grace

FANNY J. CROSBY — GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day: till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
My bless - ed Lord will say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace;
shall see to face,

rit.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,

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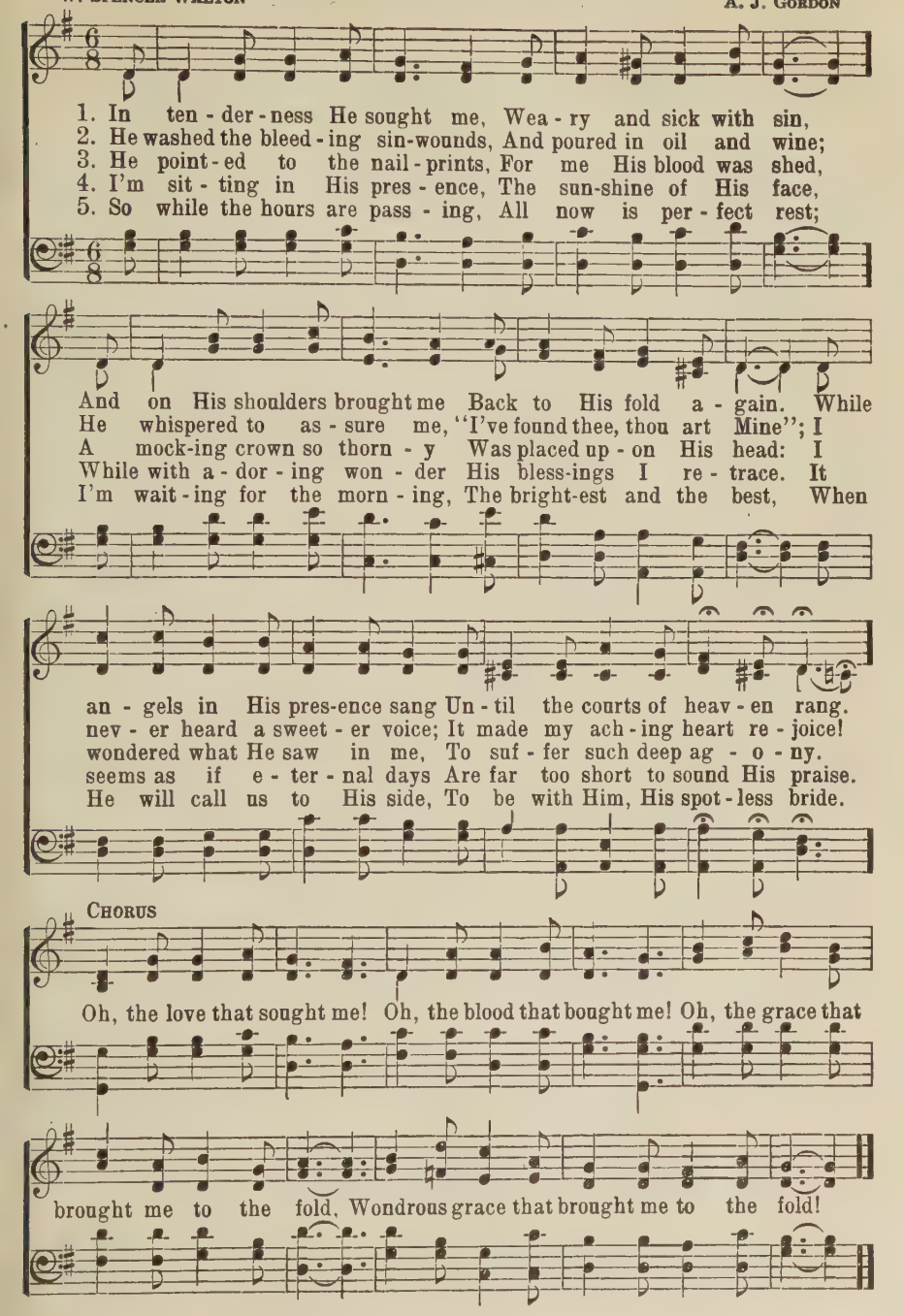
In Tenderness He Sought Me 150

W. Spencer Walton

A. J. Gordon



Love Found a Way

Avis B. Christiansen

Harry Dixon Loes

1. Won-der-ful love that res-cued me, Sunk deep in sin, Guilt-y and vile as I could be—No hope with-in; When ev-'ry ray of light had fled,
2. Love bro't my Sav-ior here to die On Cal-va-ry, For such a sin-ful wretch as I, How can it be? Love bridged the gulf 'twixt me and heav'n,
3. Love o-pened wide the gates of light To heav'n's do-main, Where in e-ter-nal pow'r and might Je-sus shall reign; Love lift-ed me from depths of woe

O glo-rious day! Rais-ing my soul from out the dead, Love found a way.
Taught me to pray; I am redeemed, set free, for-giv'n, Love found a way.
To end-less day, There was no help in earth be-low, Love found a way.

Chorus

Love found a way . . to re-deem my soul, . . Love found a way . . . that could make me whole; . . Love sent my Lord . . to the
a way, to re-deem my soul, a way could make me whole; my Lord

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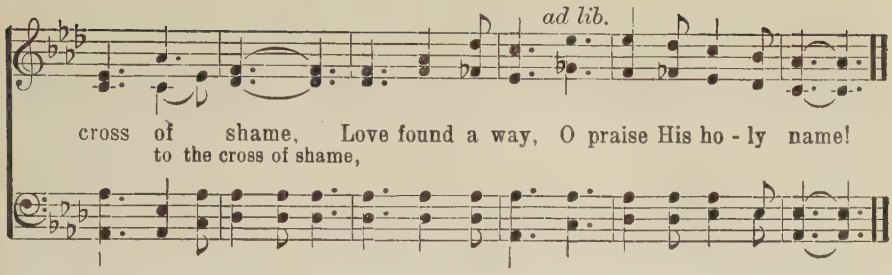
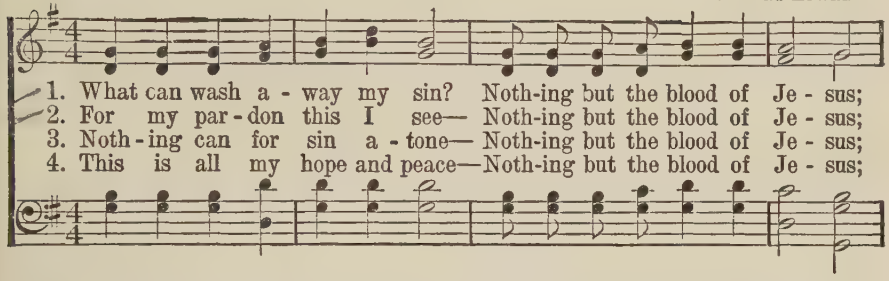
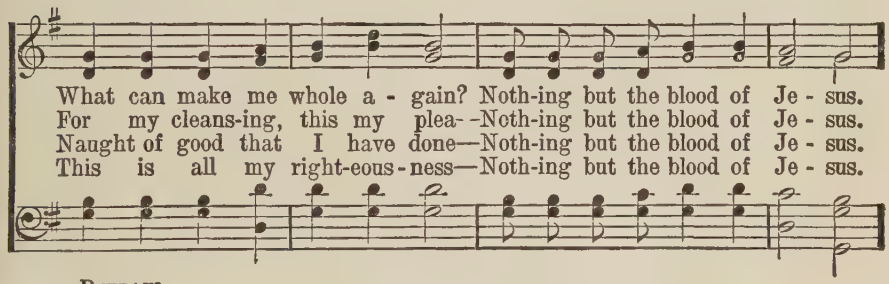
Love Found a Way



Nothing But the Blood 152

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY





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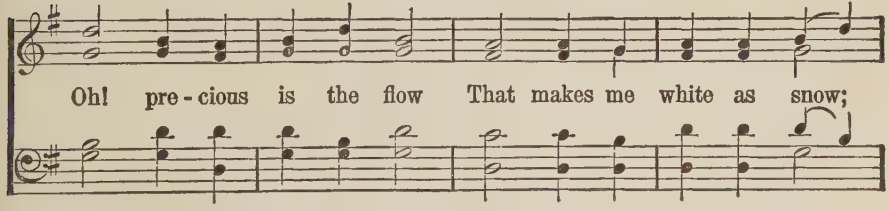
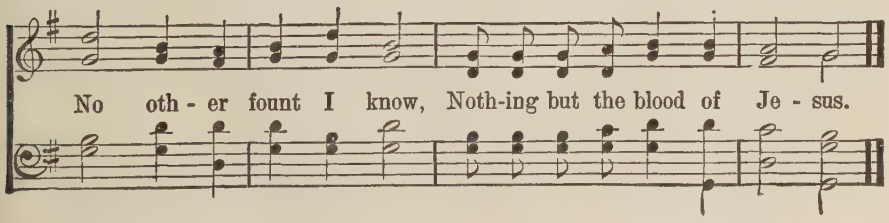




153 Not All the Blood

ISAAC WATTS — BOYLSTON — LOWELL MASON

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heaven - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way—
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
4. Be - liev - ing, we re - joice To see the curse re - move;

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no-bler name, And rich-er blood than they.
While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there confess my sin.
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing His bleeding love. A - MEN.

154 Amazing Grace! How Sweet the Sound

JOHN NEWTON — AMAZING GRACE — Early American Melody

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've

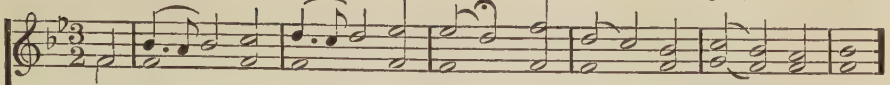
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

Arise, My Soul, Arise

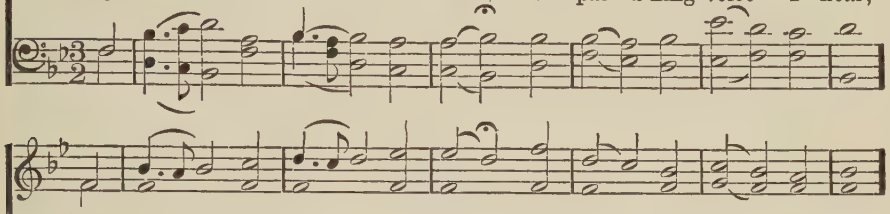
15.

CHARLES WESLEY

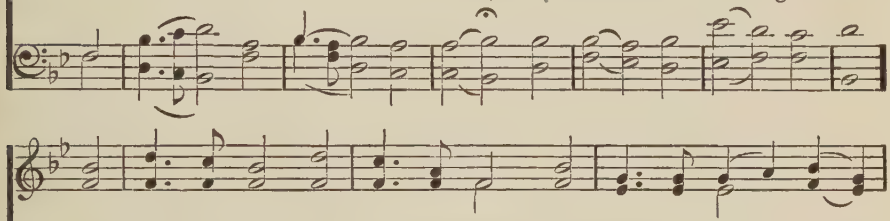
Har. by D. B. TOWNER



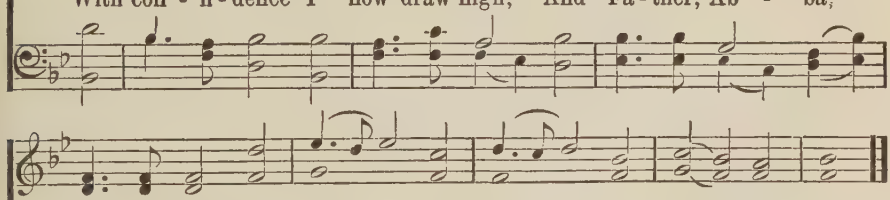
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
5. My God is rec - on - ciled, His par - d'ning voice I hear;



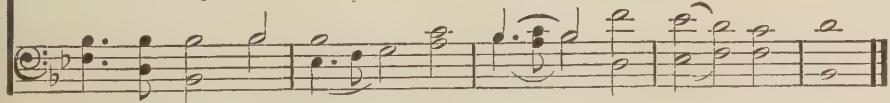
The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears.
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;
They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me.
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son:
He owns me for His child, I can no lon - ger fear:



Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the
"For - give him, O for - give!" they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba,



on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
sin - ner die, Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."
born of God, And tells me I am born of God.
Fa - ther!" cry, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.



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Holy, Holy Is What the Angels Sing

OATMAN, Jr. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. There is sing-ing up in heav-en such as we have nev-er known,
2. But I hear an-oth-er an-them, blending voi-ces clear and strong,
3. Then the an-gels stand and lis-ten, for they can-not join that song,
4. So, although I'm not an an-gel, yet I know that o-ver there

Where the an-gels sing the prai-ses of the Lamb up-on the throne;
"Un-to Him who hath redeemed us and hath bought us," is the song;
Like the sound of man-y wa-ters, by that hap-py blood-washed throng;
I will join a bless-ed cho-rus that the an-gels can-not share;

Their sweet harps are ev-er tune-ful and their voi-ces al-ways clear,
We have come thro' trib-u-la-tions to this land so fair and bright,
For they sing a-bout great tri-als, bat-tles fought and vic-t'ries won,
I will sing a-bout my Sav-iour who up-on dark Cal-va-ry

Oh, that we might be more like them while we serve the Mas-ter here.
In the foun-tain free-ly flow-ing He hath made our gar-ments white.
And they praise their great Re-deem-er who hath said to them, "Well done."
Free-ly par-doned my transgressions, died to set a sin-ner free.

CHORUS

Ho-ly, ho-ly, is what the an-gels sing, And I ex-pect to

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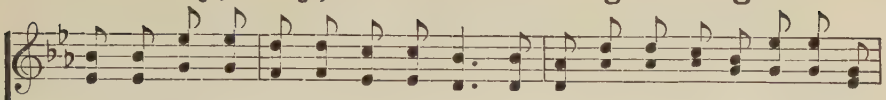
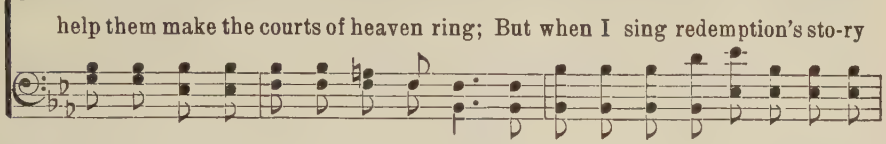
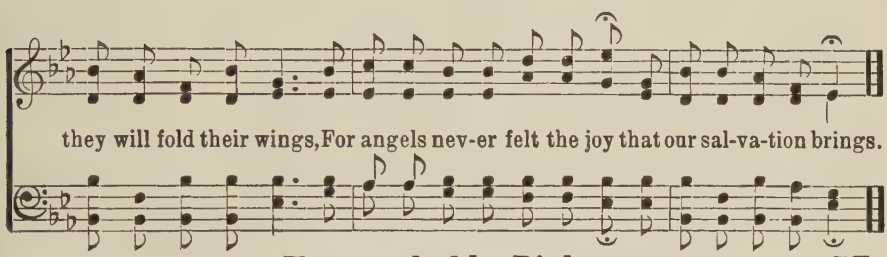
Holy, Holy, Is What the Angels Sing



help them make the courts of heaven ring; But when I sing redemption's sto-ry

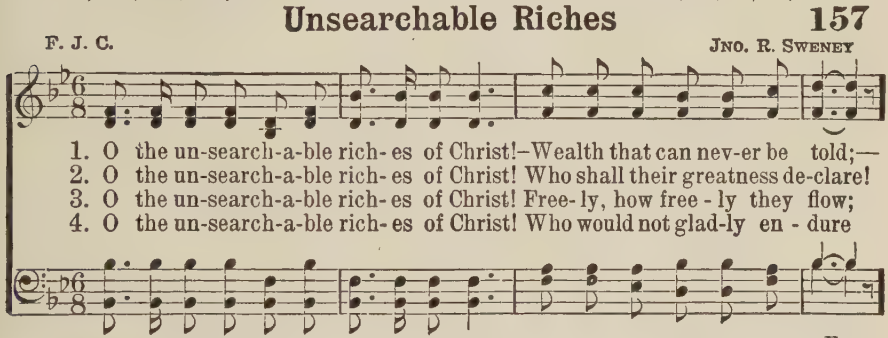


they will fold their wings, For angels nev-er felt the joy that our sal-va-tion brings.

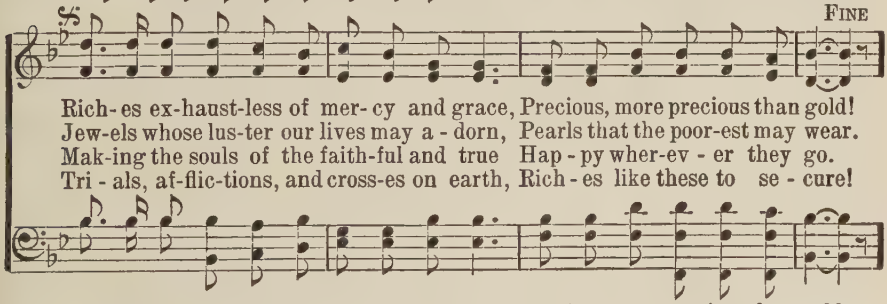


Unsearchable Riches 157

F. J. C. Jno. R. Sweney



1. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ!—Wealth that can nev-er be told;—
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who shall their greatness de-clare!
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Free-ly, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who would not glad-ly en-dure

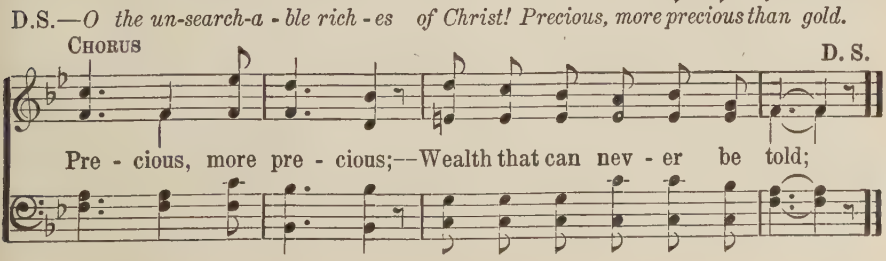


Fine

Rich-es ex-haust-less of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
Jew-els whose lus-ter our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poor-est may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap-py wher-ev-er they go.
Tri-als, af-flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like these to se-cure!

D.S.—*O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.*

Chorus D. S.



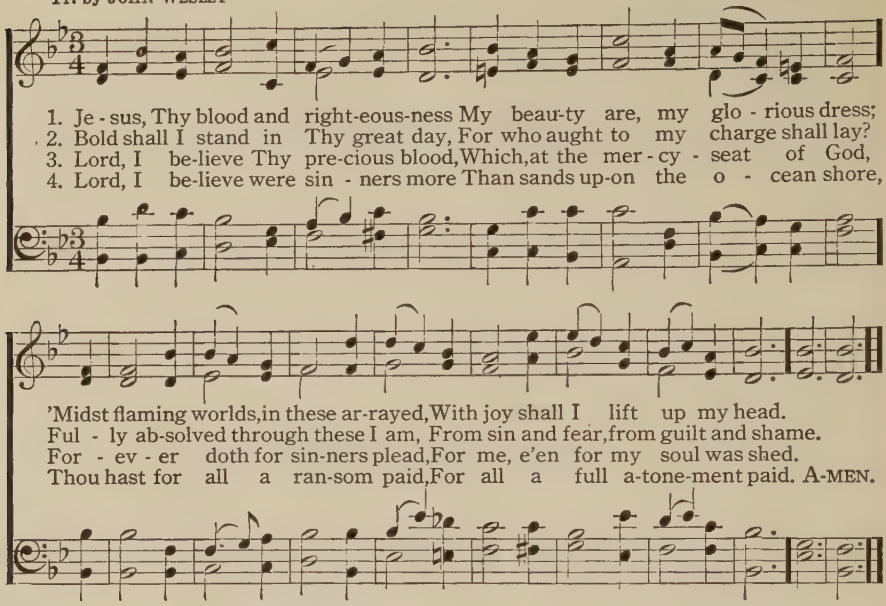
Pre-cious, more pre-cious;—Wealth that can nev-er be told;

158 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF
Tr. by JOHN WESLEY

GERMANY

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

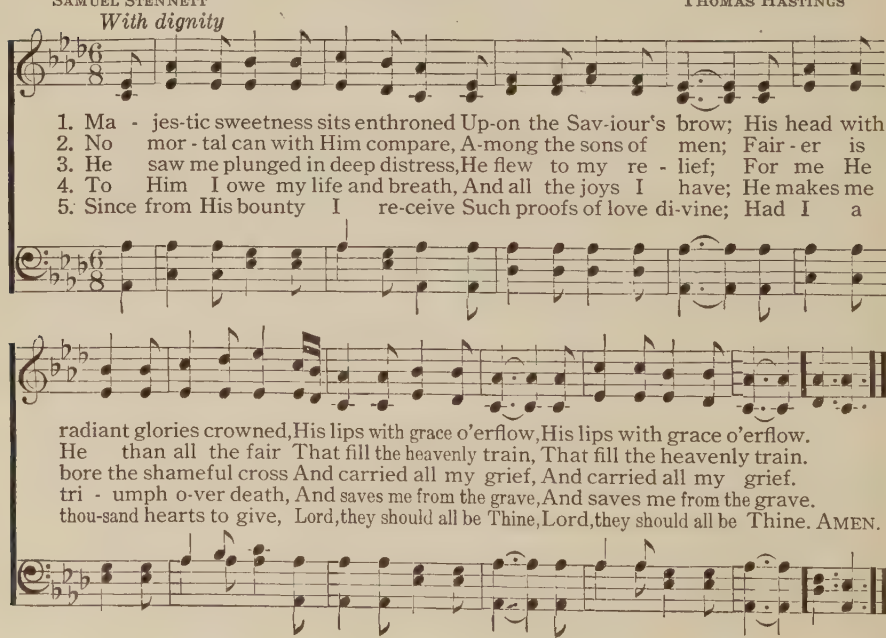


159 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

SAMUEL STENNETT

ORTONVILLE

THOMAS HASTINGS



Depth of Mercy 160

ALETTA

CHARLES WESLEY — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face,
3. Now in-cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;
4. There for me my Sav-iour stands, Hold - ing forth His wounded hands;

Can my God His wrath for-bear— Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Now my foul re - volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.
God is love! I know, I feel, Je - sus weeps and loves me still. A - MEN.

Jesus, the Sinner's Friend 161

FEDERAL STREET

CHARLES WESLEY — HENRY K. OLIVER

1. Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend, to Thee, Lost and un-done, for aid I flee,
2. Pit - y and heal my sin - sick soul; 'Tis Thou a-lone canst make me whole:
3. At last I own it can - not be That I should fit my - self for Thee:
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:

Wea - ry of earth, my - self, and sin: O - pen Thine arms and take me in.
Dark, till in me Thine im - age shine, And lost, I am, till Thou art mine.
Here, then, to Thee I all re - sign; Thine is the work, and on - ly Thine.
I give up ev - ery plea be - side—Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died. A-MEN.

What Brings Salvation

JAMES M. GRAY

FRANK EARNEST

1. It is not thy re - pent-ance, Thy sor - row or thy tears, That brings to thee sal - va - tion, Or drives a - way thy fears, It is the cross of Je - sus, The death He there did die, That wrought out full sal - va - tion,
2. It is not what thou do - est, Or what is left un - done; Or giv - ing up a hab - it, By which sal - va - tion's won: Sal - va - tion is not win - ning, 'Tis some-thing to re - ceive, God's free and gra-cious of - f'ring
3. You say, "I read the Bi - ble, In prayer I dai - ly bow"; You say, "Why, I am do - ing The best that I know how!" But e - ven were thou per - fect, The old sin still re - mains; It needs the blood of Je - sus, va - tion," Nor doubt that thou art heard, For He who dwells in heav - en
4. Then why not cease thy do - ing—That way is al - ways wrong—And yield thy will to Je - sus, And join re - demp-tion's throng? Say, "Lord, I take sal-

CHORUS

For such as you and I,
To all who will be - lieve. O take the gift of mer - cy, Let grace re-
To wash a - way thy stains.
For - ev - er keeps His word.
store thy soul; Con - fess the name of Je - sus, Trust Him to make thee whole.

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'Twas Jesus' Blood

H. D. L.

HARRY DIXON LOES

1. A sin-ner, lost, condemned was I, Doomed an e - ter - nal death to die;
2. I ne'er could be at peace with God, But for the cleansing, crimson flood,
3. No doubter's scorn or creed of man Can shake my faith in Cal-v'ry's plan;

But Je - sus died for me, He bore sin's pen-al - ty, On Calv'ry's hill was
No one but Christ could win A - tone-ment for all sin—He signed my pardon
His blood redeemed my soul, It made me pure and whole; By faith my life in

CHORUS

lift - ed high. 'Twas Je-sus' blood . . . that ransomed me, . .
with His blood.
Him be - gan. 'Twas Je-sus' blood that ransomed me,

From chains of sin He set me free. . . . While ages roll . . .
He set me free. While a-ges roll

my song shall be: . . . 'Twas Jesus' blood that ransomed me. . .
my song shall be: ransomed me.

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Nor Silver Nor Gold

JAMES M. GRAY — D. B. TOWNER

1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, Nor rich - es of earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my on - ly foun - da-tion, The death of my Sav - ior now mak - eth me whole.
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The guilt on my con-science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross is my on - ly foun - da-tion, The death of my Sav - ior could on - ly a - tone.
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The ho - ly com-mand-ment for - bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my on - ly foun - da-tion, The death of my Sav - ior re - mov - eth my fear.
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The way in - to heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my on - ly foun - da-tion, The death of my Sav - ior re - demp-tion hath wrought

CHORUS

I am re - deemed, ... but not with sil - ver;
I am re-deemed, I am re-deemed, but not with sil - ver;
I am bought, . but not with gold; Bought with a
I am bought, I am bought, but not with gold;

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Nor Silver Nor Gold

price— . . . the blood of Je - sus, Pre-cious price of love un - told.
Bought with a price— the pre-cious blood of Je-sus,

At Calvary

165

Wm. R. Newell — D. B. Towner

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh, the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! Oh, the grace that bro't it

cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man! Oh, the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry!

Chorus

Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti-

plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib-er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

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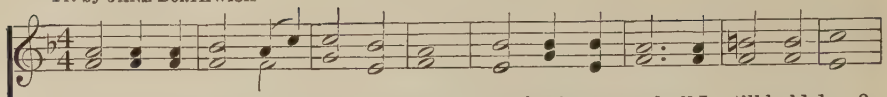
166 God Calling Yet

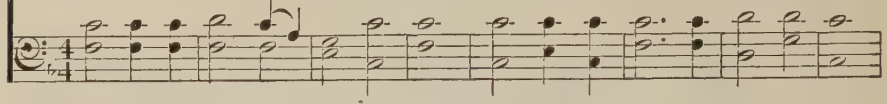
GERHARD TERSTEEGEN
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK

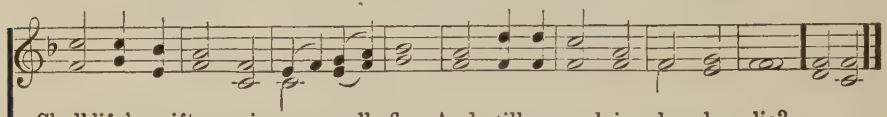
FEDERAL STREET

HENRY K. OLIVER

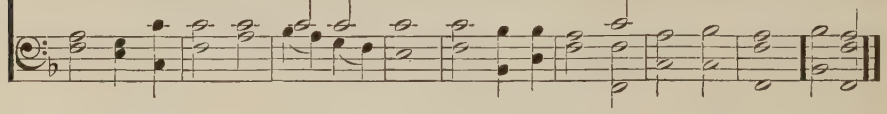


1. God call-ing yet! Shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! Shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! And shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! And shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
5. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with-out de - lay:





Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still—can I de - lay?
He still is wait - ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still—my heart, a-wake!
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart. A-MEN.

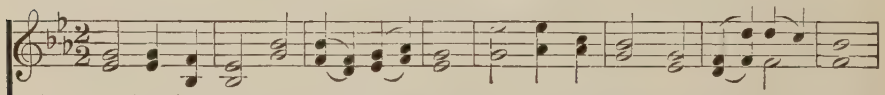


167 Behold! A Stranger

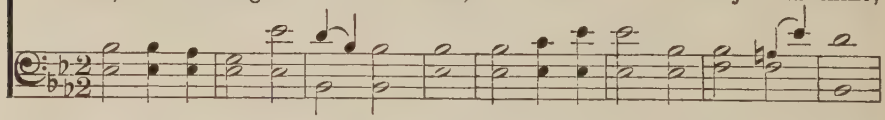
JOSEPH GRIGG

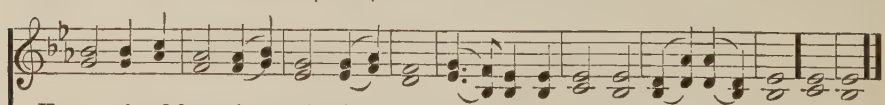
BERA

JOHN E. GOULD

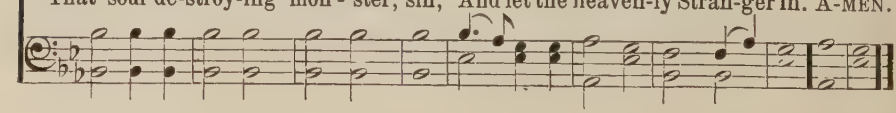


1. Be - hold! a Stran-ger at the door! He gent-ly knocks, has knocked be-fore;
2. O love-ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melt-ing heart and la - den hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will: the ver - y Friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di - vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine;





Has wait-ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O match-less kind-ness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin - ners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va - ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing mon - ster, sin, And let the heaven-ly Stran-ger in. A-MEN.



Ye Must Be Born Again

168

W. T. Sleeper

Geo. C. Stebbins

1 A rul-er once came to Je-sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal-
2. Ye children of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered by
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed the
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be

va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
Je - sus the Lord; And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if ye would ob - tain,
watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re - frain,

Chorus

"Ye must be born a - gain." . . "Ye must be born a-
a - gain.

gain, . . Ye must be born a - gain; . . I ver - i - ly,
a - gain, a - gain;

ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain." . . .
a - gain.

Jesus Is Calling

FANNY J. CROSBY

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait-ing; O come to Him now— Wait-ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead-ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN

Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon-ger de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

Call - - ing to - day, ...
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

Call - - ing to - day, ... Je - - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
call - ing to - day,

Jesus, I Come

W. T. Sleeper — Geo. C. Stebbins

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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171 Let Jesus Come into Your Heart

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans-ing are flow - ing near by,
3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,

Chorus

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

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Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON

Very slow *pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS *m* *cresc.*

Come home,.. come home,..... Ye who are wear-y, come home;...
Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

Christ Receiveth Sinful Men

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671 — JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n - ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN

Sing it o'er. . . . . and o'er a - gain; . . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain; Christ re-

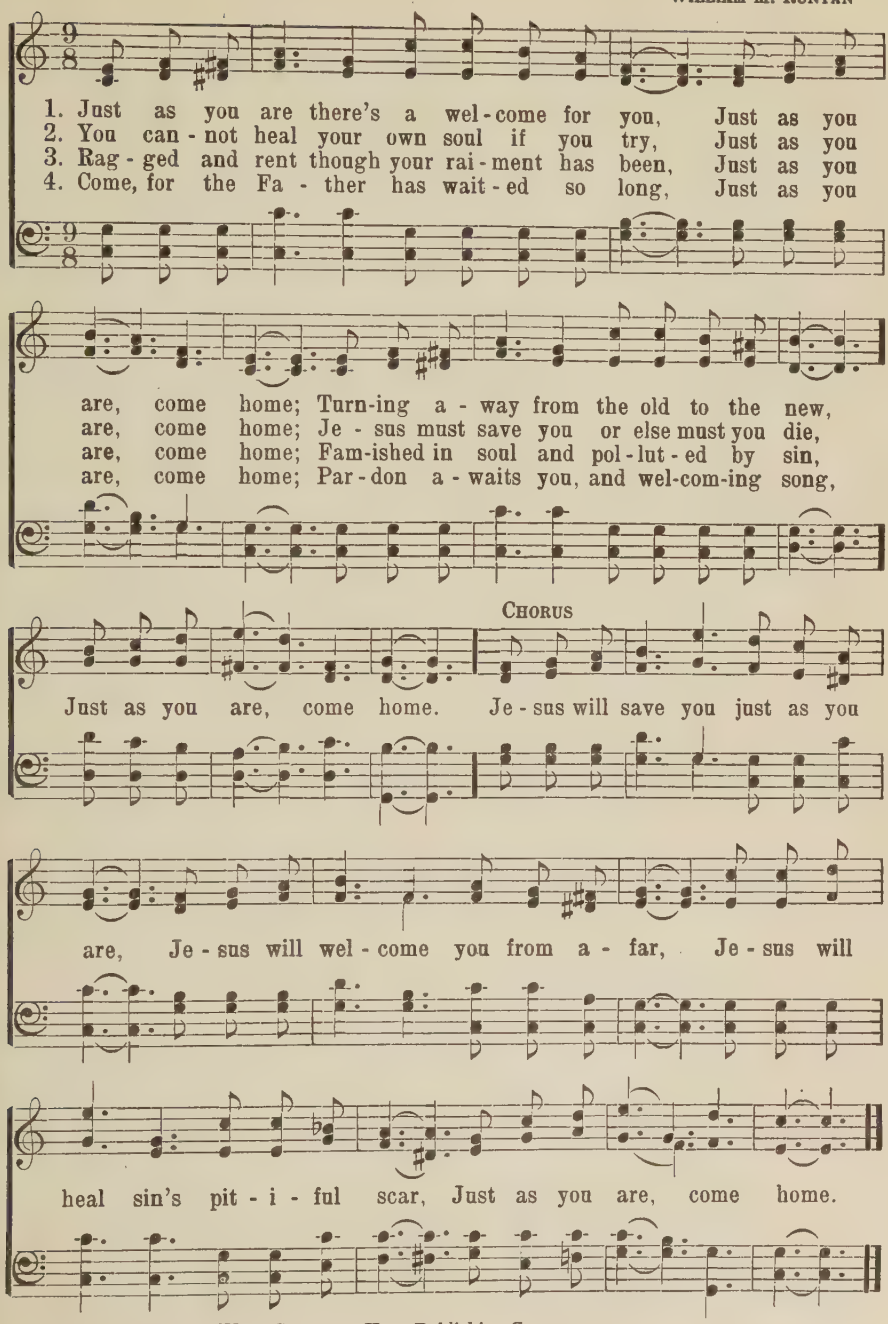
ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men; . . . . . Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain: . . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain:

Just As You Are

W. M. R.

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN



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175 Lord, I'm Coming Home

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed man-y pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

Fine

D. S.—*O-pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.*

Chorus — D. S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev-er-more to roam,

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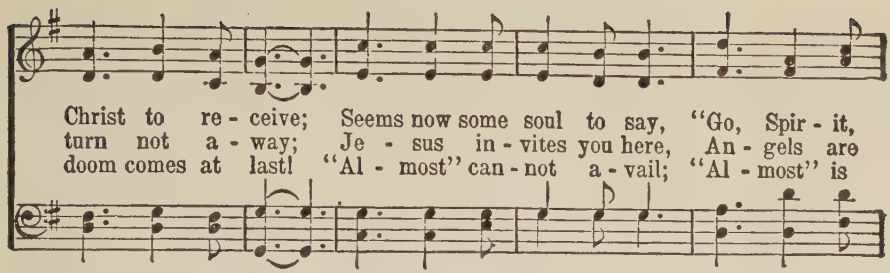
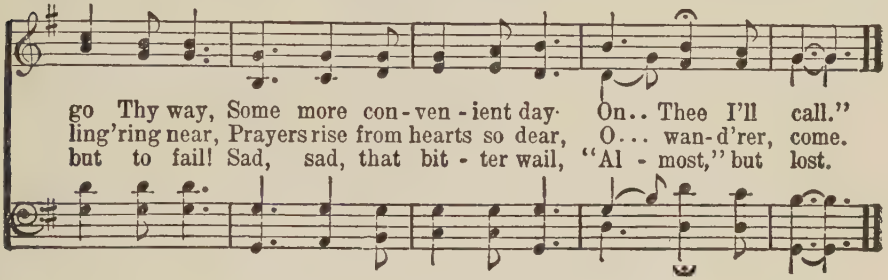
176 Almost Persuaded

P. P. B. — P. P. Bliss

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

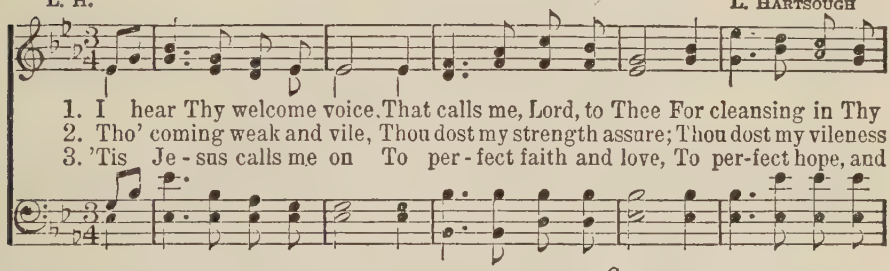
Almost Persuaded

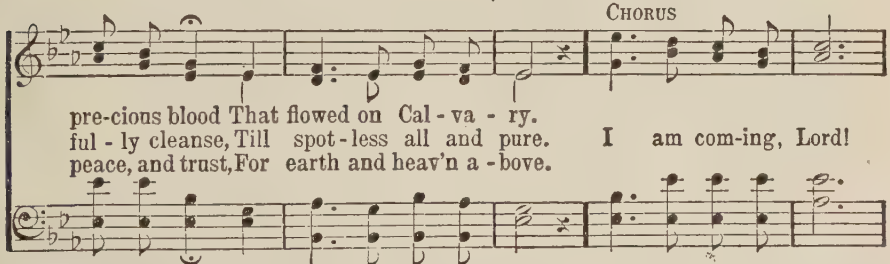


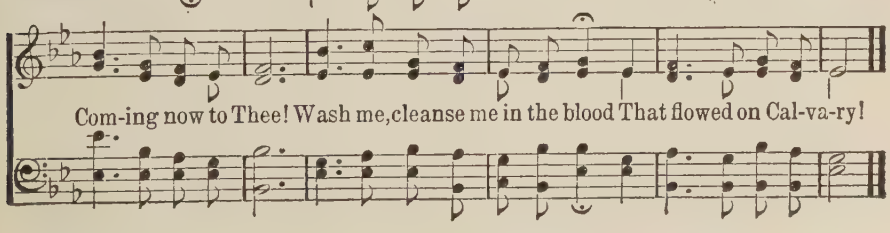


I Hear Thy Welcome Voice 177

L. H. L. HARTSOUGH







178 Just As I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — WOODWORTH — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

179 Where He Leads Me

E. W. BLANDY — J. S. NORRIS

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

REF.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say 180

HORATIUS BONAR

VOX DILECTI

JOHN B. DYKES

mf

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

p *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

cres. *f*

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that Light of life I'll walk, Till trav-eling days are done. A-MEN.

181 My Hope Is Built

EDWARD MOTE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-ery high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.

REFRAIN

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

182 His Loving-Kindness

SAMUEL MEDLEY — WILLIAM CALDWELL

1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru-ined by the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
3. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

His Loving-Kindness

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!

Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!

O Happy Day 183

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — E. F. RIMBAULT

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

2. 'Tis done: the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.

3. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart; Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest;
Nor ev-er from my Lord de-part, With Him of ev-ery good possessed.

FINE

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day;

Blessed Assurance

FANNY J. CROSBY — Mrs. J. F. KNAPP

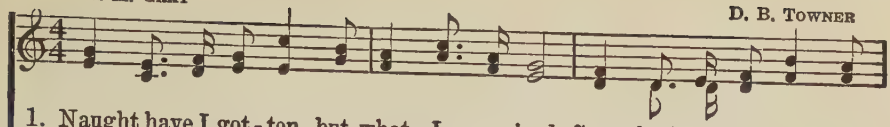
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

CHORUS

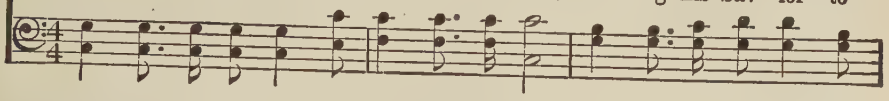
Only a Sinner

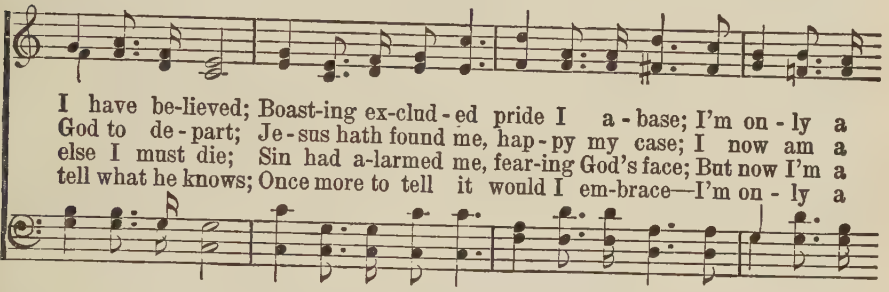
JAMES M. GRAY

D. B. TOWNER



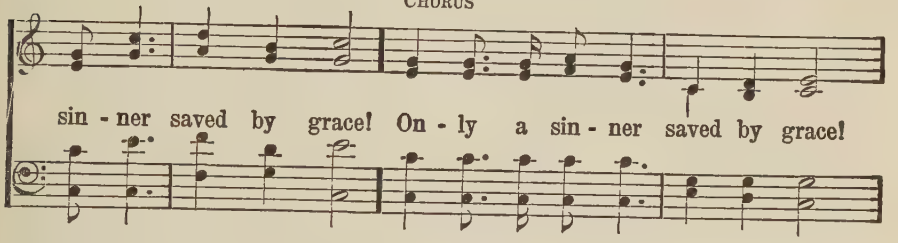
1. Naught have I got - ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was fool - ish and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my foot-steps from
3. Tears un - a - vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior to



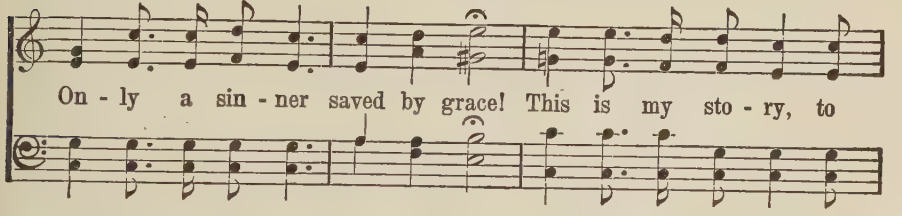


I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud - ed pride I a - base; I'm on - ly a
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I now am a
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em-brace—I'm on - ly a

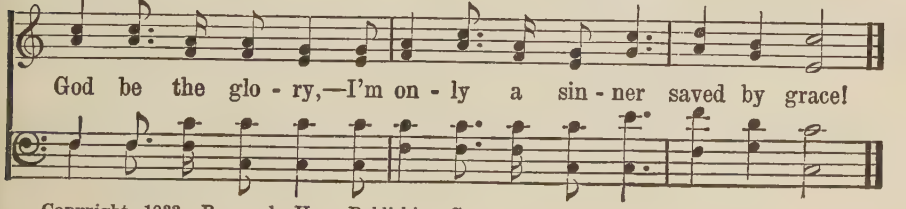
CHORUS



sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!



On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to



God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

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He Hideth My Soul

FANNY J. CROSBY — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

Allegretto

1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless-ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness, transport-ed I rise To meet Him in

Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll

CHORUS

riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
such a Re-deem - er as mine!
shout with the mil-lions on high.

That shadows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,

And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

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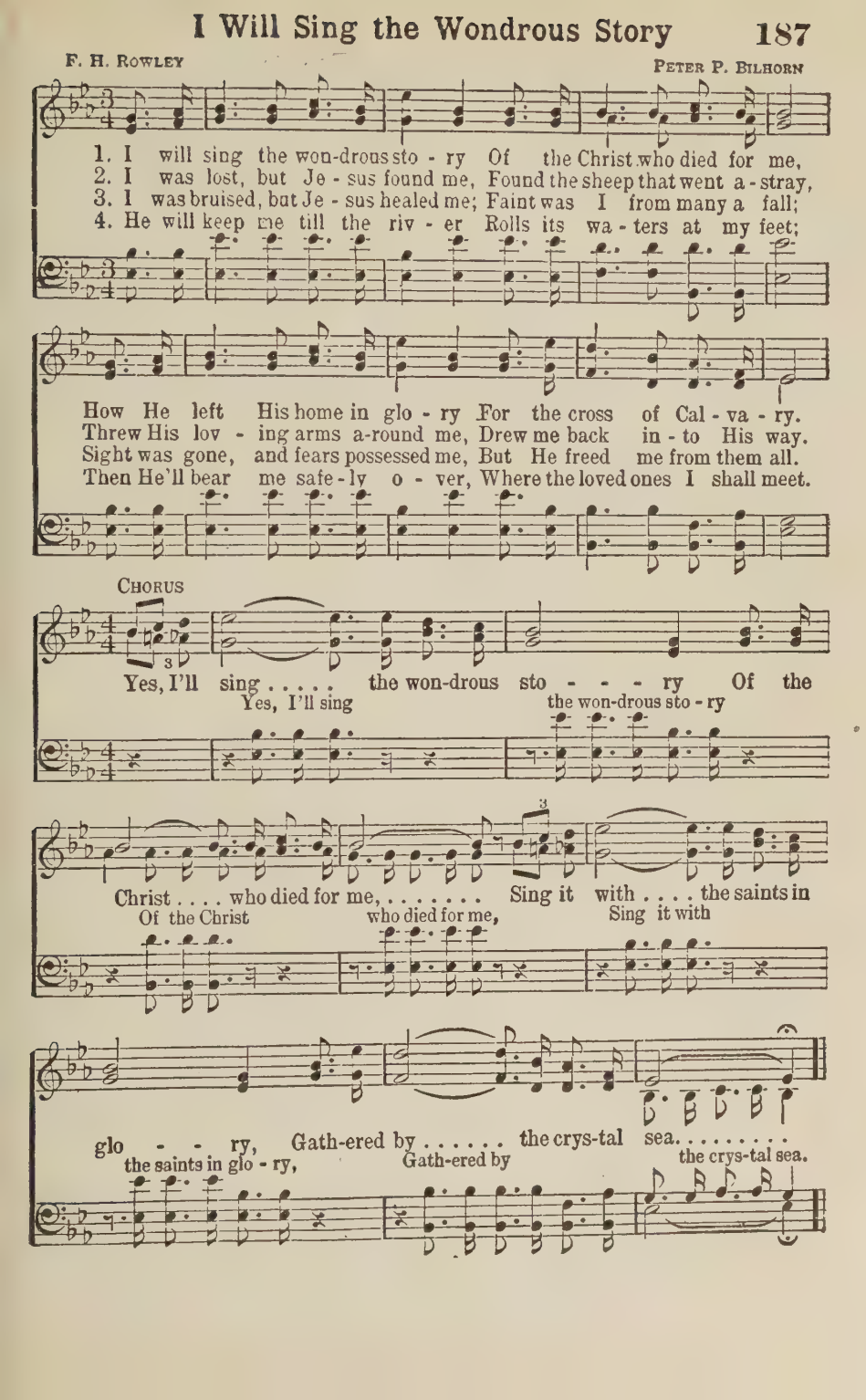
F. H. Rowley

Peter P. Bilhorn



188 Jesus Put Himself in My Place

Author unknown
Arr. J. M. G.

HOMER HAMMONTREE

1. Shall I tell you what brought me to Je - sus, What caused me to
2. Oh, He felt all my load in the gar - den, My guilt He did
3. Soon He's com - ing a - gain from the glo - ry,—The proph - ets of

seek His bless - ed face? It was this, that, to save and to
car - ry to the tree; I was lost, and con-demned un - to
God on this a - gree; And till then this to oth - ers I'm

cleanse me, Je - sus put Him - self in my place. . .
judg - ment, But my Lord Him - self died for me. . .
tell - ing, That for them He died as for me. . .

CHORUS

Je - sus put Him-self in my place, (O bless His name!) Yes, He put Him-

self in my place; (O bless His name!) This is the Gos - pel sto - ry,

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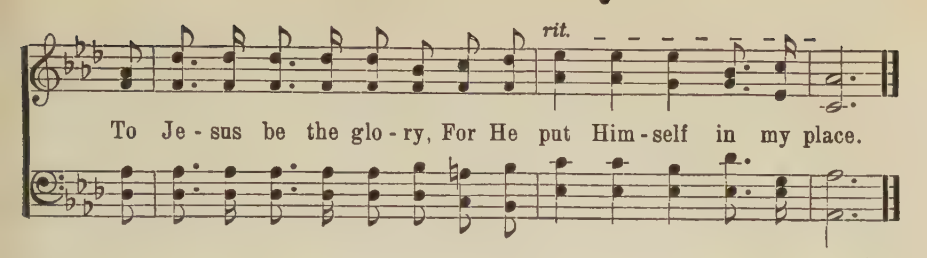
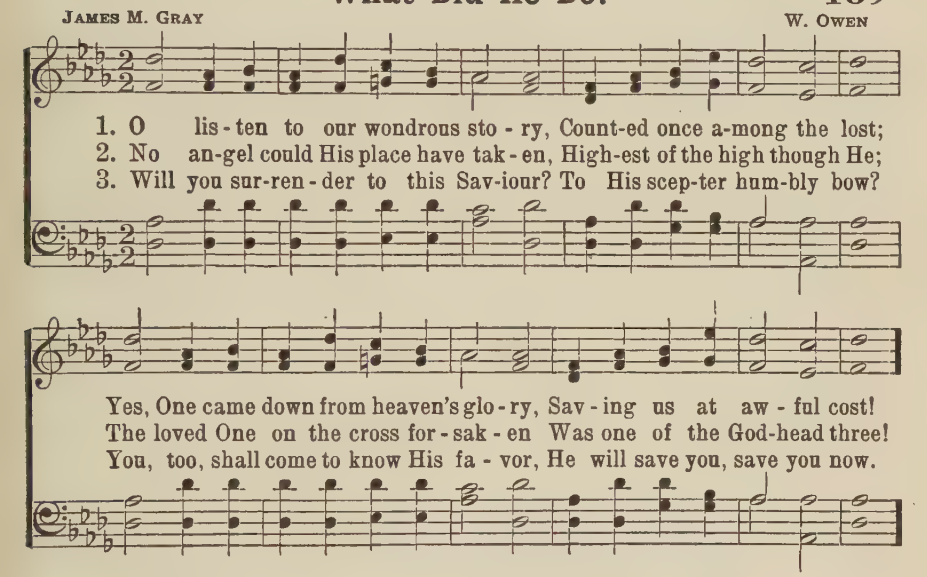
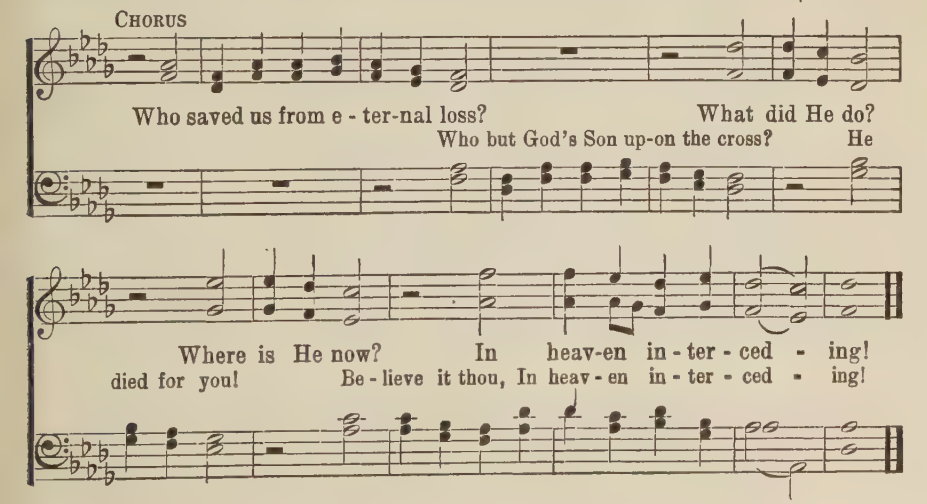
Jesus Put Himself in My Place



What Did He Do? 189

JAMES M. GRAY W. OWEN





He's Real to Me

WILL H. HOUGHTON

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

1. The day was long un - til I met my Sav - iour, The night was
2. The for - mer years, be - fore I knew my Sav - iour, Were emp - ty,
3. Then shall I care what cir - cum-stan-ces bring me? Or shall I

dark and then His hand met mine; I stum-bled oft un - til He made my
vain, and filled with childish toys; But now thro' Him has come a full for-
fear the clouds of dark-est hue? Nay, Christ who car-ried all my sin to

path - way, That mo - ment He be - came my Guide di - vine.
give - ness, A fore - taste here of heav - en's glo - rious joys.
Cal - v'ry, Will car - ry me, and all my bur - dens, too!

REFRAIN

He's real to me, so real to me, In what en-dures His hand I see;

DUET

Though oth-ers fail and earth grows dim, My ev - ery need I find in Him.

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He's Real to Me

Parts

Con - tent with less I can-not be, My liv-ing Lord is real to me.

Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound 191

P. Doddridge, 1, 3
A. M. Toplady, 2, 4, 5

Ira D. Sankey

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heav'n
2. 'Twas grace that wrote my name In life's e - ter - nal book; 'Twas
3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heav'n-ly road; And
4. Grace taught my soul to pray, And made mine eyes o'er-flow; 'Twas
5. O let Thy grace in - spire My soul with strength di-vine: May

with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sor - rows took.
new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
grace which kept me to this day, And will not let me go.
all my pow'rs to Thee as - pire, And all my days be Thine.

Chorus

Saved by grace a - lone! This is all my plea:

Je - sus died for all man-kind, And Je - sus died for me.

My Redeemer

P. P. Bliss

James McGranahan

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God with Him to be.

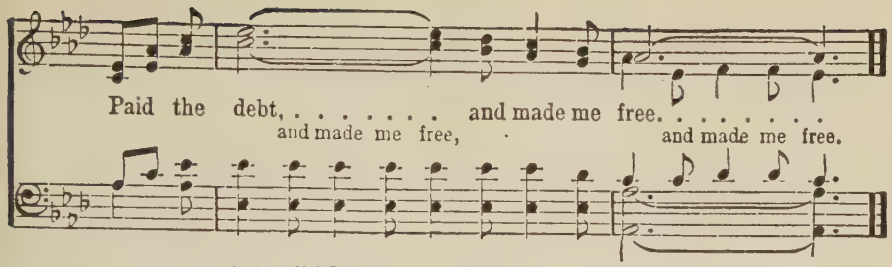
Chorus

Sing, oh, sing . . . . . of my Re-deem-er,
of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

With His blood . . . . . He pur-chased me, ...
He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me,

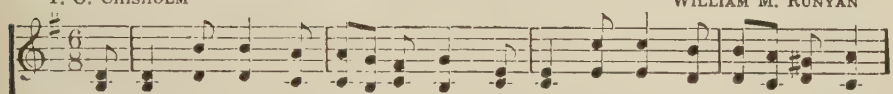
On the cross . . . . . He sealed my par-don,
He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

My Redeemer

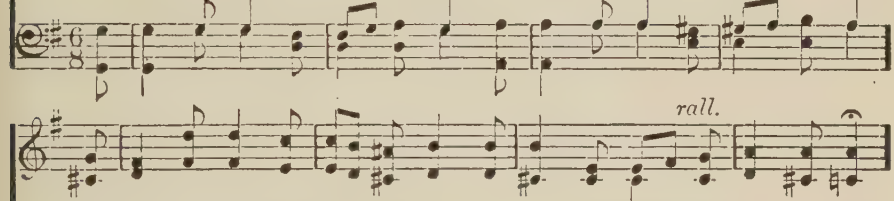


My Life Is Hid with Christ 193

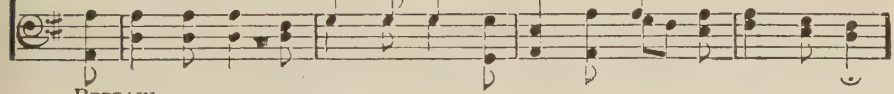
T. O. Chisholm — William M. Runyan



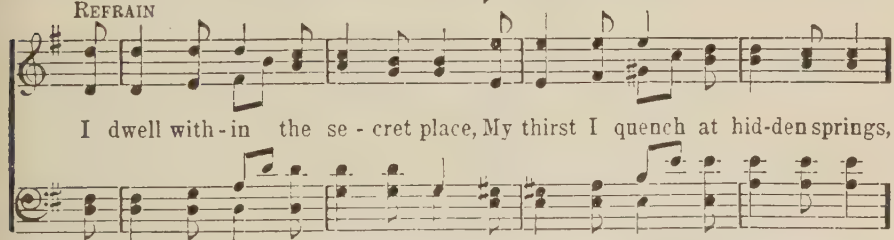
1. My life is hid with Christ in God– Oh, glo-rious mys-ter-y of grace!
2. No words of mine could e'er de-scribe The pure de-light that here I prove,
3. When tempests buf-fet, thun-ders roar, Tho' hordes of e-vil stalk a-broad,



For who am I that I should find In Him this bless-ed hid-ing place?
The ho-ly joy, the calm re-pose– His ban-ner o-ver me is love.
I dwell in safe-ty, un-a-fraid– My life is hid with Christ in God.



Refrain



I dwell with-in the se-cret place, My thirst I quench at hid-den springs,

With Him I love my soul a-bides Be-neath the shad-ow of His wings.

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194 'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me

A. S. R. — ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ

1. I was lost in sin when Je - sus found me, But He res - cued me, all
2. O the bells of heav - en now are ring-ing, For I hear their tones with-
3. O the joy when we shall meet in glo - ry, In the man-sions of my

glo - ry to His name! And the cords of world - ly pleas - ure bound me,
in my ran-somed soul; And my heart is filled with joy - ful sing - ing
Father's home a - bove; And thro' end - less a - ges tell the sto - ry

CHORUS

Till He saved me from sin and shame.
Since the Sav - ior hath made me whole. 'Twas a glad day when Je - sus
Of the Sav - ior's re - deem-ing love.

found me, When His strong arms were thrown around me; When my sins He buried

in the deep-est sea, And my soul He filled with joy and vic - to - ry, 'Twas a

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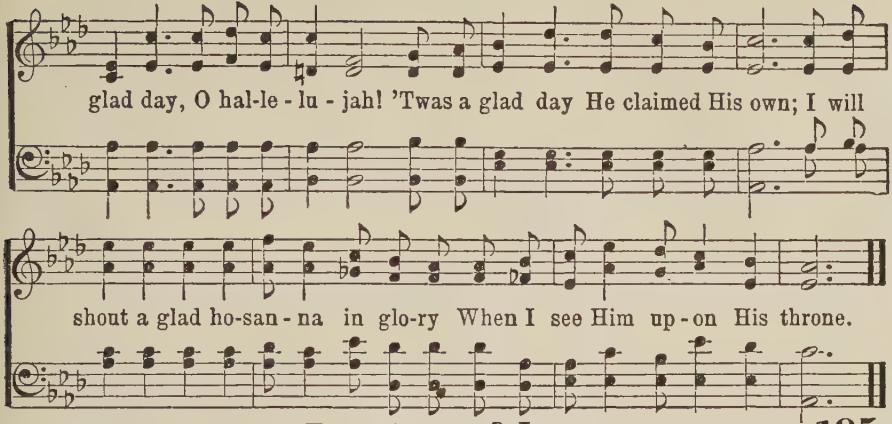
'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me

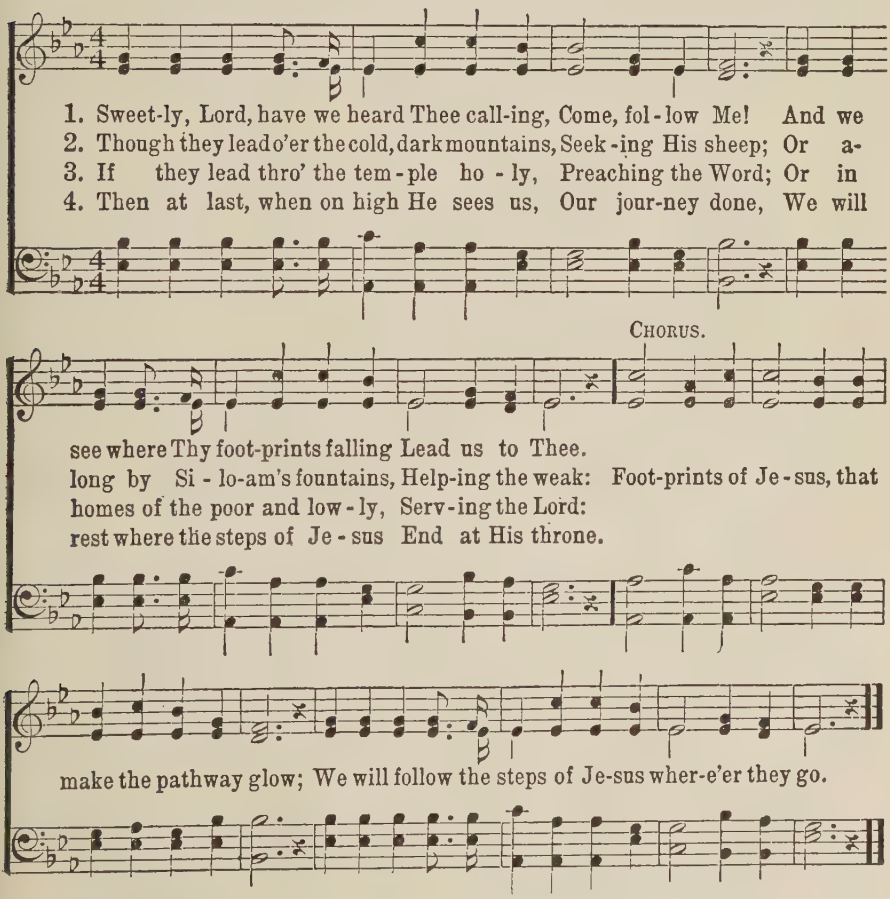


Footsteps of Jesus

195

MARY B. C. SLADE

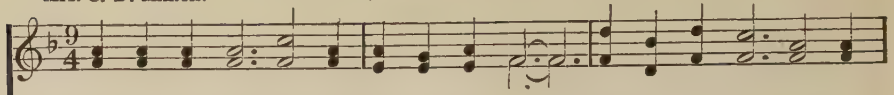
A. B. EVERETT



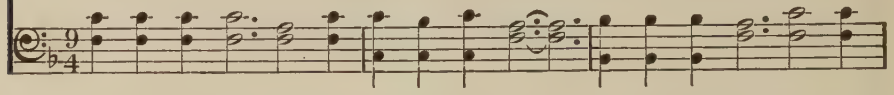
196 Accepted in the Beloved

Mrs. C. D. Martin

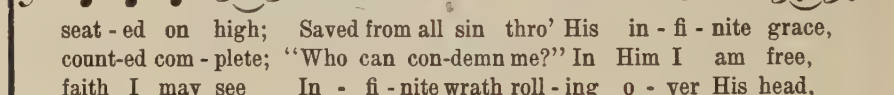
Wendell P. Loveless



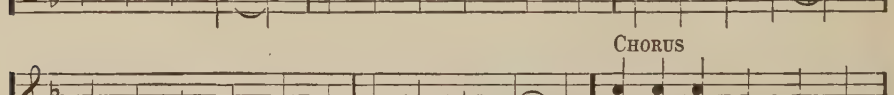
1. "In the Be-lov-ed" ac-cept-ed am I, Ris-en, as-cend-ed, and
2. "In the Be-lov-ed"—how safe my re-treat, In the Be-lov-ed ac-
3. "In the Be-lov-ed" I went to the tree, There, in His Per-son, by



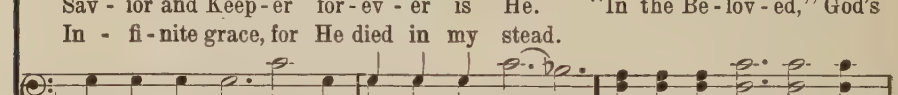
seat-ed on high; Saved from all sin thro' His in-fi-nite grace,
count-ed com-plete; "Who can con-demn me?" In Him I am free,
faith I may see In-fi-nite wrath roll-ing o-ver His head,



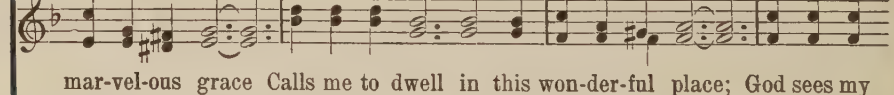
Chorus



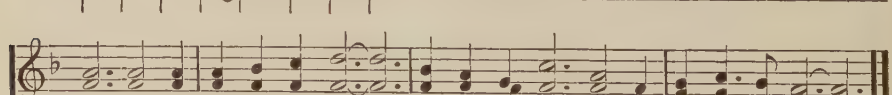
With the re-deemed ones ac-cord-ed a place.
Sav-ior and Keep-er for-ev-er is He. "In the Be-lov-ed," God's
In-fi-nite grace, for He died in my stead.



mar-vel-ous grace Calls me to dwell in this won-der-ful place; God sees my



Sav-ior and then He sees me "In the Be-lov-ed," ac-cept-ed and free.



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Lift Up Thine Eyes

E. I. A.

ELIZABETH IRVING ALDRIDGE

1. When the days are drear - y, Lift up thine eyes to the hills;
2. When the days bring sor - row, He nei - ther slum-bers nor sleeps;
3. When the trump re - sound - eth, Je - sus, the King, shall re - turn;

God gives strength to the wea - ry, Thy heart with joy He fills.
Watch-es o - ver the spar - row, Thy heart in peace He keeps.
O the joy when He com - eth! Our hearts for Him now yearn.

CHORUS

So lift up thine eyes, Lift up thine eyes,
So lift up, lift up thine eyes, Lift up, lift up thine eyes,

Lift up thine eyes to the hills; Help com - eth from the
to the hills;

Lord, He can - not fail, So lift up thine eyes to the hills.

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My Anchor Holds

W. C. Martin, arr. D. B. Towner

1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
4. Troub-les al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.
Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

Chorus

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O gale,
And it holds,..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - - est, then, O gale,
On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not

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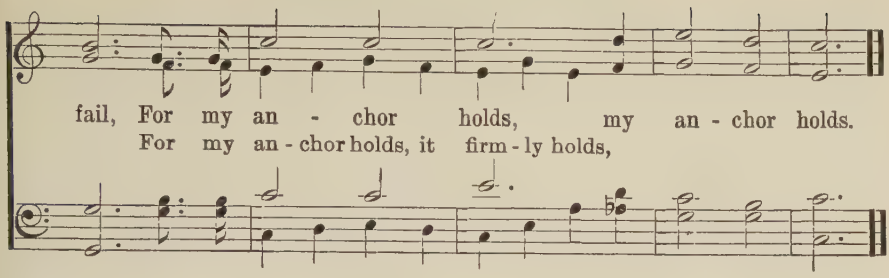
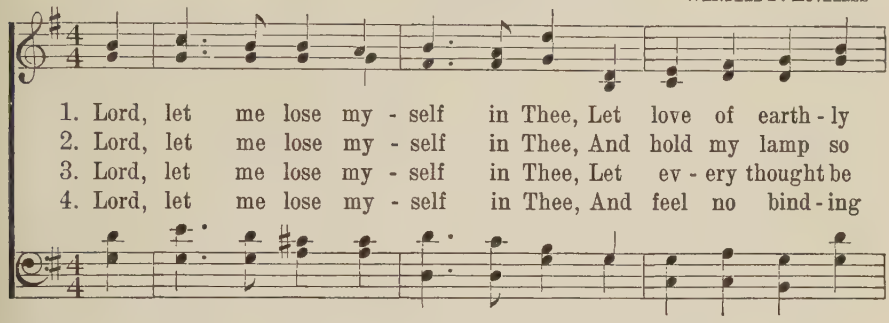
My Anchor Holds

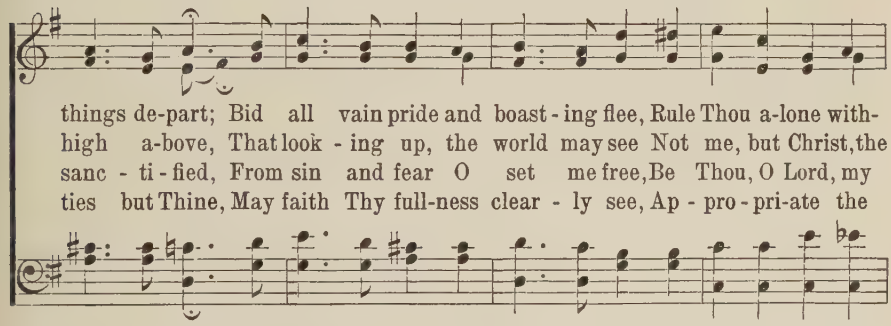


Let Me Lose Myself in Thee 199

RHETTA O'ROURKE

WENDELL P. LOVELESS





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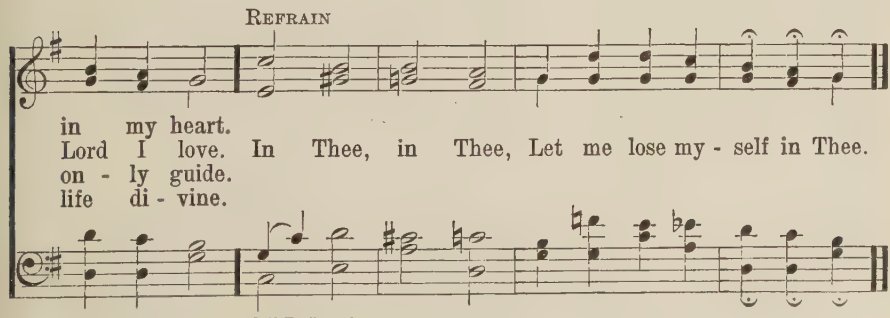

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200 The Road Leads Home

Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY

D. B. TOWNER

1. O pil-grim, as you jour-ney, Do you ev-er glad-ly say,
2. O safe and bless-ed shel-ter, Heav'n-ly man-sions of con-tent!
3. There's com-fort on the jour-ney, There is al-so guide and chart;

In spite of heav-y weath-er And the rough-ness of the way,
There are the ho-ly kin-dred From our hearthstone's ear-ly rent;
There's wis-dom for the ask-ing, And there's sol-ace for the heart;

That it real-ly does not mat-ter, All the strange and bit-ter stress—
And our pre-cious, lov-ing Sav-iour, Who our sins on Cal-v'ry bore—
And there is no need of turn-ing To the left or to the right,

Heat and cold, and toil and sor-row,—Will be healed with bless-ed-ness!
Who would ev-er mind the jour-ney, With such bless-ed-ness in store?
And no fear need stir the bos-om At the com-ing of the night.

CHORUS

For the road leads home, Sweet, sweet home! O who would mind the

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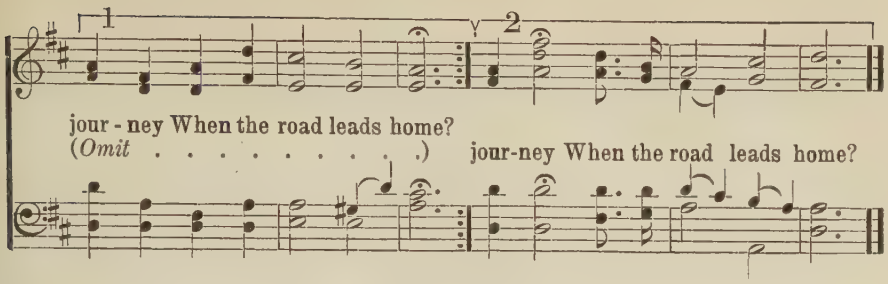
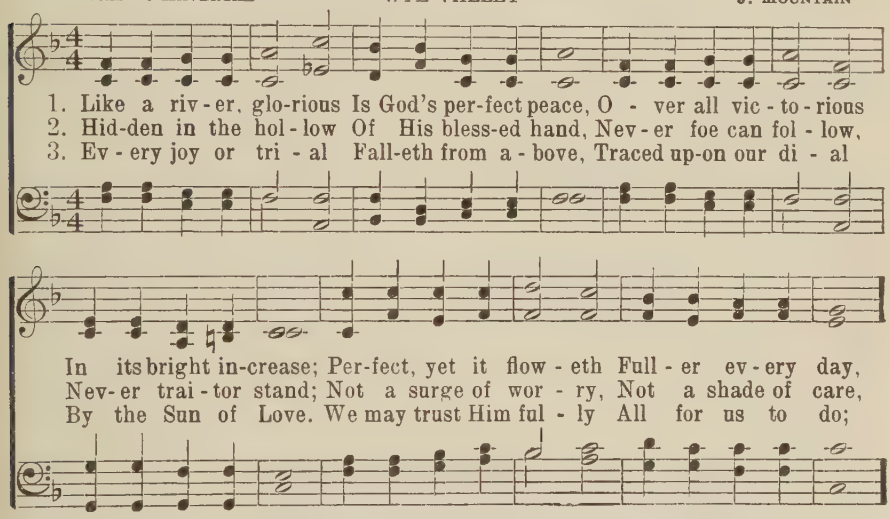
The Road Leads Home

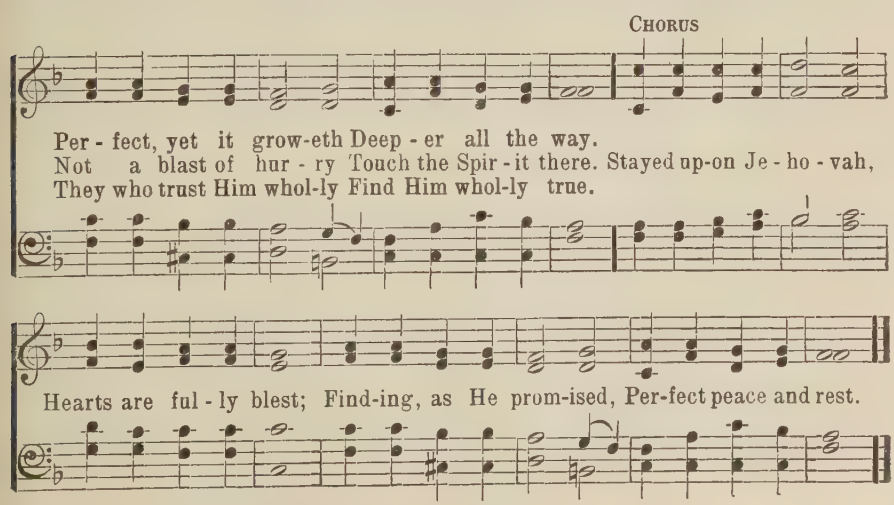


Like a River Glorious 201

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — WYE VALLEY — J. MOUNTAIN



CHORUS



He Lifted Me

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.

CHORUS.

From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,

From shades of night to plains of light, Oh, praise His name, He lift-ed me!

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Thou Art My Hiding Place

THOMAS RAFFLES

ALFRED HOLZWORTH

1. Thou art my Hid-ing-place, O Lord, In Thee I put my trust;
2. When storms of fierce temp-ta-tion beat, And fu-rious foes as-sail,
3. 'Mid tri-als heav-y to be borne, When mor-tal strength is vain,
4. And when Thine aw-ful voice commands My soul to soar a-way,

En-cour-aged by Thy Ho-ly Word, A fee-ble child of dust:
My ref-uge is the mer-cy-seat, My hope with-in the veil.
A heart with grief and an-guish torn, A bod-y racked with pain,
And life, in its last lin-gering sands, Is ebb-ing fast a-way,

I have no ar-gu-ment be-side, I urge no oth-er plea;
From strife of tongues and bit-ter words My spir-it flies to Thee:
Ah! what could give the suf-ferer rest, Bid ev-ery mur-mur flee,
Then, though it be in ac-cents weak, And faint and trem-bling-ly,

And 'tis e-nough my Sav-iour died, My Sav-iour died for me!
Joy to my heart the tho't af-fords, My Sav-iour died for me!
But this, the wit-ness in my breast That Je-sus died for me?
O give me strength in death to speak, "My Sav-iour died for me." A-MEN.

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Since I Am Found in Thee

MAX I. REICH

GEORGE S. SCHULER

1. In peace, O Christ, I face the throne, Since I am found in
2. And now wher-e'er my steps may go, Since I am found in
3. When tempt-ed in an e - vil hour, Since I am found in
4. When Thou at last my name shalt call, I shall be found in

Thee; I claim no mer - it of my own, Thy blood my on - ly
Thee; O'er moun-tain or thro' vale be - low, Thy guid-ing hand I
Thee; Thou art more near than sin's dark power, My in-ward pu - ri-
Thee; Re-deemed be-fore Thy feet to fall, And own Thy vic - to-

plea; . . . A sin - ner jus - ti - fied by grace, Re-deemed to
see; . . . Yea, found in Thee I can - not stray, Or stum-ble
ty; . . . Ah! found in Thee the tempt-er's dart Is hurled in
ry; . . . Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty to be Safe in the

ad lib.

look up - on Thy face, Re-deemed to look up - on Thy face.
on my pil - grim way, Or stum - ble on my pil - grim way.
vain a-gainst my heart, Is hurled in vain a-gainst my heart.
Fa - ther's house with Thee, Safe in the Fa-ther's house with Thee.

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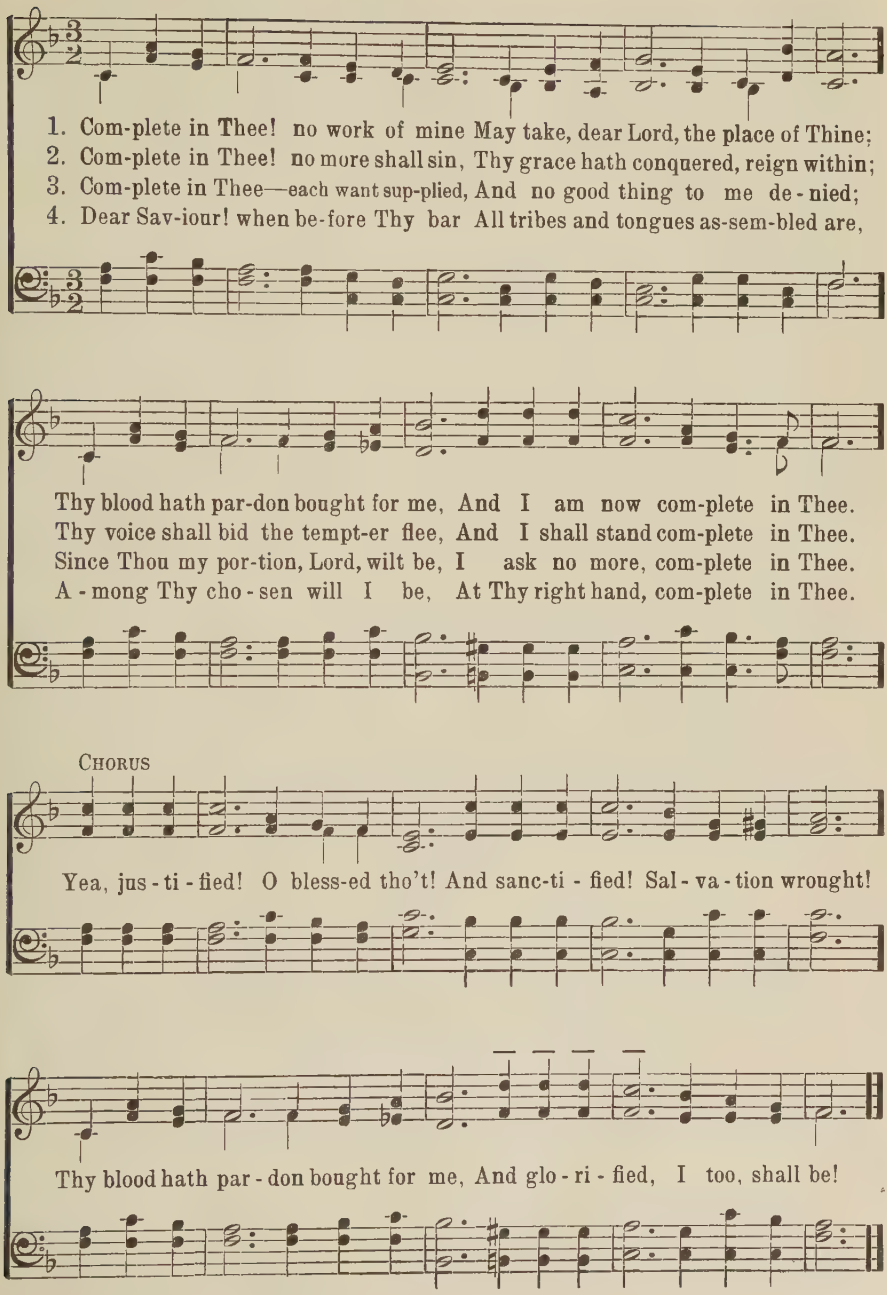
Complete in Thee

A. R. Wolfe
Cho., J. M. G.

T. J. Bittikofer



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I Need Jesus

George O. Webster — Chas. H. Gabriel

1. I need Je-sus, my need I now con-fess; No friend like Him in times of deep dis-tress; I need Je-sus, the need I glad-ly own; Tho' some may bear their load a-lone, Yet I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus, I need Je-sus,

2. I need Je-sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of life are dim; I need Je-sus, when foes my soul assail; A - lone I know I can but fail, So I need Je-sus.

3. I need Je-sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him, He is the sin-ner's Friend; I need Je-sus, no oth-er friend will do; So constant, kind, so strong and true, Yes, I need Je-sus. I need Je-sus with me, I need Je-sus always,

Chorus

I need Je-sus ev-'ry day; . . . Need Him in the sunshine hour, ev-'ry day; Need Him when the storm-clouds low'r; Ev'ry day a-long my way, Yes, I need Je-sus.

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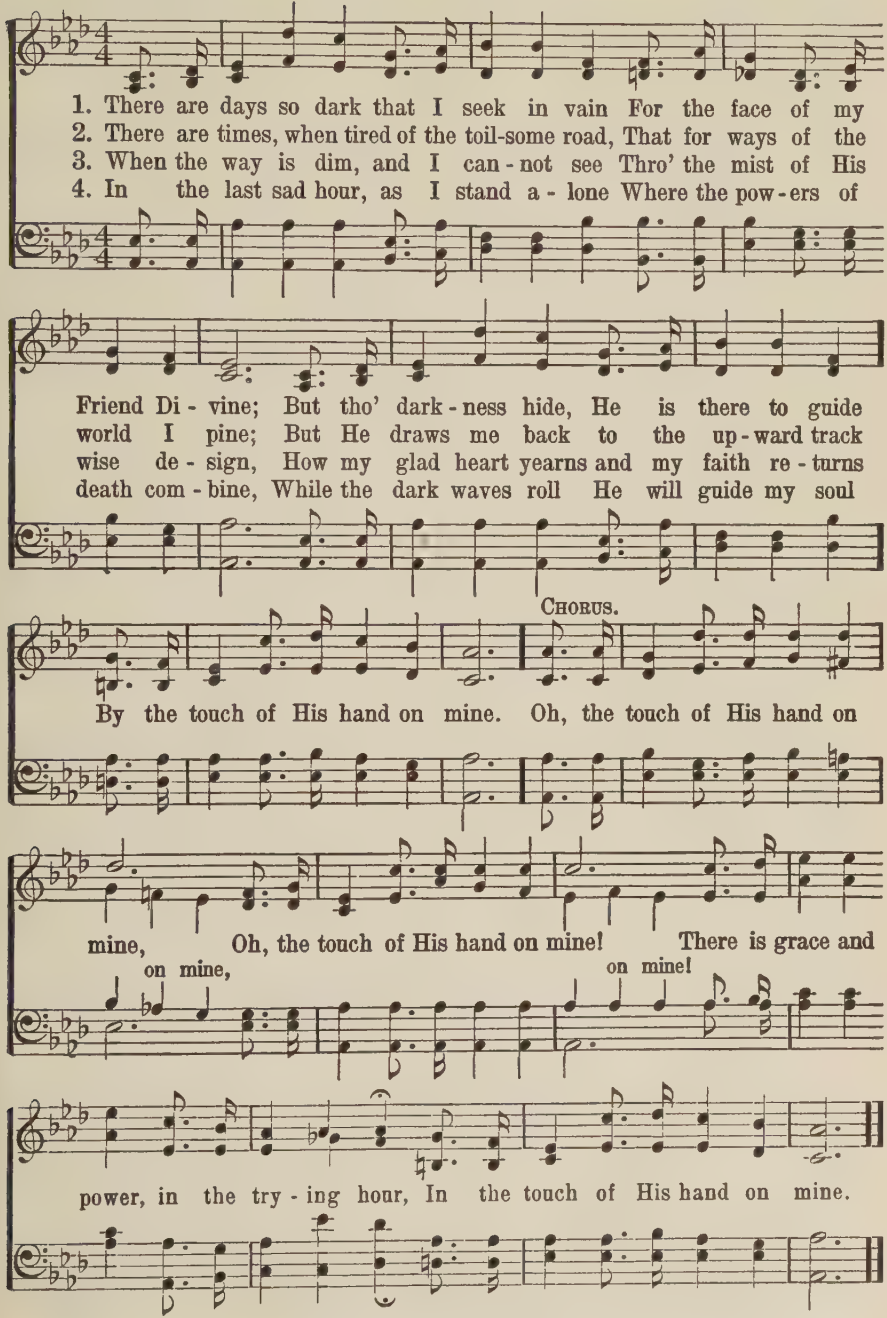
The Touch of His Hand on Mine 207

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS HENRY P. MORTON



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All Things in Jesus

H. D. L.

HARRY DIXON LOES

1. Friends all a-round us are seek-ing to find What the heart yearns for, by
2. Some car-ry burdens whose weight has for years Crushed them with sorrow and
3. No oth-er name stirs the joy-chords with-in, And thro' none else is re-
4. Je - sus is all this sad world needs to-day; Blind-ly men strive, for sin

sin un-der-mined; I have the se-cret, I know where 'tis found:
blind-ed with tears; Yet One stands read-y to help them just now,
mis-sion of sin; He knows the pain of the heart sore-ly tried,
dark-ens the way. O to draw back the grim cur-tains of night—

rit.

CHORUS

On-ly in Je-sus true pleas-ures a-bound.
If they with faith and with pen-i-tence bow. All that I want is in
All of its needs will in Him be sup-plied.
One glimpse of Je-sus, and all will be bright!

Je - sus, He sat-is-fies Joy He sup-plies;
Je-sus, in Je-sus, with the free-ly;

ad lib.

Life would be worthless without Him, All things in Je-sus I find.
without Him, without Him,

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The Sinner's Friend

GERTRUDE R. DUGAN

GEORGE S. SCHULER

1. I was an out-cast, be-reft and a-lone, Reap-ing the tares that I had sown; All my poor wast-ed life seemed at an end,
2. The Sav-iour knocked and I o-pened the door; He brought me joys un-known be-fore; And oh, such love on-ly heav-en could send—
3. Gone is my bur-den of sin and de-spair, For all my guilt Je-sus doth bear; He will my Keep-er be un-to the end;
4. If Je-sus knocks, will you o-pen the door, And taste the joys He hath in store? Bless-ings un-num-bered He dai-ly will send;

Parts CHORUS

When first I knew the sinner's Friend. Hal-le-lu-jah!
The love of Christ, the sinner's Friend! Hal-le-lu-jah!
Oh, praise His name, the sinner's Friend! Hal-le-lu-jah!
Oh, let Him in, the sinner's Friend! Hal-le-lu-jah!

{Oh, praise the
{Now un-to

Lord, what a Friend is He! . . . . Who loved me so that He died for me Up-on the cross of Cal-va-ry!
Him shall my praise as-cend, . . . To Him whom heaven a-bove did send For- (*Omit* . . . . . .) e'er to be the sin-ner's Friend.

1 2 *rit.*

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Leave It There

C. Albert Tindley

Arr. by Chas. A. Tindley, Jr.

Moderato

1. If the world from you with-hold of its sil - ver and its gold, And you
2. If your bod - y suf - fers pain and your health you can't re-gain, And your
3. When your en - e - mies as - sail and your heart be - gins to fail, Don't for-
4. When your youthful days are gone and old age is steal-ing on, And your

have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He
soul is al-most sink-ing in de - spair, Je - sus knows the pain you feel, He can
get that God in heav-en answers prayer; He will make a way for you and will
bod - y bends beneath the weight of care; He will nev - er leave you then, He'll go

feeds the lit - tle bird; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there.
save and He can heal; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there.
lead you safe - ly thro'; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there.
with you to the end; Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there.

Chorus

Leave it there, . . . leave it there, ... Take your bur-den to the
Leave it there, leave it there,

Lord and leave it there; . . . . If you trust and nev - er doubt, He will
leave it there;

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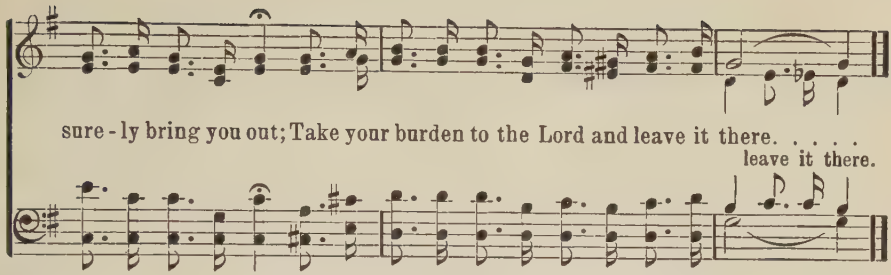
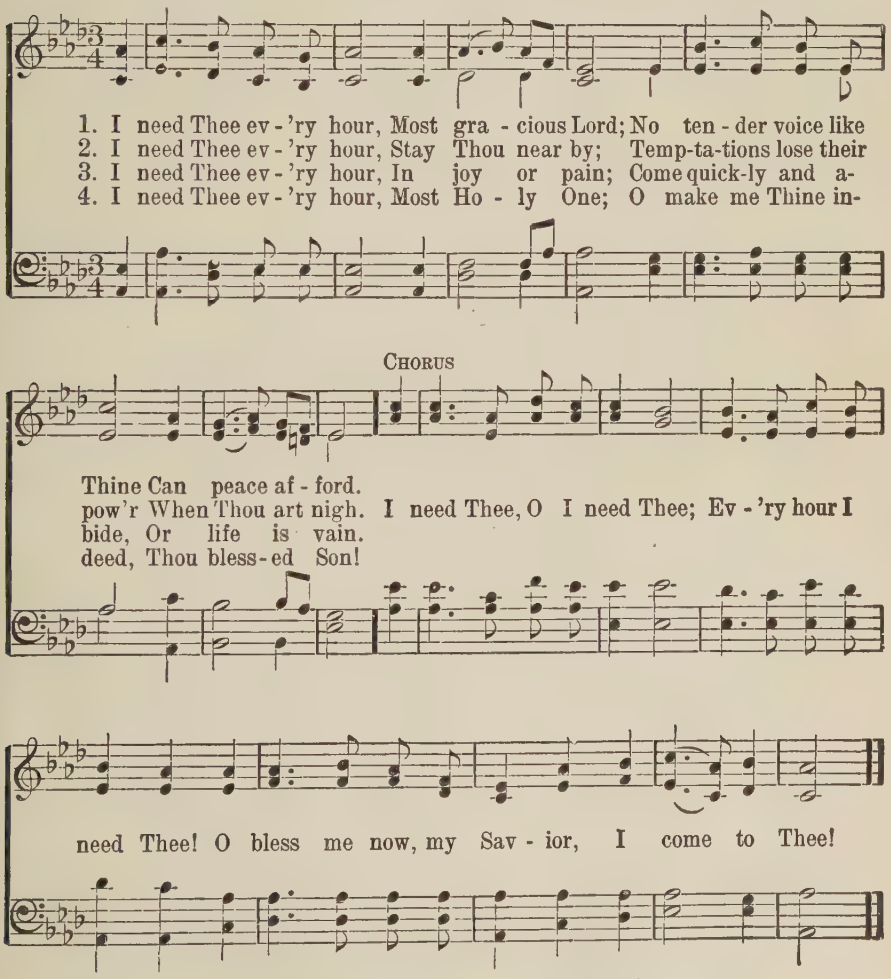
Leave It There



I Need Thee Every Hour 211

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks — Rev. Robert Lowry



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How Firm a Foundation

PORTUGUESE HYMN

"K" in RIPPON'S Selection — From J. F. WADE'S Cantus Diversi

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said,.. To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled!

2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.

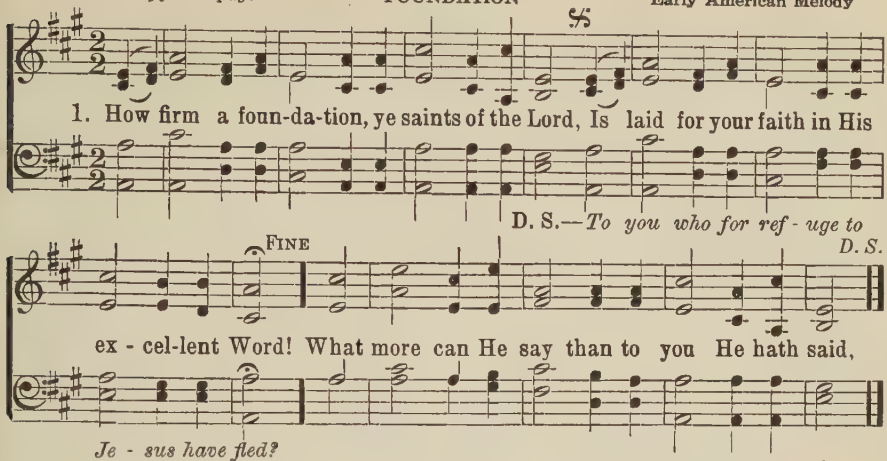
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters, I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow, For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.

4. "When thro' fi-ery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5. "The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!" A-MEN.

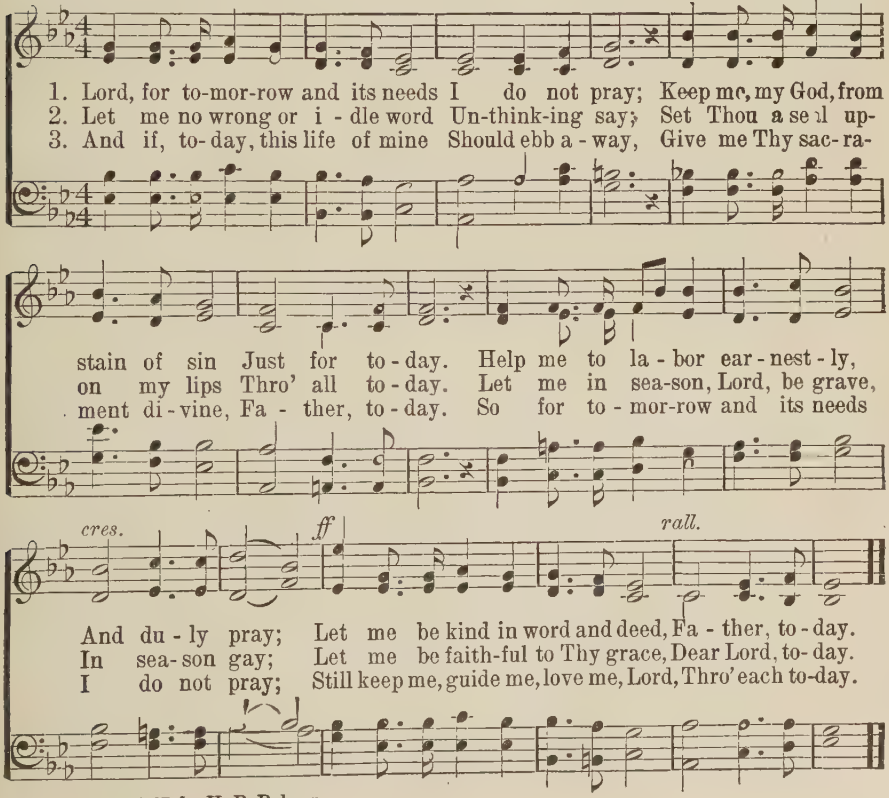
How Firm a Foundation 213

Words on opposite page FOUNDATION Early American Melody



Just for To-day 214

SYBIL F. PARTRIDGE VINCENT H. R. PALMER



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Trust in the Lord

T. O. Chisholm

Wendell P. Loveless

1. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart," This is God's gra-cious com-mand;
2. "Trust in the Lord"who rul - eth all, See-eth all things as they are,
3. "Trust in the Lord" and peace-ful be, Fret not thy spir - it in vain,
4. "Trust in the Lord"—His eye will guide All thro' the path-way a - head,

"In all thy ways ac - know-ledge Him, So shalt thou dwell in the land."
Be it a bird - ling in its nest, Or yon-der ut - ter-most star.
What tho' the an - swer tar - ries long, Still shalt thou praise Him a - gain.
He hath re-deemed and He will keep, Trust Him and be not a - fraid.

Refrain

"Trust in the Lord," O trou - bled soul, Rest in the arms of His care; What-care, of His care;

ev - er thy lot, It mat-ter - eth not, For noth-ing can trou-ble thee there;

"Trust in the Lord," O trou - bled soul, Noth-ing can trou-ble thee there.

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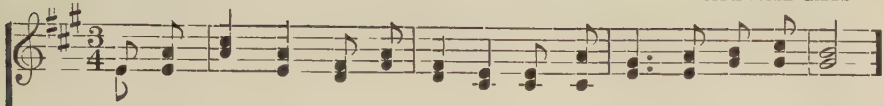
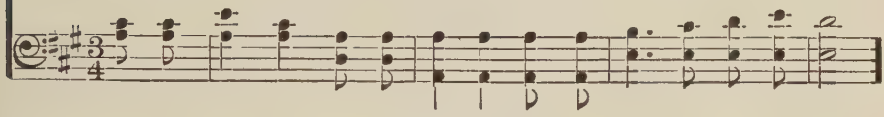
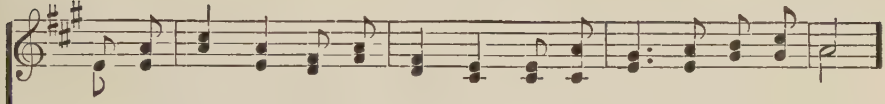
Channels Only

MARY E. MAXWELL — ADA ROSE GIBBS

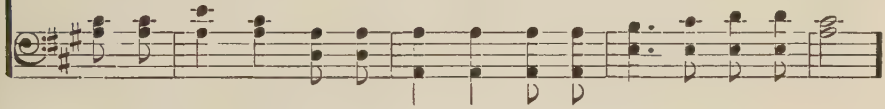


1. How I praise Thee, pre-cious Saviour, That Thy love laid hold of me;
2. Emp-tied that Thou should-est fill me, A clean ves - sel in Thy hand;
3. Wit - ness-ing Thy power to save me, Set - ting free from self and sin;
4. Je - sus, fill now with Thy Spir - it Hearts that full sur-ren - der know;

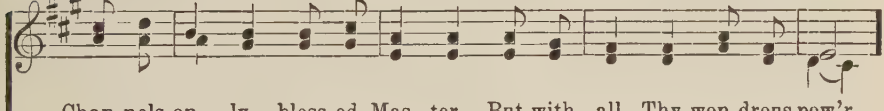




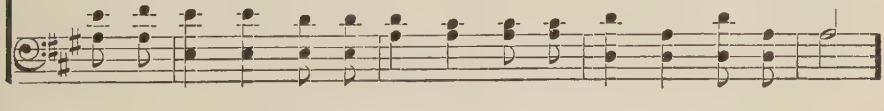
Thou hast saved and cleansed and filled me That I might Thy channel be.
With no power but as Thou giv - est Gra-cious - ly with each command.
Thou who bought-est to pos - sess me, In Thy full-ness, Lord, come in.
That the streams of liv - ing wa - ter From our in - ner man may flow.

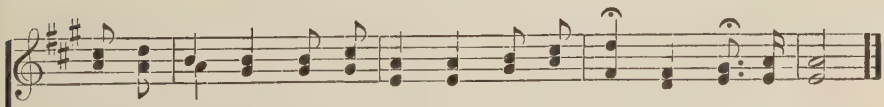


CHORUS

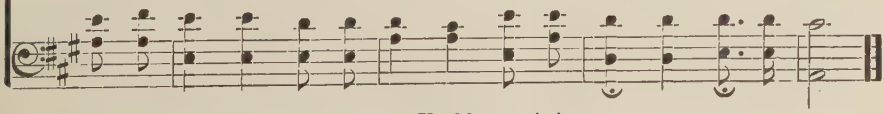


Chan-nels on - ly, bless-ed Mas - ter, But with all Thy won-drous pow'r





Flow-ing thro' us, Thou canst use us Ev - ery day and ev - ery hour.



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217 Saviour, Thy Dying Love

S. D. Phelps — SOMETHING FOR JESUS — Robert Lowry

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith-ful heart, Like-ness to Thee, That each de-
4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful - fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kind-ness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

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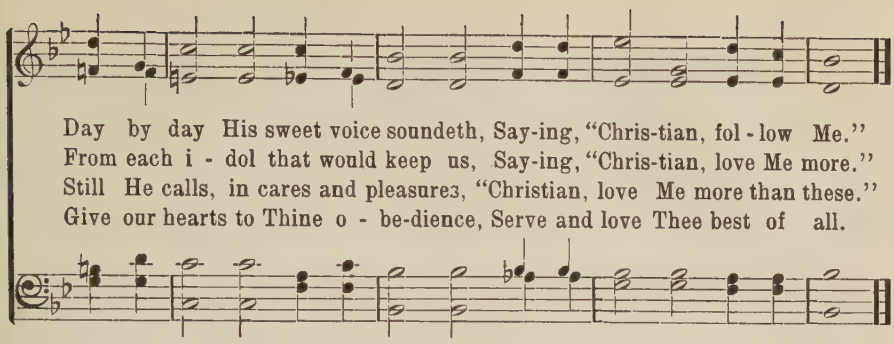
218 Jesus Calls Us

Cecil F. Alexander — GALILEE — William H. Jude

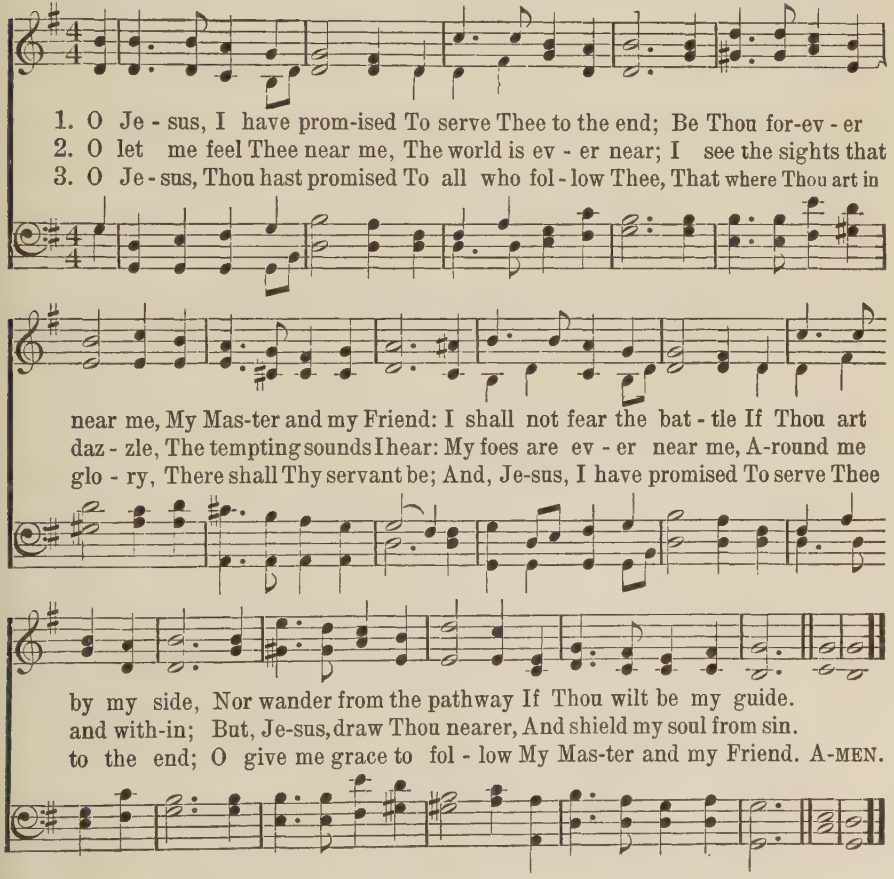
1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call,

Jesus Calls Us



O Jesus, I Have Promised 219

JOHN E. BODE — ANGEL'S STORY — ARTHUR H. MANN



Lord, Use Me

E. E. Hewitt — CONSECRATION — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. By Thy Ho - ly Spir-it's pow'r, Lord, use me, In Thy serv - ice hour by hour, Lord, use me. Bend-ing heart to do Thy will, Glad Thy bid-ding to ful - fill, As at Pen - te-cost, come still, Lord, use me.
2. In ful - fill - ing Thy commands, Lord, use me, Yield - ing heart and brain and hands, Lord, use me. By Thy gracious love possessed, Use me in Thy serv-ice blest, In this world to do my best, Lord, use me.
3. All self-seek-ing take a - way, Lord, use me, Cleanse and keep me day by day, Lord, use me. As a reed Thy breez-es blow, Lift me up or lay me low, Making heav'nly mu - sic so, Lord, use me.

Chorus *Slow, with expression* *mp* *mp* *a tempo*

Lord, use me, Lord, use me, Show-ing forth Thy love di - vine, *ad lib.* *p* Make me al - to-geth - er Thine. Lord, use me, Lord, use me.

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So Send I You

H. v. B.

HERMAN von BERGE

1. As the Fa-ther's bound-less love, Love di - vine, love so true,
2. As He sent, to spread the light All the world's na - tions thro',
3. Mes-sen-gers of truth to be, Ti - dings old, ev - er new;

CHORUS

Sent His Son from heaven a - bove, So send I you! So send I
His own Son from heav-en's height, So send I you!
Where I lead to fol - low Me, So send I you! So I

you, . . So send I you; . . Like as He first sent Me,
now send you, So I now send you;

So send I you. . . Let naught dis-may, . . Do not de-
So I now send you. Let no ill dis - may, Do ye

lay; . . Spread a-right the gos-pel light: So send I you. . .
not de - lay; So I now send you.

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Make Me a Blessing

To the Moody Memorial Church Choir

IRA B. WILSON — GEORGE S. SCHULER

Slowly

1. Out in the high-ways and by-ways of life, Man-y are wea-ry and sad; . . . . . Car-ry the sunshine where darkness is rife,
2. Tell the sweet sto-ry of Christ and His love, Tell of His pow'r to for-give; . . . . . Oth-ers will trust Him if on-ly you prove
3. Give as 'twas giv-en to you in your need, Love as the Mas-ter loved you; . . . . . Be to the help-less a help-er in-deed,

are wea-ry and sad;
His pow'r to for-give;
the Mas-ter loved you;

rit.

Mak-ing the sor-row-ing glad. . . .
True, ev-'ry mo-ment you live. . . . .
Un-to your mis-sion be true. . . . .

CHORUS *Men or Unison*

Make me a bless-ing,

Women

Make me a bless-ing, Out of my life . . . . may Je-

Out of my life

Men

rit.

Unison

Women

sus shine; . . Make me a bless-ing, O Sav-ior,

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Make Me a Blessing

Parts *ad lib.*

I pray, ... Make me a bless - ing to some one to - day.

I pray Thee, my Sav - iour,

Teno

Have Thine Own Way, Lord 223

ADELAIDE A. POLLARD GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

will, While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

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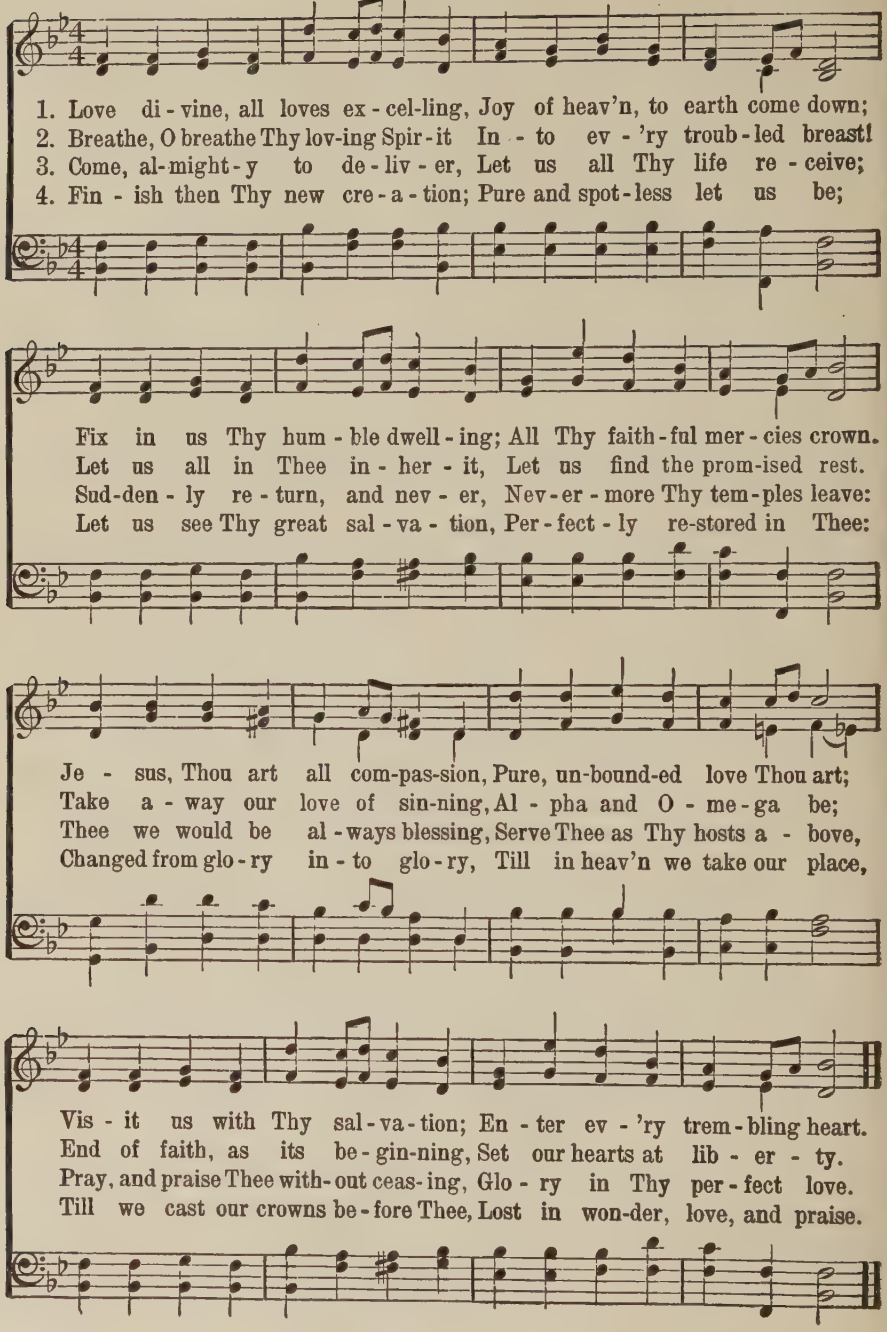
224 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

BEECHER

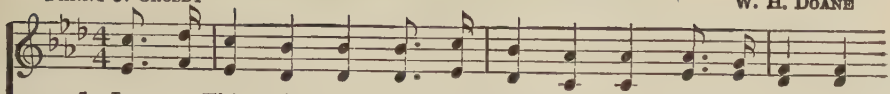
CHARLES WESLEY — JOHN ZUNDEL



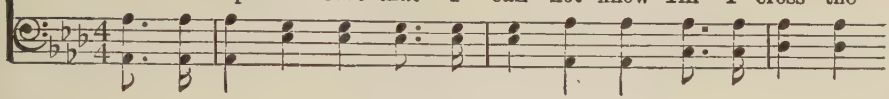
I Am Thine, O Lord

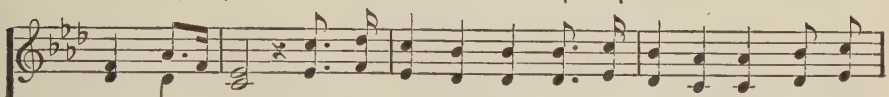
FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE

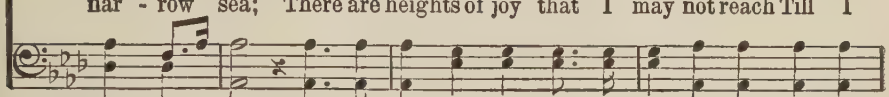


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the





love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



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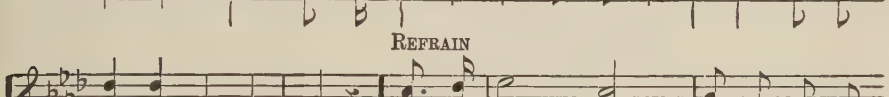
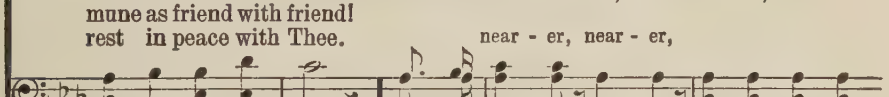
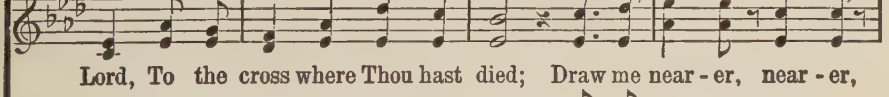
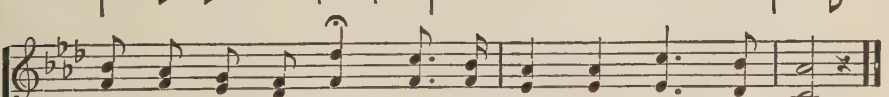


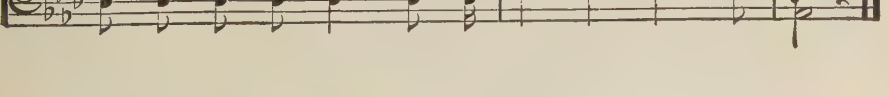
clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,





Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,





near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

Nearer to Thee, My Saviour

MYRNA C. GAGE

MARION V. JAYNE

1. Deep - en my love for Thee, my Sav-iour; Draw me still near - er to Thy side; Help me to count earth's gain but worth-less; Un - der Thy wings let me a - bide.
2. Strengthen my trust in Thee, my Sav-iour, Thou who canst give sweet peace and rest; Thou art the One whose strength sus - tains me; Tri - als but drive me to Thy breast. Je - sus, my Sav - iour,
3. Quick - en my zeal for Thee, my Sav-iour; Help me to serve, what-e'er the cost; Use me, for all I am I of - fer; Speak thro' my lips to win the lost.

CHORUS

keep me near Thee; Help me to live for Thee a - lone; Make me a shin - ing wit - ness, Sav-iour, Till Thou dost come to claim Thine own.

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H. H. L.

HELEN HOWARTH LEMMEL

With expression

1. O soul, are you wea - ry and troub - led? No light in the dark-ness you see? There's light for a look at the Sav - ior, And life more a - bun-dant and free!
2. Thro' death in - to life ev - er - last - ing He passed, and we fol - low Him there; O - ver us sin no more hath do - min - ion— For more than con-qu'rors we are!
3. His word shall not fail you—He prom - ised; Be - lieve Him, and all will be well: Then go to a world that is dy - ing, His per - fect sal - va - tion to tell!

REFRAIN

Turn your eyes up-on Je- sus, Look full in His won - der - ful face; . . . . And the things of earth will grow strange-ly dim In the light of His glo - ry and grace.

p

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I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

MARY BROWN

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

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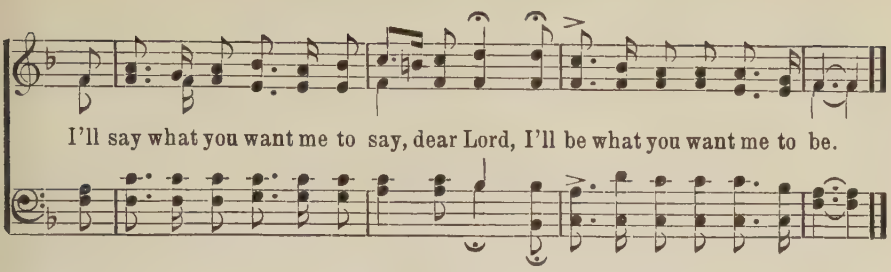
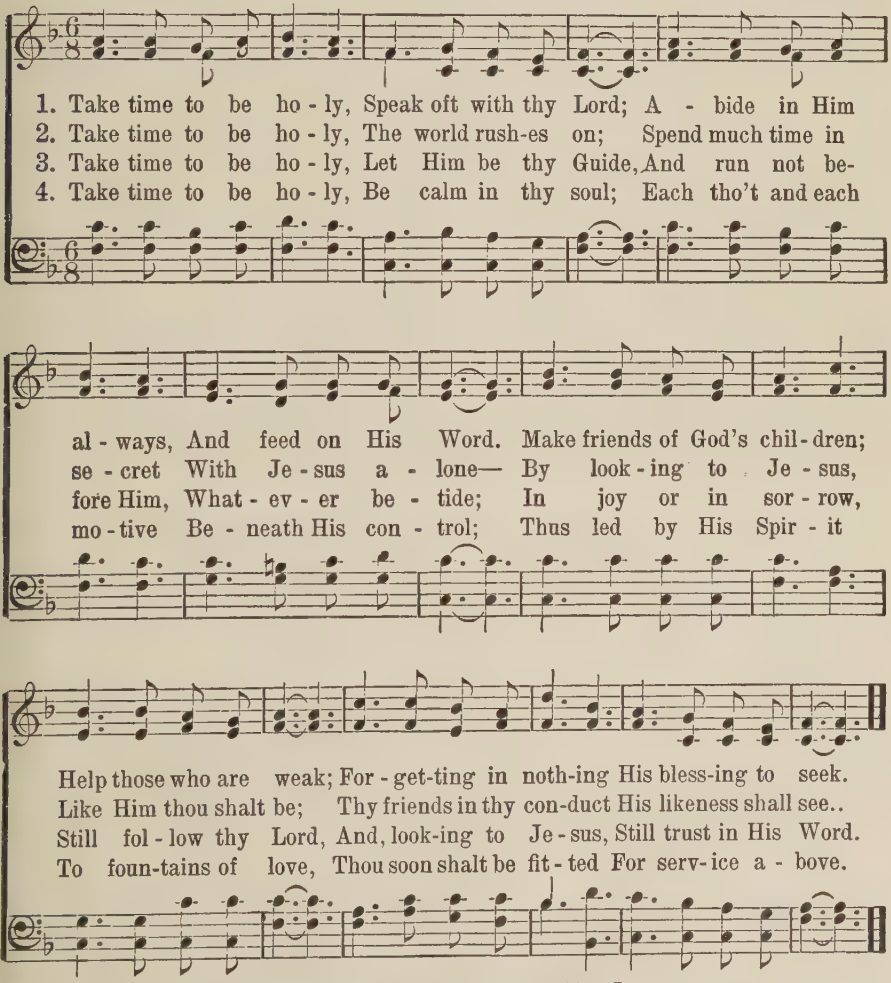
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go



Take Time to Be Holy 229

W. D. LONGSTAFF GEO. C. STEBBINS



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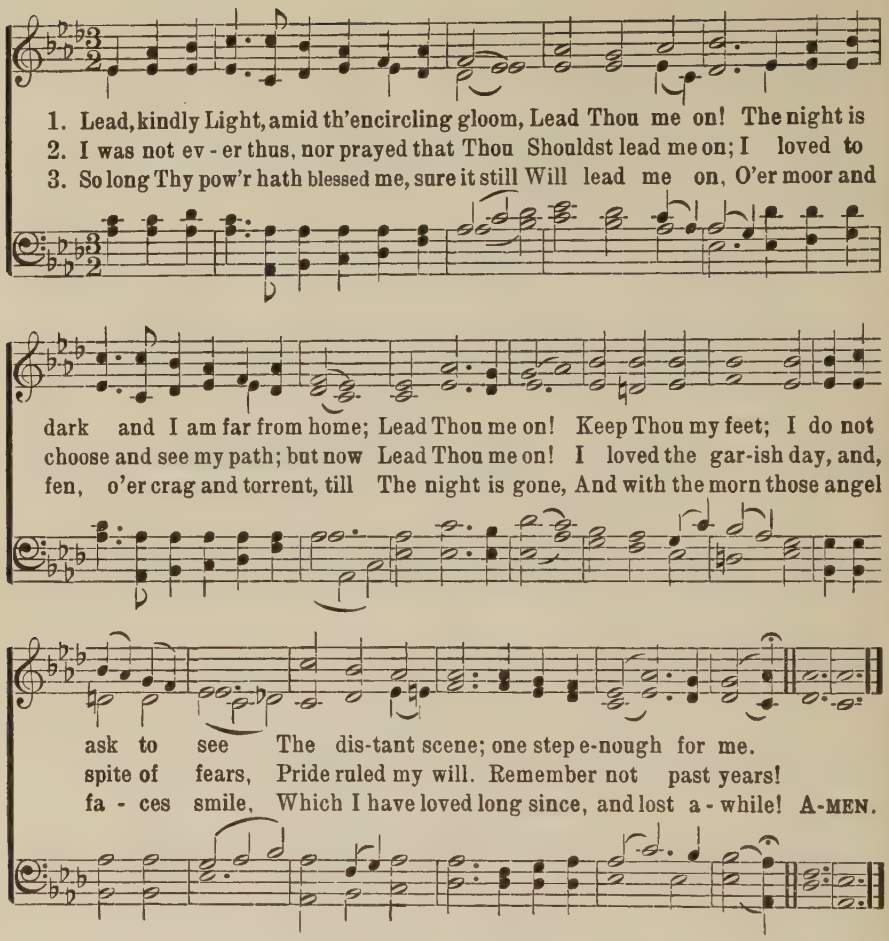
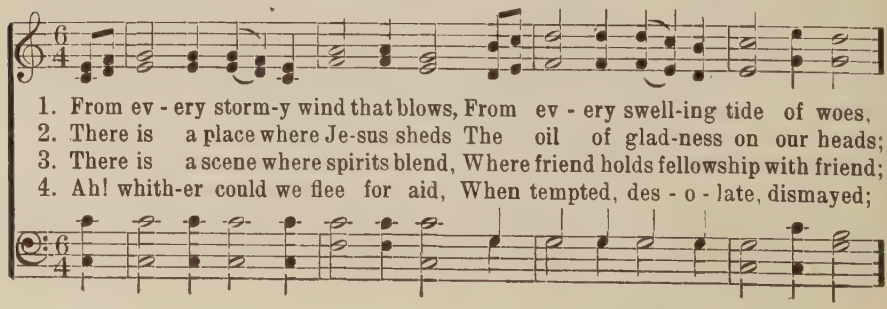
230 Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN — LUX BENIGNA — JOHN B. DYKES

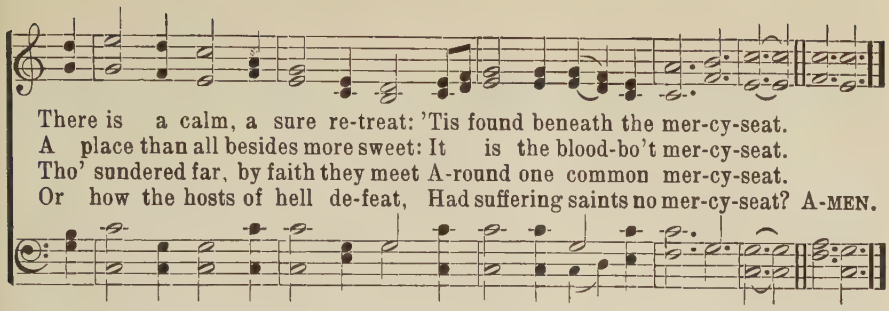


231 From Every Stormy Wind

HUGH STOWELL — RETREAT — THOMAS HASTINGS



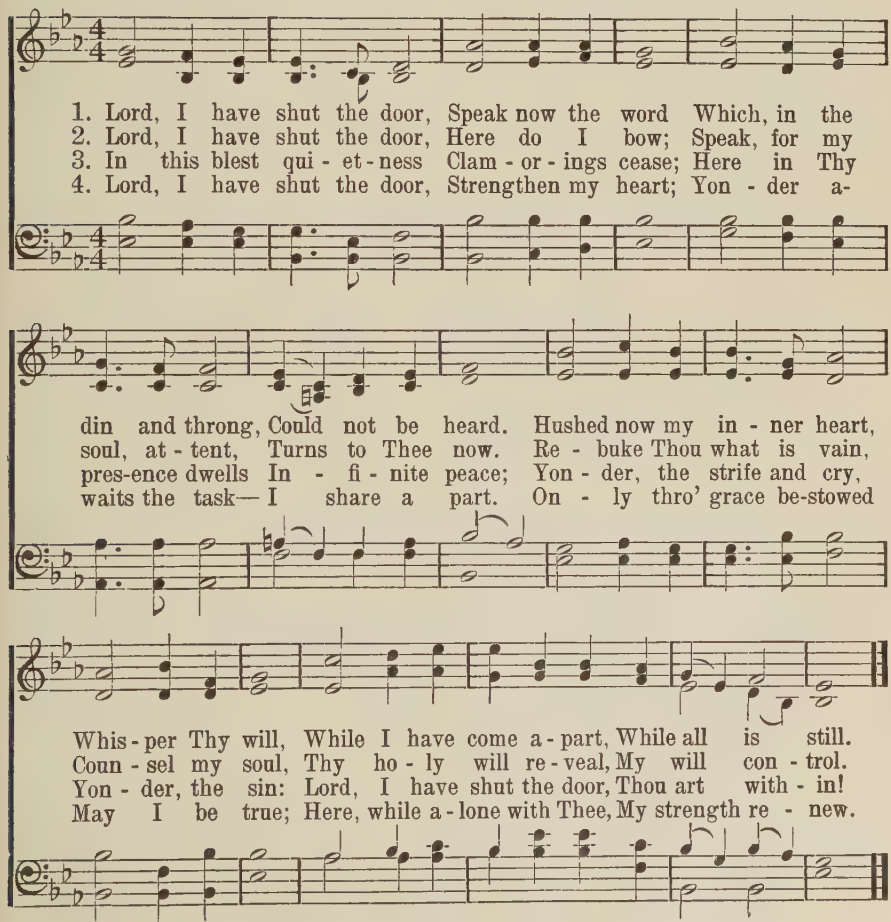
From Every Stormy Wind



Lord, I Have Shut the Door 232

SANCTUARY

W. M. R. WILLIAM M. RUNYAN



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233 Teach Me to Pray

A. S. R. — ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ

1. Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray; This is my heart-cry,
2. Pow - er in prayer, Lord, pow - er in prayer, Here 'mid earth's sin and
3. My weakened will, Lord, Thou canst re-new; My sin - ful na - ture
4. Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray; Thou art my Pat - tern,

day un - to day; I long to know Thy will and Thy way;
sor - row and care; Men lost and dy - ing, souls in de - spair:
Thou canst sub - due; Fill me just now with pow - er a - new:
day un - to day; Thou art my Sure - ty, now and for aye;

CHORUS

Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray.
O give me pow - er, pow - er in prayer! Liv-ing in Thee, Lord,
Pow - er to pray and pow - er to do!
Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray.

and Thou in me; Con-stant a - bid - ing, this is my plea; Grant me Thy

pow - er, boundless and free: Pow-er with men and pow-er with Thee.

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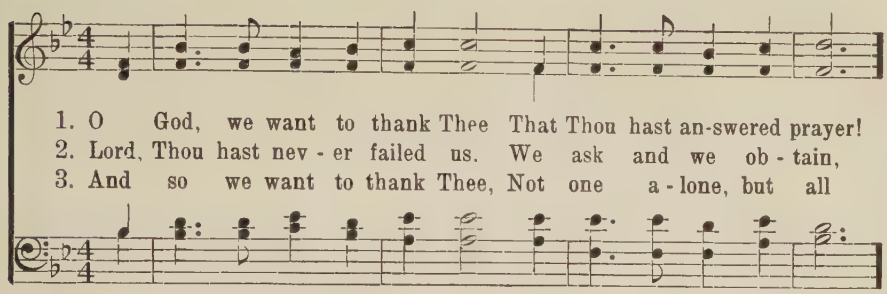
O God, We Want to Thank Thee

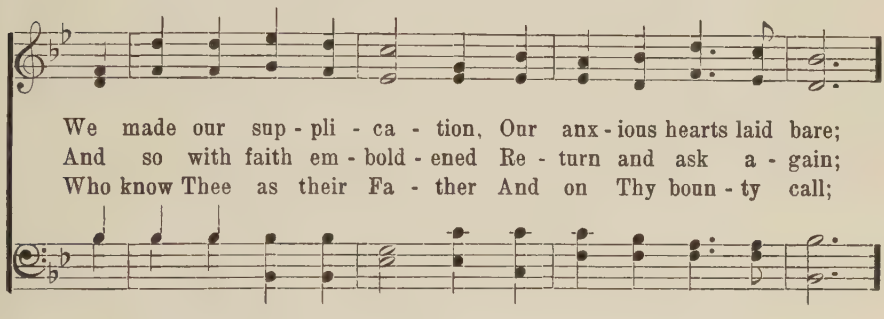
FAIRBANKS

JAMES M. GRAY

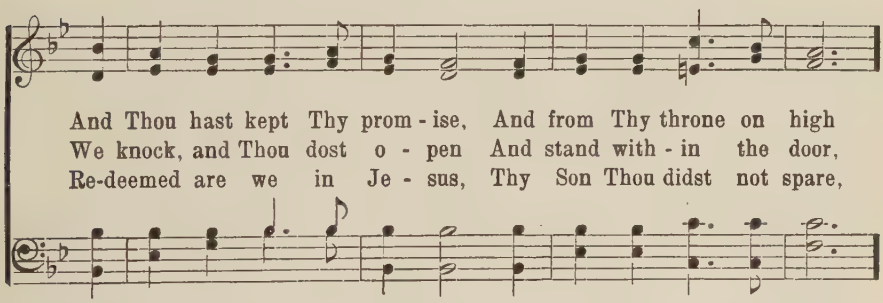
HENRI F. HEMY



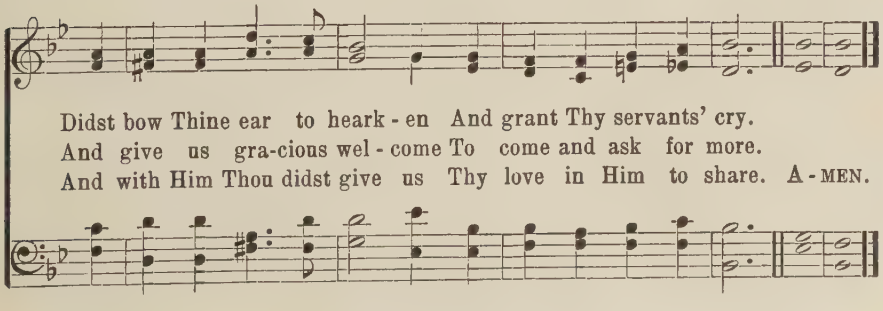
1. O God, we want to thank Thee That Thou hast an-swered prayer!
2. Lord, Thou hast nev - er failed us. We ask and we ob - tain,
3. And so we want to thank Thee, Not one a - lone, but all



We made our sup - pli - ca - tion, Our anx - ious hearts laid bare;
And so with faith em - bold - ened Re - turn and ask a - gain;
Who know Thee as their Fa - ther And on Thy boun - ty call;



And Thou hast kept Thy prom - ise, And from Thy throne on high
We knock, and Thou dost o - pen And stand with - in the door,
Re-deemed are we in Je - sus, Thy Son Thou didst not spare,



Didst bow Thine ear to heark - en And grant Thy servants' cry.
And give us gra-cious wel - come To come and ask for more.
And with Him Thou didst give us Thy love in Him to share. A - MEN.

235 Near to the Heart of God

CLELAND B. MCAFEE — CLELAND B. MCAFEE

1. There is a place of qui - et rest, Near to the heart of God,
2. There is a place of com-fort sweet, Near to the heart of God,
3. There is a place of full re-lease, Near to the heart of God,

A place where sin can - not mo - lest, Near to the heart of God.
A place where we our Sav - ior meet, Near to the heart of God.
A place where all is joy and peace, Near to the heart of God.

REFRAIN

O Je - sus, blest Re - deem - er, Sent from the heart of God,

Hold us, who wait be - fore Thee, Near to the heart of God.

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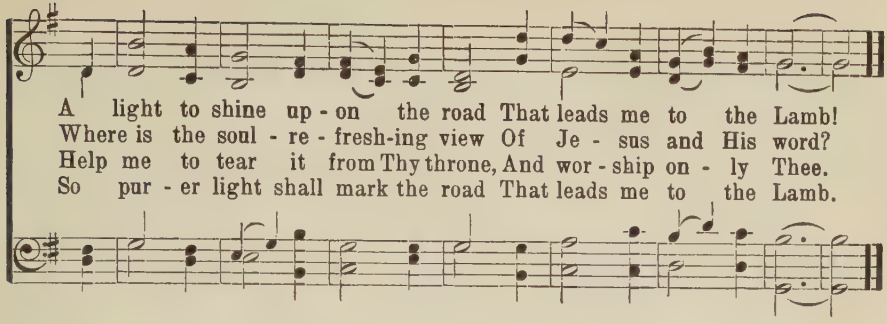
236 O for a Closer Walk with God

WILLIAM COWPER — BELMONT — Arr. from W. GARDINER

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. The dear-est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be,
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

O for a Closer Walk with God



Sweet Hour of Prayer 237

W. W. Walford — Wm. B. Bradbury

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la-tion share,

Fine

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mt. Pis-gah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

D.S.–*And oft es - caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.*
D.S.–*I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.*
D.S.–*And shout, while pass-ing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!*

D. S.

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last-ing prize;

238 More Love to Thee

ELIZABETH PRENTISS — W. H. DOANE

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

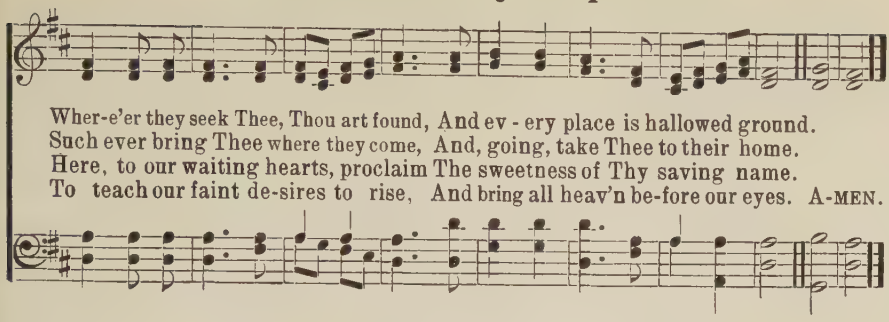
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

239 Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet

WILLIAM COWPER — MALVERN — LOWELL MASON

1. Je-sus, wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mer-cy-seat;
2. For Thou, with-in no walls confined, Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
3. Great Shepherd of Thy cho-sen few, Thy for-mer mer-cies here re-new;
4. Here may we prove the power of prayer To strengthen faith and sweeten care;

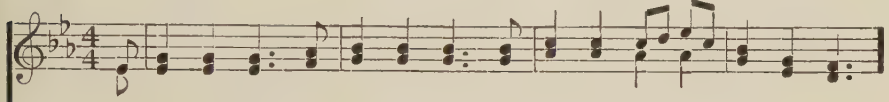
Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet



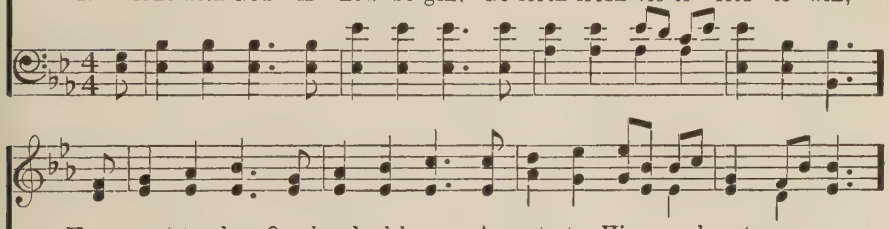
Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - ery place is hallowed ground.
Such ever bring Thee where they come, And, going, take Thee to their home.
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim The sweetness of Thy saving name.
To teach our faint de-sires to rise, And bring all heav'n be-fore our eyes. A-MEN.

Alone with God 240

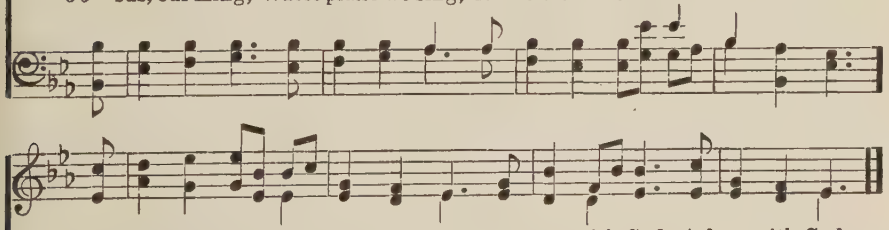
Mrs. B. A. Thompson — D. B. Towner



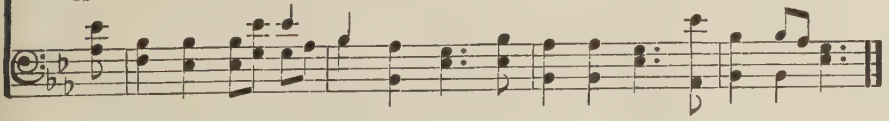
1. A-lone with God—Shut is the door; Tho' sad and troub-led, tempted sore,
2. A-lone with God—And while we pray Our cares take wings and fly a - way;
3. A-lone with God—O hallowed spot, Where man-y a les - son has been taught,
4. A-lone with God—A - new be-gin, Go forth fresh vic-to - ries to win;



How sweet to be On bend-ed knee, As out to Him our hearts we pour—
As on His breast We sweet-ly rest, Our sorrow's night is turned to day—
And vic - t'ry won Thro' His dear Son, In man-y a bat - tle that was fought—
Je - sus, our King, Whose praise we sing, Is now enthroned our hearts with-in—



As out to Him our hearts we pour— A - lone with God, A-lone with God.
Our sorrow's night is turned to day— A - lone with God, A-lone with God.
In man - y a bat - tle that was fought— A - lone with God, A-lone with God.
Is now enthroned our hearts with-in— A - lone with God, A-lone with God.



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Pray Through

HALDOR LILLENAS

HALDOR LILLENAS

1. Nev - er give a - way to sor - row, Nev - er give a - way. to grief,
2. You can pray thro' clouds of dark-ness, You can pray thro' storm and rain,
3. There is pow'r in in - ter - ces - sion, As you go to God in prayer,

Bring your trou - bles to the Sav - ior kind and true; He will
There is noth - ing that has pow'r to h'n - der you; If you
Might - y won - ders thro' His pow - er you can do,— All the

help you bear the tri - als, He will sure - ly give re - lief, If you
pray, in faith be - liev - ing, You shall nev - er pray in vain, If you
hosts of hell will trem - ble When they see you kneel-ing there, When you

D.S.—*help you bear the bur - dens, And your strength He will re - new, If you*

FINE. CHORUS

tell it all to Je-sus,—If you just pray thro'. Pray thro', . . pray
tell it all to Je-sus, If you just pray thro'.
tell it all to Je-sus, When you just pray thro'. Pray thro',

tell it all to Je - sus, If you just pray thro'.

D. S.

thro'(pray thro'), Get in touch with Christ your Savior, He will an-swer you; He will

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Pray On Till the Victory Comes 242

G. W. A. B. D. Ackley

1. When in doubt or fear and no help is near, As on-ward you press your way;
2. When you feel distressed, and can find no rest From sorrow and blighting woe;
3. When a friend you'd win from the pow'r of sin, To walk in the King's highway,
4. When your strength seems spent and your spirit's bent, Don't fear that the battle's lost;

In the dark-est hour you may know God's pow'r, There's vict'ry for all who pray.
Then the mer-cy-seat is a safe re-treat, Pray on till the shad-ows go.
There's a promise true that ap-plies to you, Have faith while you work and pray.
If you'll on-ly pray in the old-time way, You'll win as at Pen-te-cost.

Chorus

Pray to the Fa-ther, plead in Je-sus' name, Pray till your soul has
caught the heav'n-ly flame; Pray till His way for you is plain, Pray
on! pray on! . . . . . Pray on till the vic-t'ry comes.
pray on! pray on!

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243 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

GEORGE MATHESON — ST. MARGARET — ALBERT L. PEACE

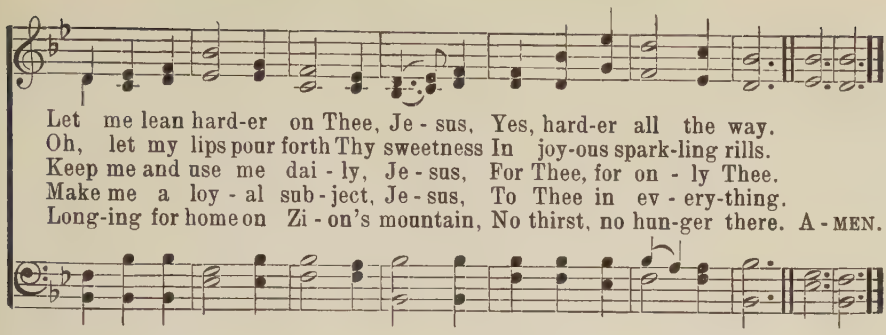
1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick-ering torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow through the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

244 Let Me Come Closer to Thee, Jesus

J. L. LYNE — ORGANIST OF LLANTHONY ABBEY

1. Let me come clos - er to Thee, Je - sus, Oh, clos - er day by day;
2. Let me show forth Thy beau-ty, Je - sus, Like sunshine on the hills;
3. Yes, like a foun-tain, pre-cious Je - sus, Make me and let me be;
4. In all my heart and will, O Je - sus, Be al - to - geth - er King;
5. Thirsting and hungering for Thee, Je - sus, With bless-ed hun ger here,

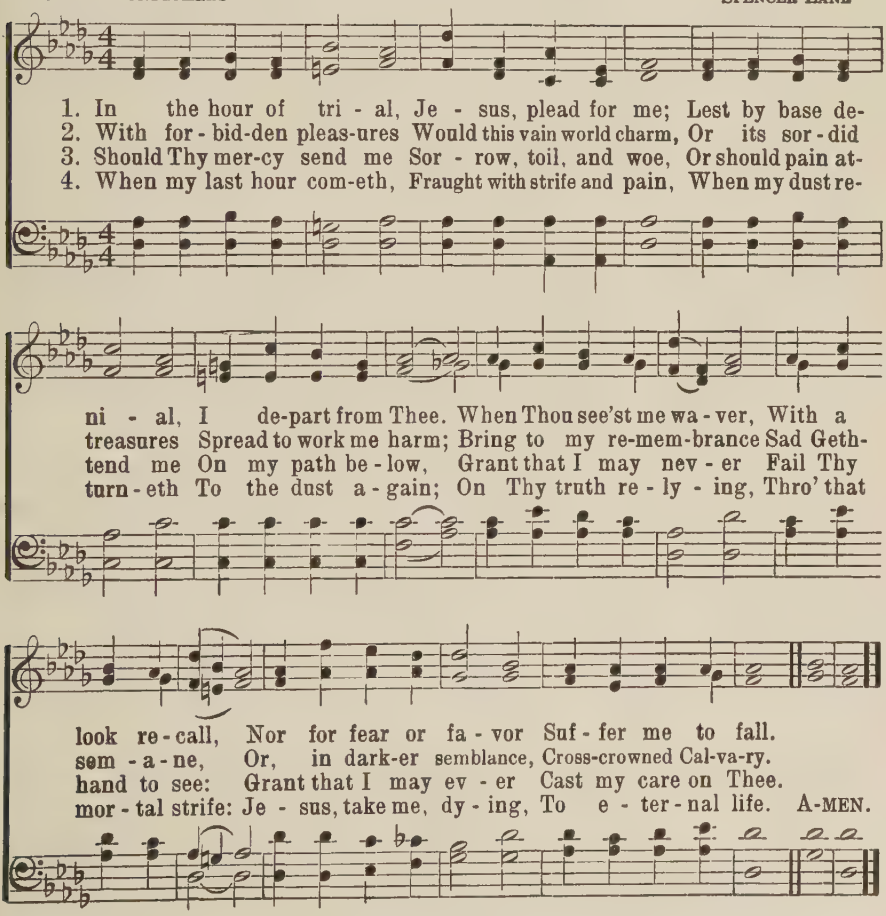
Let Me Come Closer to Thee, Jesus



In the Hour of Trial 245

PENITENCE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY SPENCER LANE



246 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

GEORGE DUFFIELD — GEIBEL — ADAM GEIBEL

Unison

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
"Ye that are men now serve Him" A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be:

rit.

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

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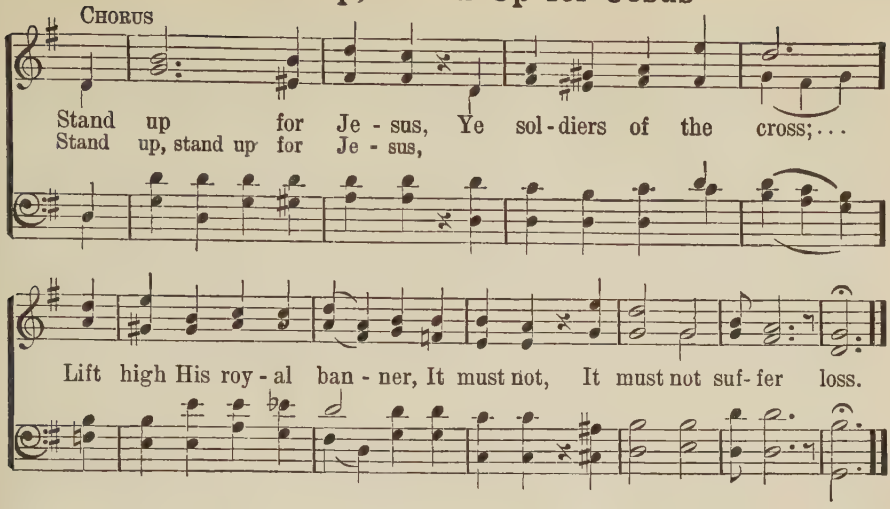
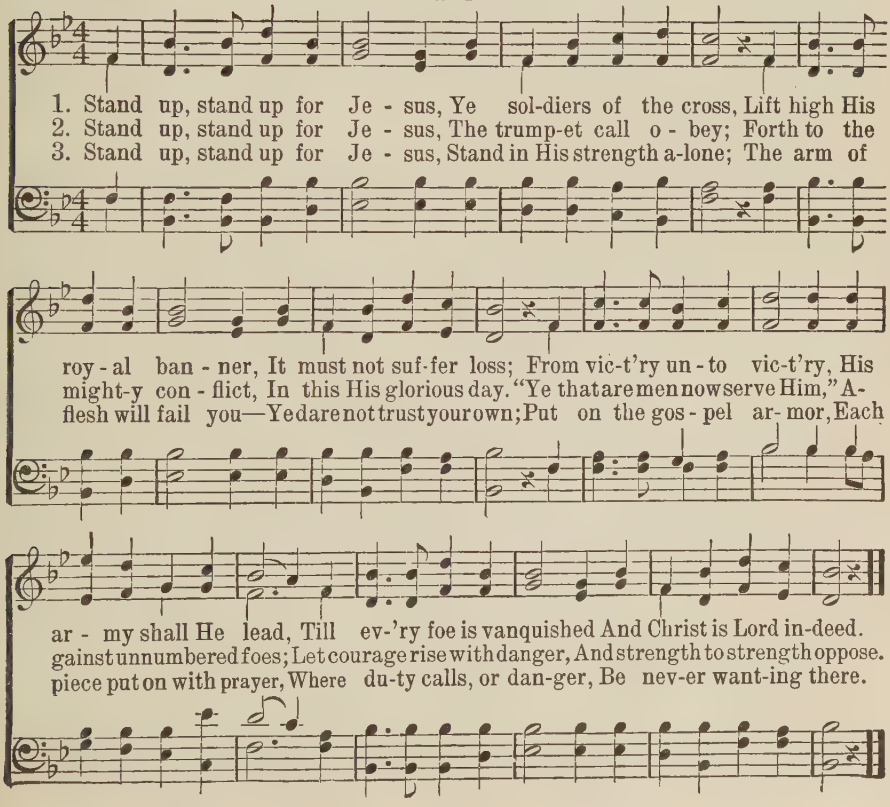
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus



Stand Up for Jesus 247

G. Duffield — Webb — G. J. Webb



True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav - ior all - glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and

grace we will be; Un-der the standard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy
glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free - ly and
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free - ly sur-

CHORUS

strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev-er!
joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev-er!

Song of our spir-its, re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song of our spir - its, re - joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!

loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

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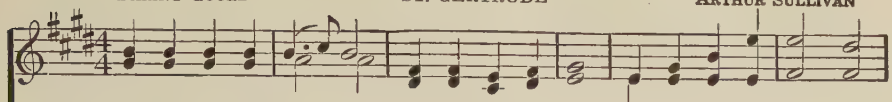
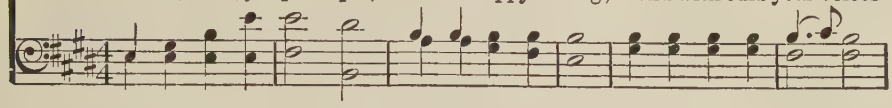
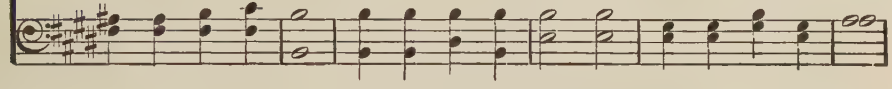
SABINE BARING-GOULD ST. GERTRUDE ARTHUR SULLIVAN



1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

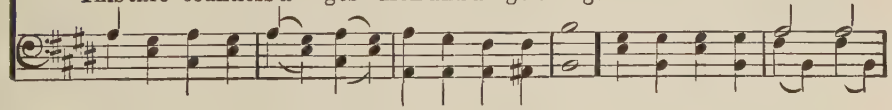


Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:

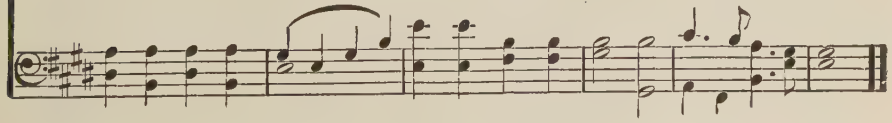


REFRAIN

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian sol-diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!

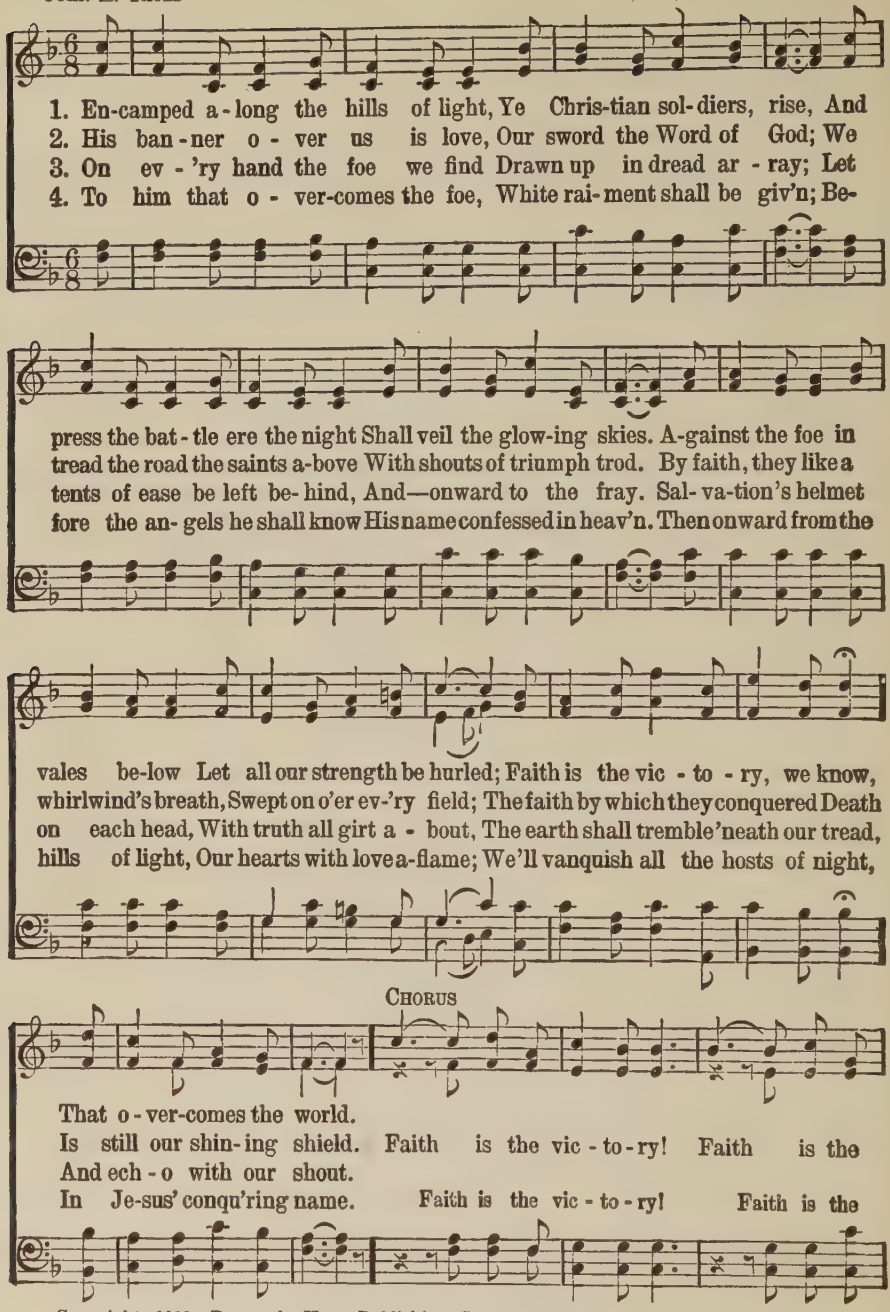


250

Faith Is the Victory

JOHN H. YATES

IRA D. SANKEY



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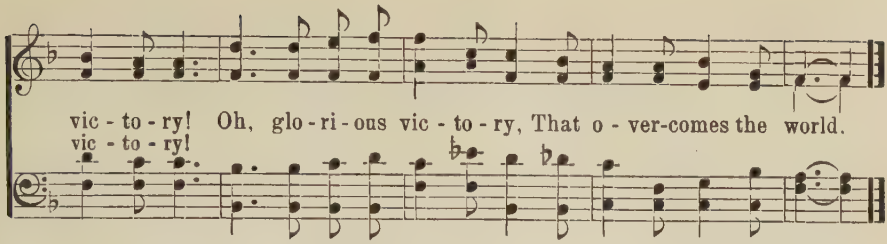
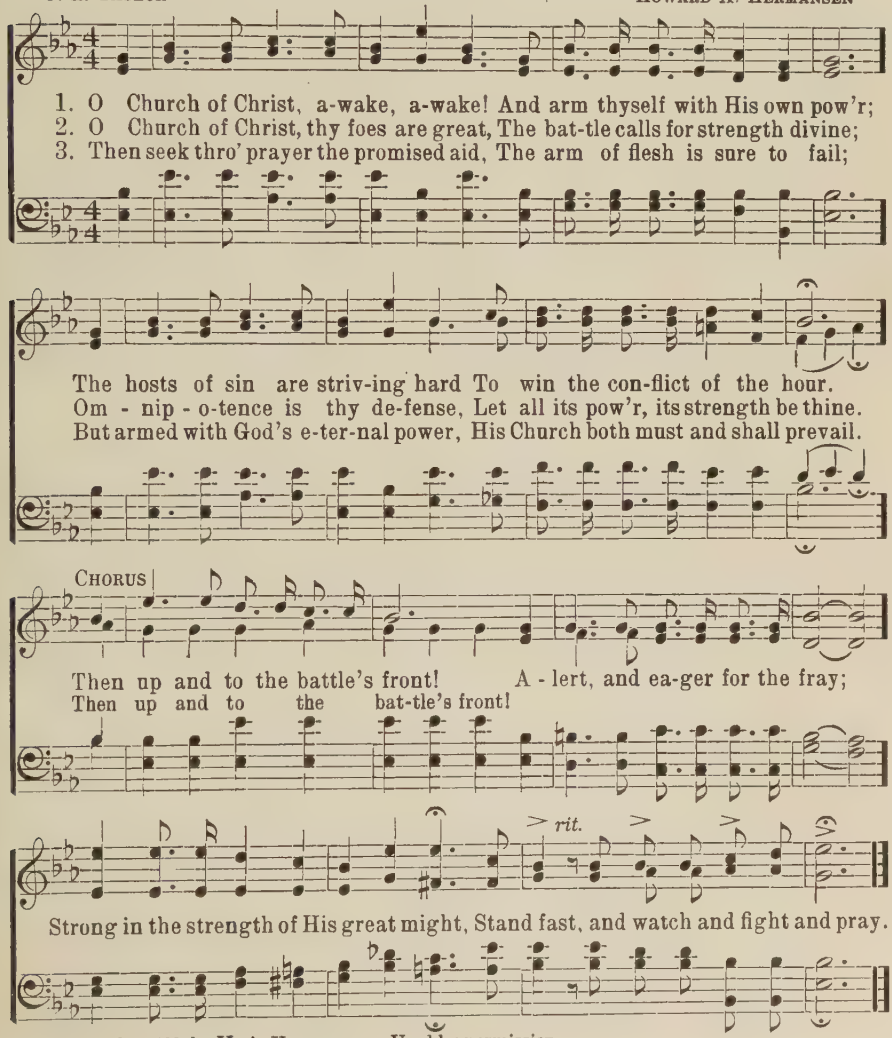
Faith Is the Victory



Awake! O Church 251

J. E. Taylor — Howard A. Hermansen



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252 Move Forward!

G. W. Crofts — D. B. Towner

1. Move forward! val-iant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and labored long;
2. Move forward! each and ev - ery one; The gold - en har - vest is be - gun,
3. Move forward! reap-ing as you move! An-gels are watching from a - bove!
4. Move forward! day will die full soon; How quick-ly eve - ning fol - lows noon!

The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
Ye reap-ers, come from glen and glade, And wield the sick - le's glittering blade.
A - round are wit-ness - es a host; A - rouse ye now and save the lost.
Now is the time to work and pray; Let glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.

Chorus

Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line,
Move forward, move forward, move forward,

Move for - ward, move for - ward, The light be-gins to shine.
Move for-ward, move for-ward,

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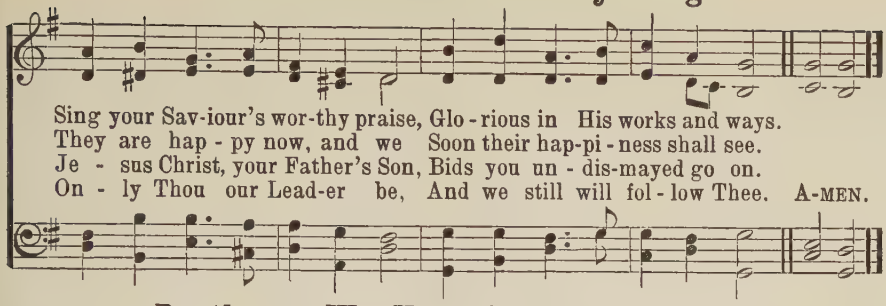
253 Children of the Heavenly King

John Cennick — PLEYEL'S HYMN — Arr. from Ignaz J. Pleyel

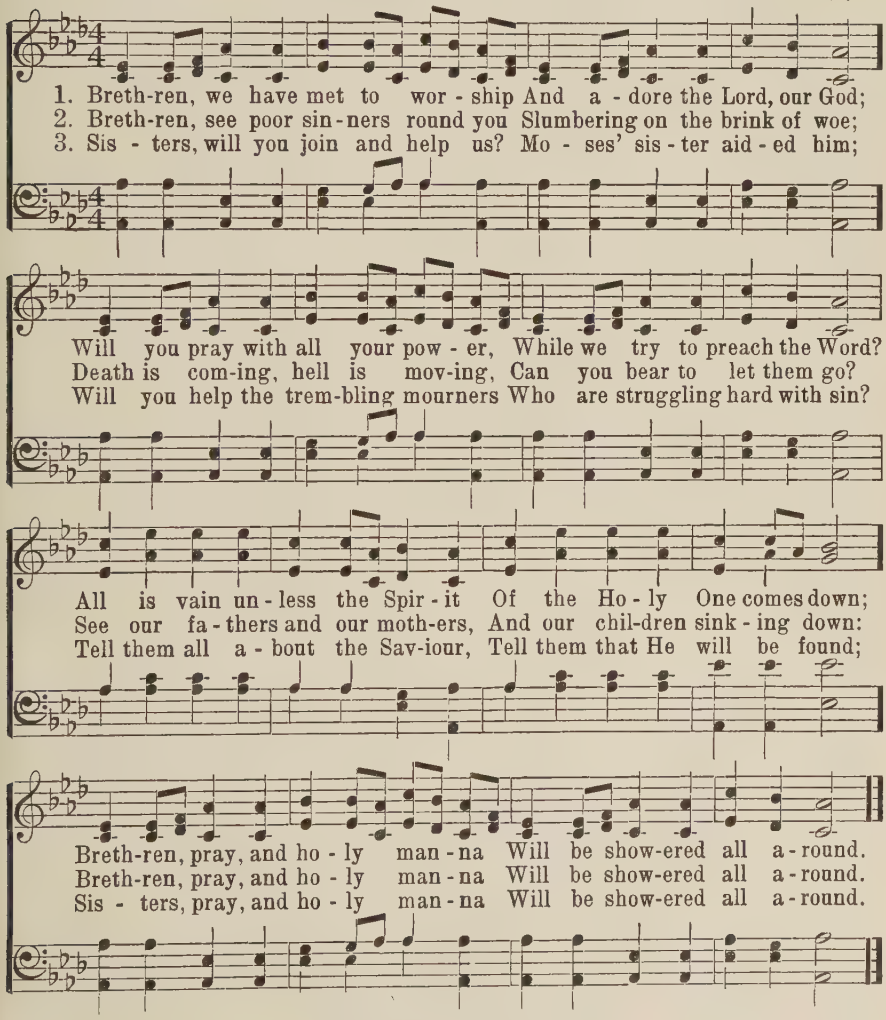
1. Chil - dren of the heaven-ly King, As we jour - ney, sweet-ly sing;
2. We are travel-ing home to God In the way the fa - thers trod;
3. Fear not, breth - ren; joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
4. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

Children of the Heavenly King



Brethren, We Have Met to Worship 254

GEORGE ATKINS — HOLY MANNA — Arr.



255 Revival, Lord, Revival!

WILL H. HOUGHTON — WENDELL P. LOVELESS

Prayerfully

1. How help-less are Thy peo - ple, Lord, How great the need of pow'r;
2. The land we love is in dis - tress; Thou wilt not hide Thy face,
3. As Thou didst speak in oth - er days, And thro' re - viv - al bless,

But Thou canst stir Thy Church a - gain, Make bare Thine arm this hour.
But in Thy mer - cy, O our God, Re - veal Thy - self in grace.
So speak in quick'ning tones a - gain, These lives of ours pos - sess.

CHORUS

Re - viv - al, Lord, re - viv - al! A-rouse Thy Church we pray (we pray);

Cast out all sin, and reign with - in; Be - gin in me to - day.

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256 Revive Us Again

WILLIAM P. MACKAY — JOHN J. HUSBAND

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

Revive Us Again

CHORUS

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scattered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
kin- dled with fire from a - bove.

lu - jah! a - men; Hal-le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

257

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth- er: Some poor sail - or tem - pest tossed,

FINE

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har- bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.–*Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea- man You may res - cue, you may save.*

CHORUS D.S.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

Revive Thy Work

ALFRED MIDLANE

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death;
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee;
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
Quick - en the smoul-d'ring em - bers now By Thine al - might - y breath.
But hun-g'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

CHORUS

Re - vive! . . . re - vive! . . . And give re - fresh-ing show'rs;
Re - vive Thy work! re - vive Thy work! And give, oh, give re - fresh - ing show'rs;

The glo - ry shall be all Thine own; The bless-ing shall be ours.

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The Old-Time Fire

W. H. Bathurst, arr. D. B. Towner

1. O for that flame of liv-ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old;
2. Where is that Spir-it, Lord, who dwelt In Abram's breast, and sealed him Thine;
3. That Spir - it, who from age to age, Proclaim'd Thy love, and taught Thy ways,
4. Is not Thy grace as might-y now As when E - li - jah felt its pow'r—
5. Re - mem-ber, Lord, the ancient days; Re - new Thy work, Thy grace re-store;

Which bade their souls to heav'n as-pire, Calm in dis-tress, in dan-ger bold!
Who made Paul's heart with sor-row melt, And glow with en - er - gy di-vine?
Bright - ened I - sa-iah's viv - id page, And breathed in David's hallowed lays?
When glo-ry beamed from Mo-ses' brow, Or Job en-dured the try - ing hour?
And while to Thee our hearts we raise, On us Thy Ho- ly Spir - it pour!

Chorus

Send the old-time fire up - on us, Lord! Send the old-time fire up - on us, Lord!

Send the old-time fire up - on us, Lord, And burn up all the dross!

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Come, Spirit, Come!

W. M. R.

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

Not too fast

1. Our light has grown dim and our hearts have grown cold, Come, Spir - it come!
2. The field with its har-vest is beck - on - ing now, Come, Spir - it come!
3. While now we are wait-ing, re - veal Thy good will, Come, Spir - it come!
4. Thy com-ing will flood us with glo - ry di - vine, Come, Spir - it come!

The pow - er of God yield us now, as of old, Come, Spir - it, come!
For serv - ice vic - to-rious, oh, bless and en - dow, Come, Spir - it, come!
Purge ful - ly our dross, with Thy presence now fill, Come, Spir - it, come!
En - kin-dle love's flame and our na-tures re - fine, Come, Spir - it, come!

CHORUS

Oh, bring to us all that in weak - ness we need, Be wis - dom and cleans-ing and pow - er in - deed; While ear - nest - ly now for Thy full - ness we plead, Oh, come, Spir - it, come!

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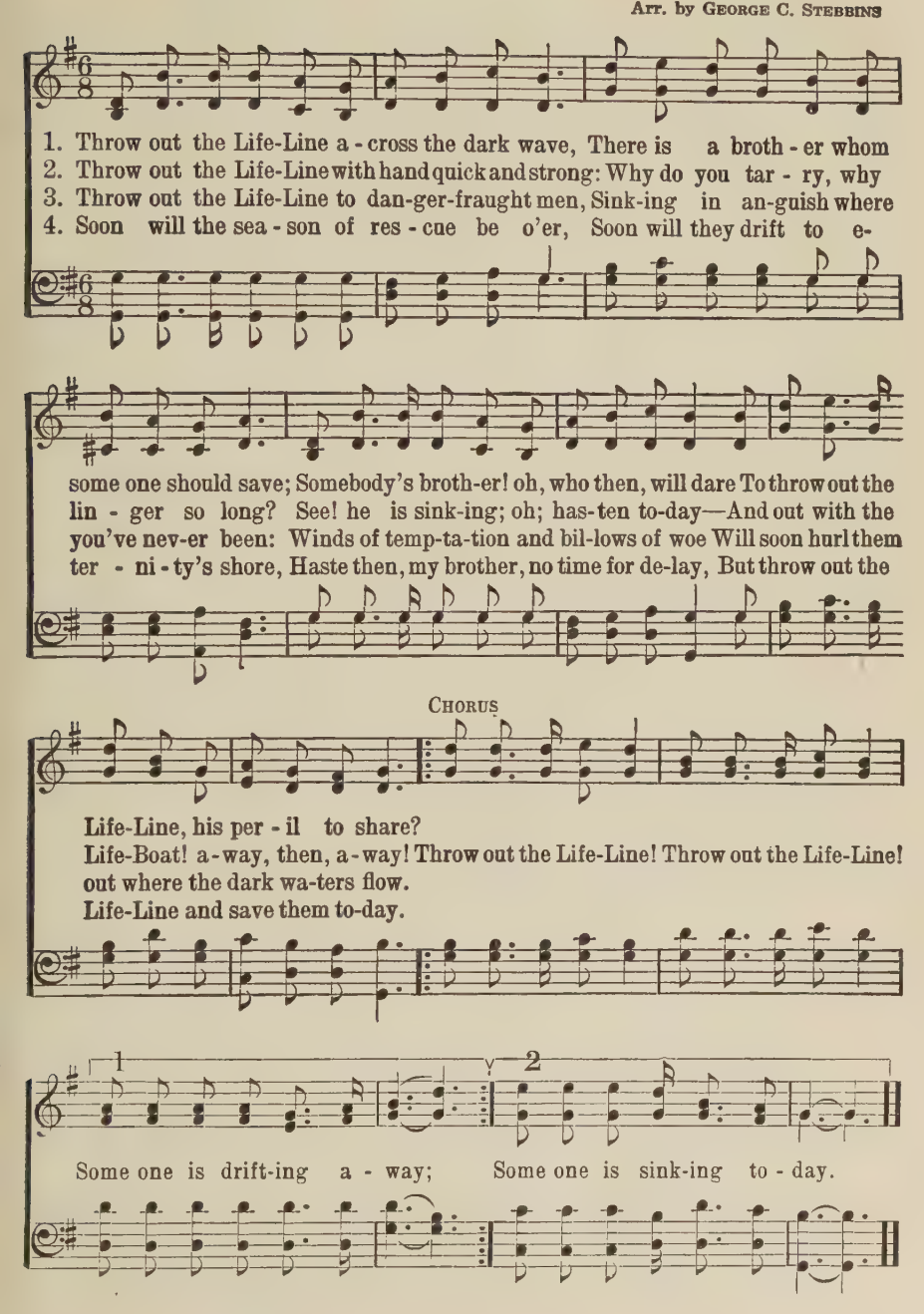
Throw Out the Life-Line

EDWARD S. UFFORD

E. S. UFFORD
Arr. by GEORGE C. STEBBINS



Rescue the Perishing

FANNY J. CROSBY — WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS

Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

A Passion for Souls

HERBERT G. TOVEY

FOSS L. FELLERS

1. Give me a pas - sion for souls, dear Lord, A pas - sion to save the lost;
2. Though there are dan-gers un-told and stern Con-front-ing me in the way,
3. How shall this pas - sion for souls be mine? Lord, make Thou the an-swer clear;

O that Thy love were by all a-dored, And wel-comed at an - y cost.
Will-ing - ly still would I go, nor turn, But trust Thee for grace each day.
Help me to throw out the old Life-Line To those who are strug-gling near.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I long, I long to be win - ning Men who are

lost, and con - stant - ly sin - ning; O may this hour be

one of be - gin - ning The sto - ry of par - don to tell.

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Win a Soul

W. M. R.

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

1. Souls are all a - bout us, Know - ing not the Lord,
2. Man - y men are wait - ing For the word of love,
3. Oh, they must not per - ish Through some fault of ours;
4. Hearts and hands and voi - ces Yield - ed to the King,—

Seek - ing not the gift of life Prom - ised in His Word.
That will tell them of the Lord And the home a - bove.
Let us con - se - crate to God All our ran-somed powers.
Sure - ly, sure - ly then will we Souls to Je - sus bring.

CHORUS

If *you* win a soul, and if *I* win a soul, Then their names will added be to the heav'n-ly roll; And *your* friend and *my* friend will the bless - ed Christ ex - tol, If *you* win and *I* win a soul.

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Wear a Crown

ISAAC WATTS

English. Arr.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

CHORUS

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the bat-tle's

FINE

o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

D. S.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shin-ing crown.
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

The Church's One Foundation

SAMUEL J. STONE — AURELIA — SAMUEL S. WESLEY

1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:

From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride; With
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food, And
Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we, Like

His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-MEN.

AUSTRIAN HYMN

JOHN NEWTON — FRANCIS J. HAYDN

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear

He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov-'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near!

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t' as-suage?
Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all Thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver, Nev - er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A-MEN.

268 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

TIMOTHY DWIGHT — ST. THOMAS — "WILLIAMS' Psalmody"

1. I love Thy King - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God: Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as-cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heaven-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given

The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heaven. A-MEN.

269 O Where Are Kings and Empires Now

A. CLEVELAND COXE — ST. ANNE — Probably by WILLIAM CROFT "Supplement to the New Version"

1. O where are kings and em - pires now Of old that went and came?
2. We mark her good - ly bat - tle-ments, And her foun - da - tions strong;
3. For not like king-doms of the world Thy ho - ly Church, O God;
4. Un - shak - en as e - ter - nal hills, Im - mov - a - ble she stands,

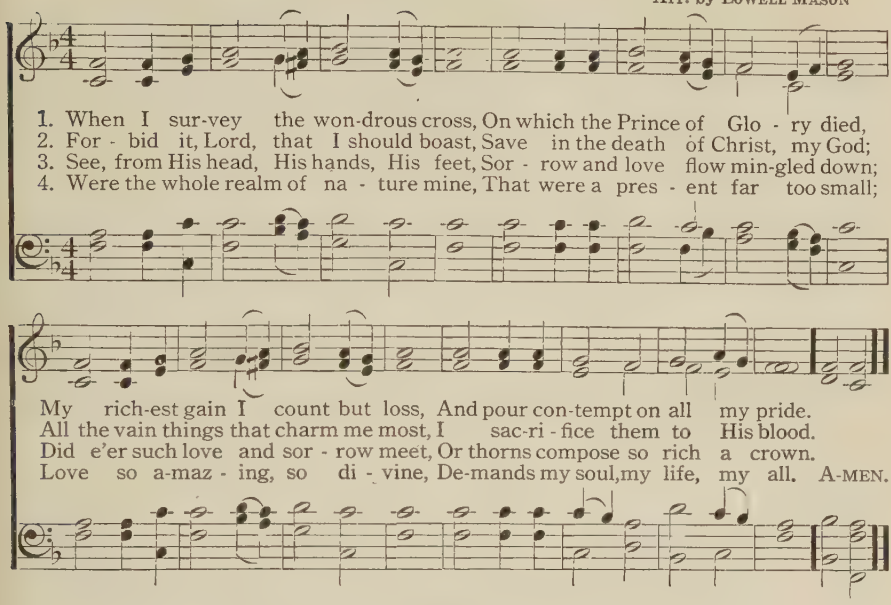
But, Lord, Thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou-sand years the same.
We hear with - in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end-ing song.
Though earth-quake shocks are threat'ning her, And tem-pests are a - broad.
A moun-tain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands. A-MEN.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 270

HAMBURG

ISAAC WATTS

From a Gregorian chant
Arr. by LOWELL MASON

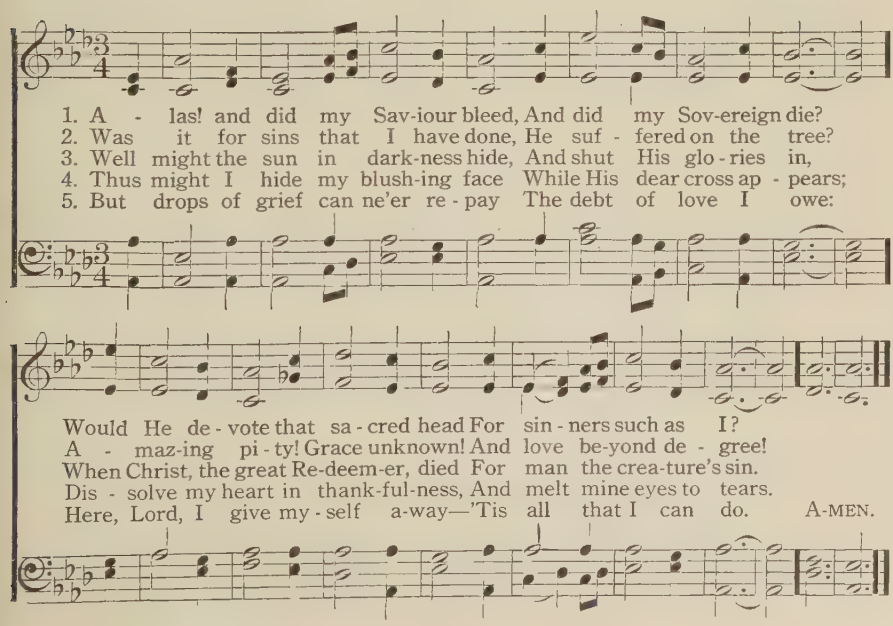


Alas and Did My Saviour Bleed 271

MARTYRDOM (AVON)

ISAAC WATTS

HUGH WILSON



Here, O My Lord, I See Thee

MORECAMBE

HORATIUS BONAR — FREDERICK C. ATKINSON

With reverence

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
2. Here would I feed up on the bread of God,
3. This is the hour of ban - quet and of song;
4. I have no help but Thine, nor do I need

Here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen,
Here drink with Thee the roy - al wine of heaven;
This is the heaven - ly ta - ble spread for me:
An oth - er arm save Thine to lean up - on:

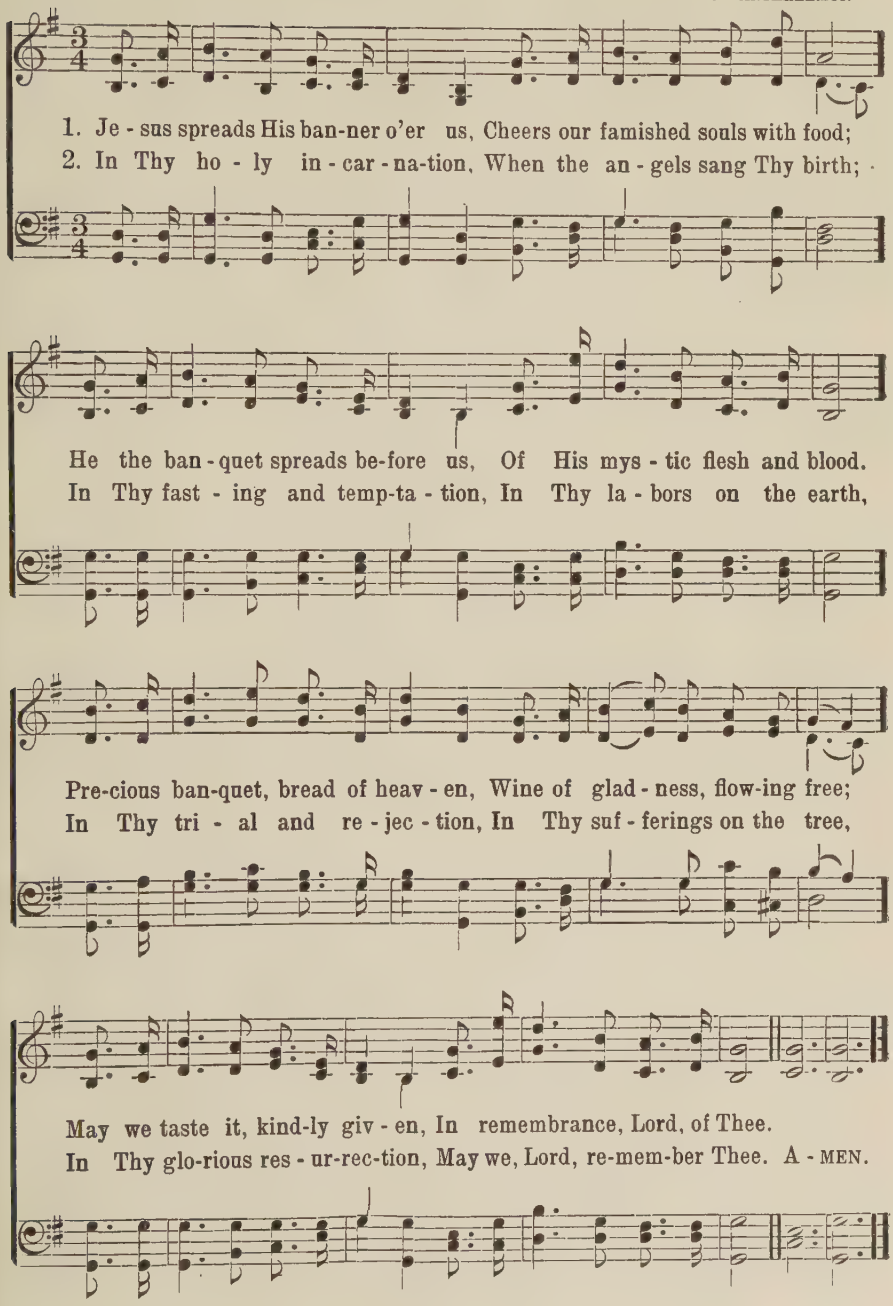
Here grasp with firm - er hand e - ter - nal grace,
Here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,
Here let me feast, and, feast - ing, still pro - long
It is e nough, my Lord, e - nough in - deed;

And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.
Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - given.
The brief, bright hour of fel - low - ship with Thee.
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might a - lone. A - MEN.

AUTUMN

ROSWELL PARK

Arr. from FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON



274 I Take Thy Body

MABLE JOHNSTON CAMP, alt. IN REMEMBRANCE J. M. FRASER

1. I take Thy bod - y, bro-ken, Lord, for me, Thy blood, the em - blem of Thy
2. Earth's glories fade; Thy cross I count my own; Its scorn and shame become as
3. Dear Lord, the bless-ed hope of see-ing Thee Fills night with joy, the morn with

love, so free; My eyes grow dim that gaze on Cal - va - ry— This in re-
wealth unknown; I give to Thee the heart to sin-ning prone, Now to a-
mel - o - dy, And moves my heart to ev - er faith - ful be, Un - til Thou

membrance, This in remembrance, This in remembrance of Thee!
dore Thee, Now to a - dore Thee, Now to a - dore Thee a - lone!
com - est, Un - til Thou com-est, Un - til Thou com-est for me! A-MEN.

275 Be Known to Us

JAMES MONTGOMERY ST. AGNES JOHN B. DYKES

1. Be known to us in break - ing bread, But do not then de - part;
2. There sup with us in love di - vine; Thy bod - y and Thy blood,

Sav - iour, a - bide with us, and spread Thy ta-ble in our heart.
That liv - ing bread, that heavenly wine, Be our im-mor - tal food. A-MEN.

According to Thy Gracious Word 276

ST. JOHN'S, WESTMINSTER

JAMES MONTGOMERY — JAMES TURLE

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra-cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be;
3. Re - mem - ber Thee, and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;
4. And when these fail - ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem - ory flee,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem-ber Thee.
Thy tes - ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re - mem-ber Thee.
Yea, while a breath, a pulse re-mains, Will I re - mem-ber Thee!
When Thou shalt in Thy king-dom come, Then, Lord, re - mem-ber me! A-MEN.

Sweet Feast of Love 277

ZURICH

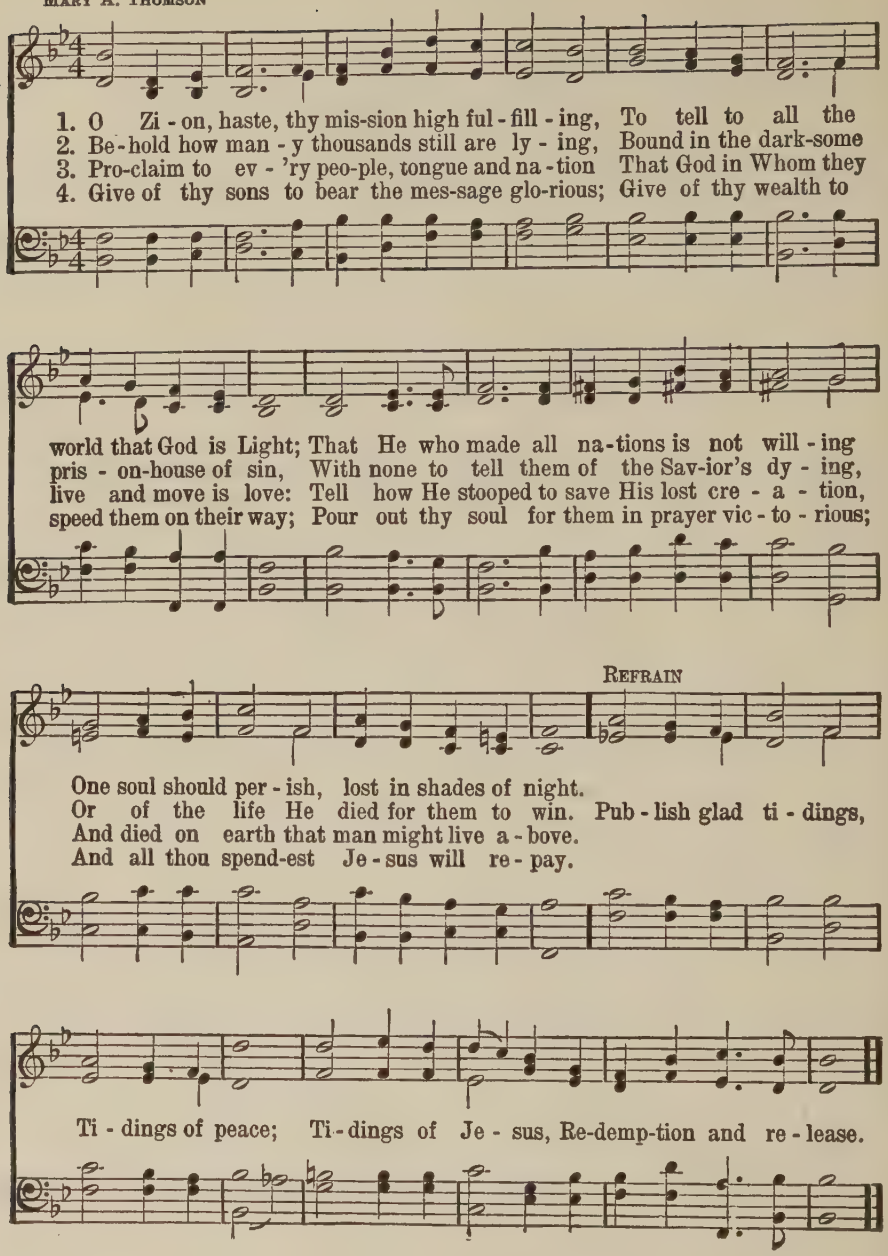
EDWARD DENNY — Composer unknown

1. Sweet feast of love di - vine! 'Tis grace that makes us free,
2. Here con-science ends its strife, And faith de - lights to prove
3. That blood that flowed for sin In sym - bol here we see,
4. O, if this glimpse of love Is so di - vine - ly sweet,

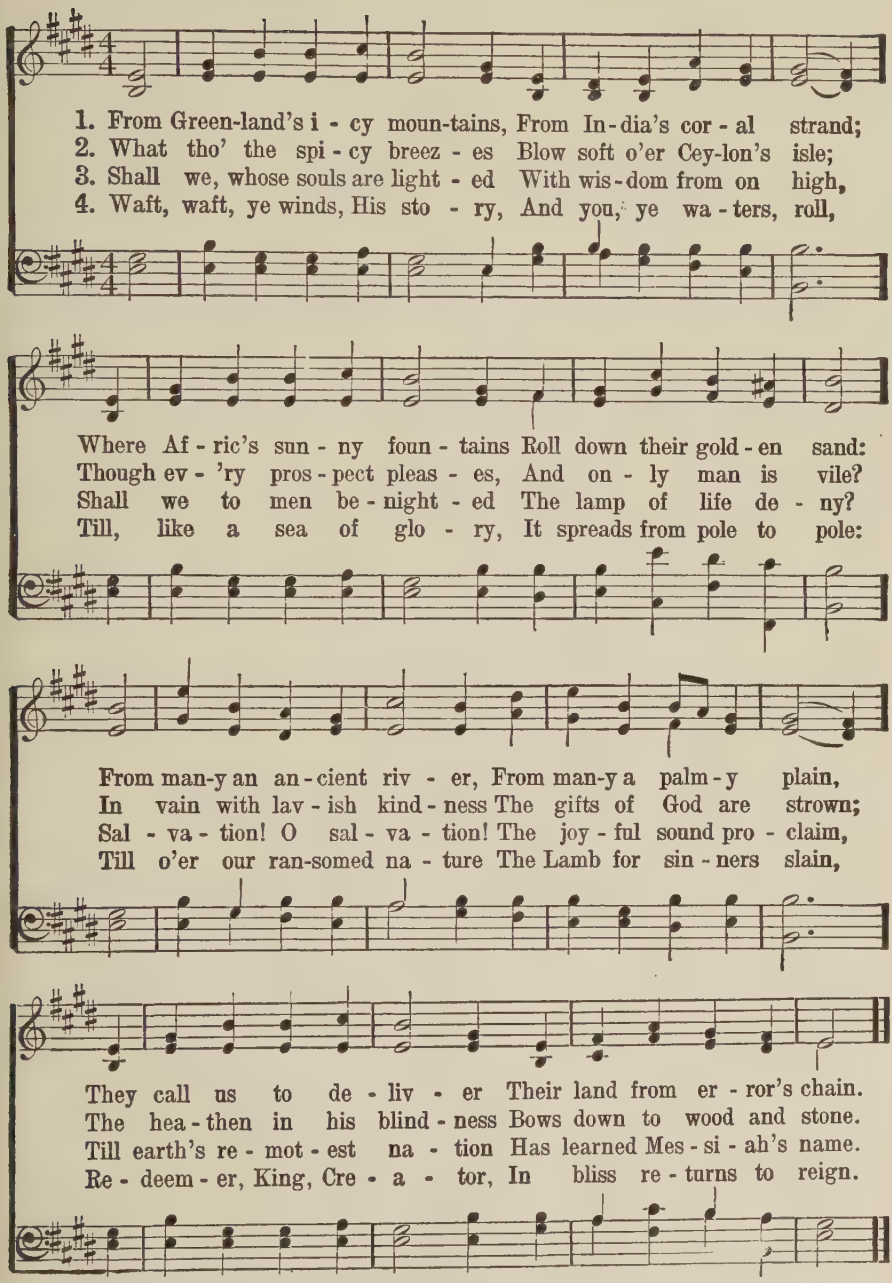
To feed up - on this bread and wine, In mem-ory, Lord, of Thee.
The sweet-ness of the bread of life, The full-ness of Thy love.
And feel the bless - ed pledge with-in That we are loved of Thee.
What will it be, O Lord, a-bove, Thy gladd'ning smile to meet! A-MEN.

O Zion, Haste

MARY A. THOMSON — TIDINGS — JAMES WALCH



REGINALD HEBER — MISSIONARY HYMN — LOWELL MASON



Go Ye into All the World

J. McG. JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Far, far a-way, in hea-then darkness dwell-ing, Mil-lions of souls for-
2. See o'er the world wide-o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day, when those of ev-'ry na-tion "Glo-ry to God!" tri-

ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
rise and en-ter in! Chris-tians, a-wake! your forc-es all u-nit-ing,
ech-o in His name; Je-sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing,
um-phant-ly shall sing; Ran-somed, redeemed, re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion,

CHORUS

Look-ing to Je-sus, minding not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin. "All pow'r is giv-en un-to Me,
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go pro-claim.
Shout Hal-le-lu-jah, for the Lord is King.

All pow'r is giv-en un-to Me, Go ye in-to all the world and

preach the gos-pel, And lo, I am with you al-way."

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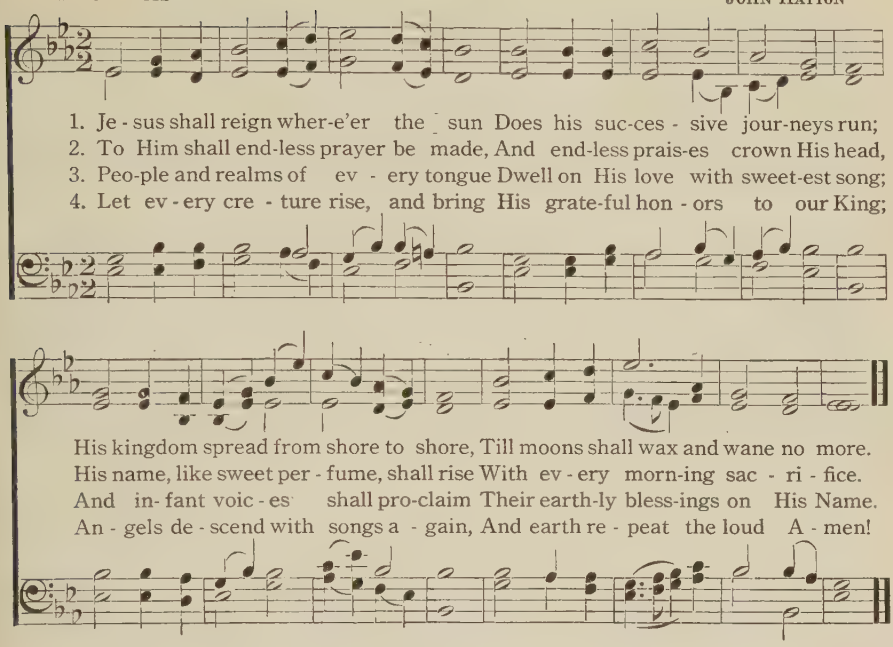
Jesus Shall Reign 281

DUKE STREET

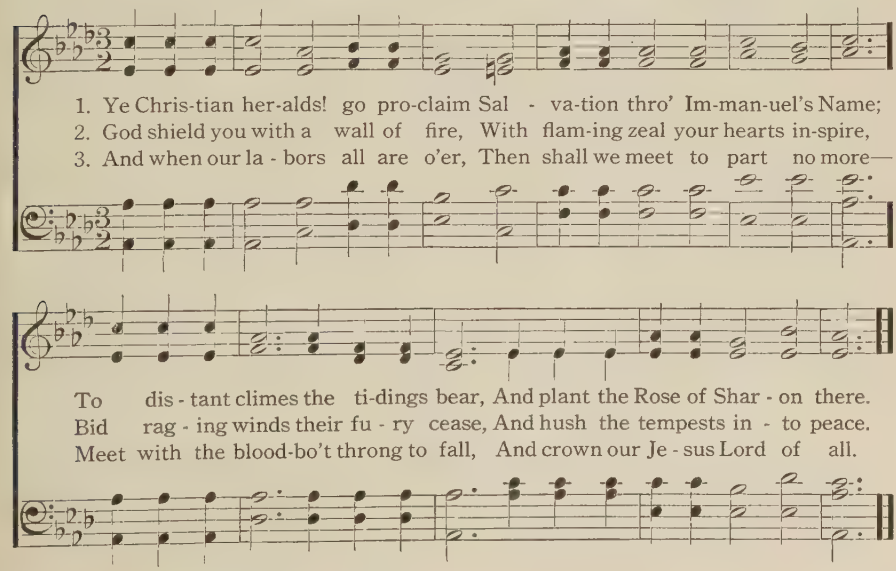
ISAAC WATTS — JOHN HATTON



Ye Christian Heralds 282

MISSIONARY CHANT

BOURNE H. DRAPER — HEINRICH C. ZEUNER



283 Speed Away

FANNY J. CROSBY — I. B. WOODBURY

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - pressed; For the

Mas-ter's com-mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
Sav - ior has pur-chased their ran-som from sin, And the ban - quet is

gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
mo - ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
time for de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

The Kingdom Is Coming

284

Mary B. C. Slade

R. M. McIntosh

1. From all the dark plac-es Of earth's need - y rac - es, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc-ing, To con-quer the
3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And ju - bi - lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-

thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev - ery na - tion,
king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
bel - lion cast down; At last ev - ery na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion

Chorus

Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
His beau - ty shall en - ter them in. The king - dom is com - ing, O
Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban-ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be

full of His knowledge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

The Call of Jesus

OSWALD J. SMITH

EMILY I. STANKEWITZ

1. We have heard the voice of Je - sus and we dare not dis - o - bey, He has
2. 'Tis the bless-ed Gos - pel message that has meant so much to us, 'Tis the
3. Thro' the sac - ri - fice de-mand-ed, tho' we deep-ly feel the pain Of our

called us to a land of darkest night; And we go to tell the sto - ry of His
sto - ry of a Sav-iour cru-ci - fied; And our hearts are filled with gladness as we
sep - a - ra-tion from the ones we love; We will find His grace sufficient, and we

wondrous love for man To the mil - lions who have nev-er known the light.
has - ten to our task, Oh, the joy of win-ning souls for Him who died!
know He will sus-tain, For He promised strength and comfort from a - bove.

CHORUS

Oh, the joy of serv-ing Je - sus! Tell-ing out the wondrous news, Making

known the One who came from heav'n above! This our mission and our
from heav'n above!

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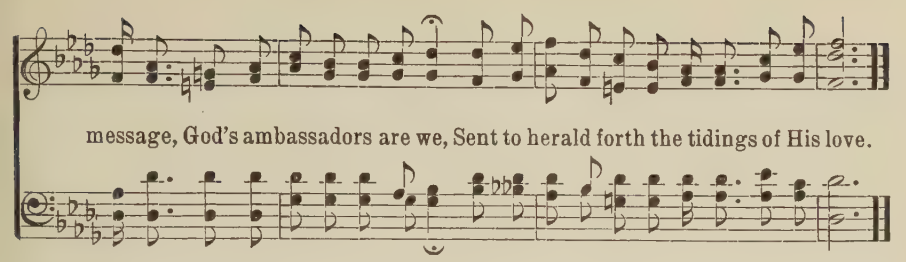
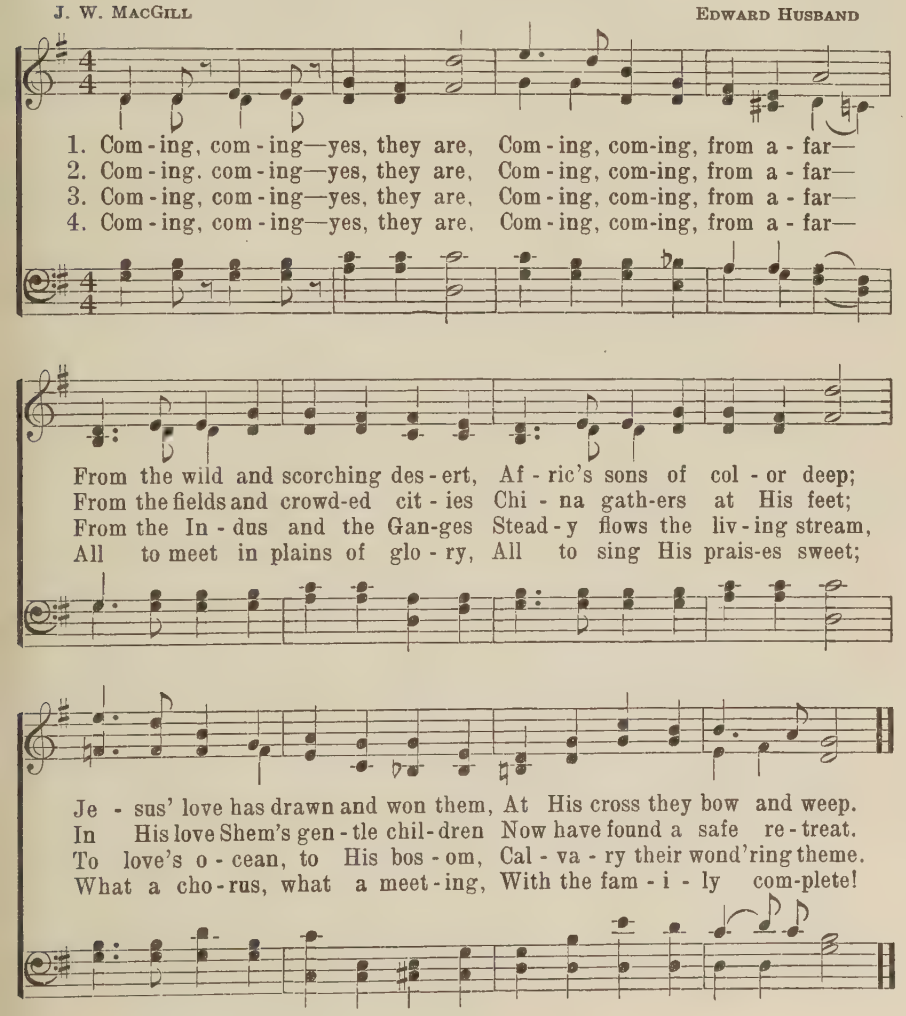
The Call of Jesus



Coming, Coming—Yes, They Are 286

J. W. MacGill — Edward Husband



Triumphant Zion

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

J. B. TROWBRIDGE

1. Tri - um-phant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
2. Put all thy beauteous gar-ments on, And let thy various charms be known;
3. No more shall foes un-clean in - vade, And fill thy hallowed halls with dread;
4. God from on high has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ru - in shall re - pair;

Tho' humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with Mes-si-ah's strength.
The world thy glo-ries shall con - fess, Decked in the robes of right-eous-ness.
No more shall hell's in - sult - ing host Their vict'ry and thy sor-rows boast.
Nor will thy watch-ful Mon-arch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace.

CHORUS

Rise, crowned with light, O Is - ra - el, lift up thy head,— Rise in thy
Rise, O Is - ra - el, a-rise, Is - ra - el, lift up thy head,—

might from dust and darkness and the dead; Lift up thine eyes—Behold, Mes-
might,— darkness and the dead; Lift thy longing eyes to heav'n;

ho - ly might,— dust and darkness and the dead;

si - ah now ap - pears— Glo - rious in pow'r—the Mon-arch of the years.
See, Mes - si - ah now ap-pears—

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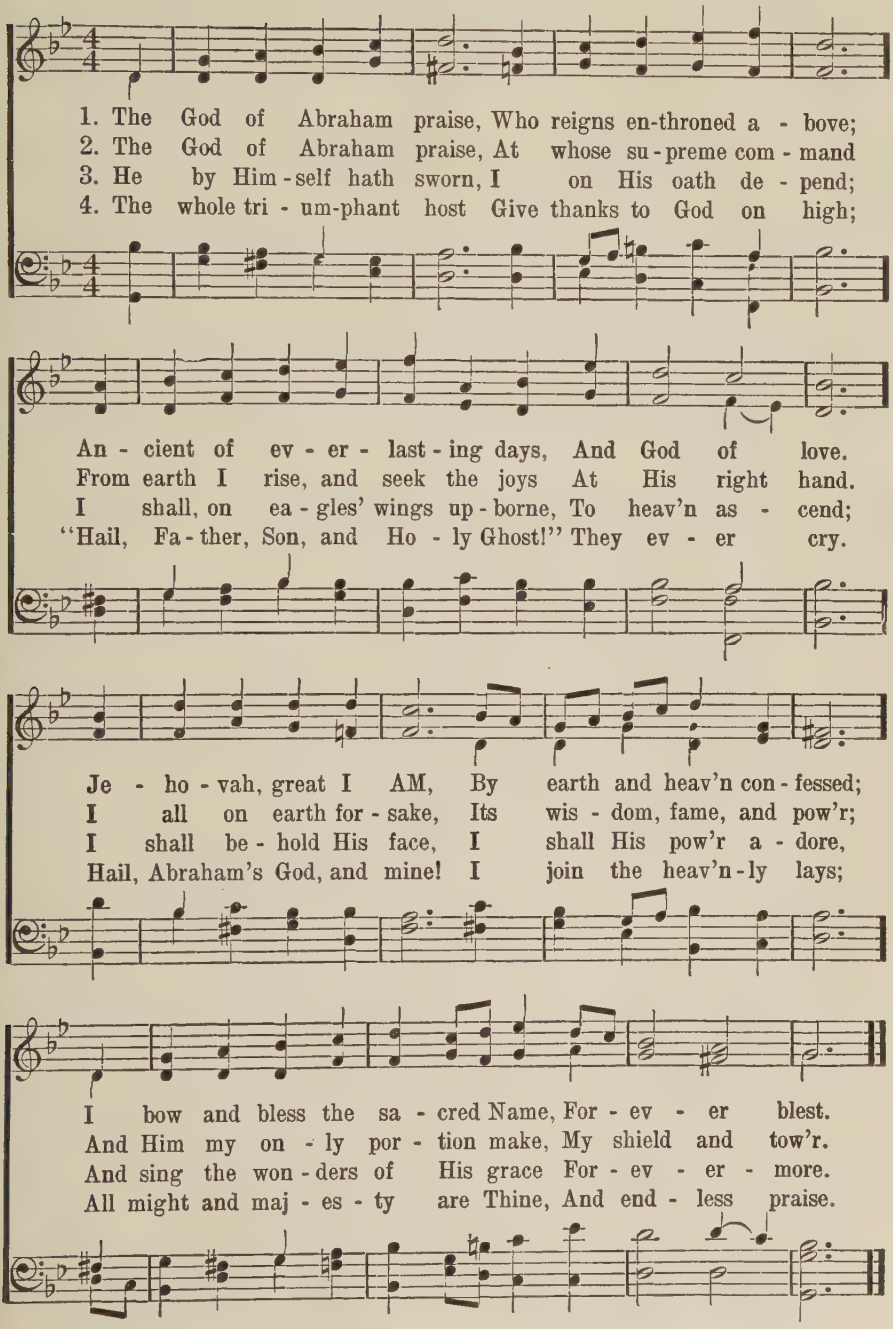
The God of Abraham Praise 288

THOMAS OLIVERS — LEONI — ARR. by MEYER LEONI



289 Hail to the Brightness

THOMAS HASTINGS — WESLEY — LOWELL MASON

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Long by the
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-

lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil - lions from
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun - tain-tops
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of

sor-row and mourning, Zi - on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
bondage re-turn - ing! Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vi-sion be - hold.
ech-oes are ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure and min-gle in song.
war and com-mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rending the sky. A - MEN.

290 On the Mountain's Top Appearing

THOMAS KELLEY — ZION — THOMAS HASTINGS

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, Welcome
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends un-faith-ful proved? Have thy
3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee; He Him-self appears thy Friend; All thy

On the Mountain's Top Appearing

news to Zi - on bearing, Zi - on, long in hostile lands: Mourning captive, God Him-
foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning; Zi - on
foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end: Great deliverance Zi-on's

self shall loose thy bands. Mourning cap-tive, God Himself shall loose thy bands.
still is well-beloved. Cease thy mourning; Zi - on still is well-be - loved.
King will surely send. Great deliverance Zi-on's King will surely send. A-MEN.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone? 291

THOMAS SHEPHERD MAITLAND GEORGE N. ALLEN

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A-MEN.

Draw Nigh, Draw Nigh, Emmanuel

VENI EMMANUEL

Ancient Antiphons, Latin
Translated by JOHN M. NEALE

CHARLES F. GOUNOD

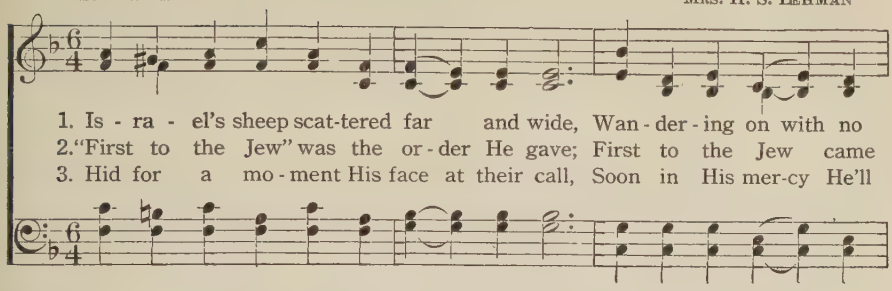
1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
2. Draw nigh, O Jes - se's Rod, draw nigh, To free us from the
3. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn - ing Star, And bring us com - fort
4. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might, Who once from Si - nai's

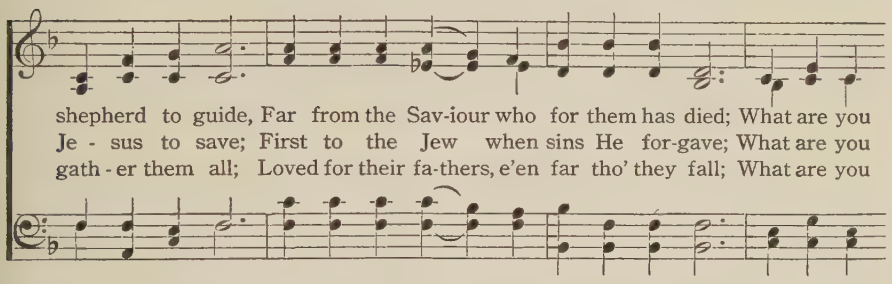
Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un-
en - e - my; From hell's a - byss Thy peo - ple save, And
from a - far; And ban - ish far from us the gloom Of
flam - ing height, Didst give the trem-bling tribes Thy law In

til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice!
give us vic - t'ry o'er the grave. Re - joice! Re - joice!
sin - ful night and end - less doom. Re - joice! Re - joice!
cloud and maj - es - ty and awe. Re - joice! Re - joice!

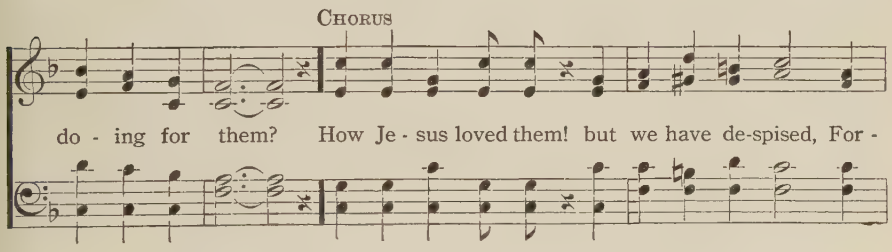
Em - man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el.

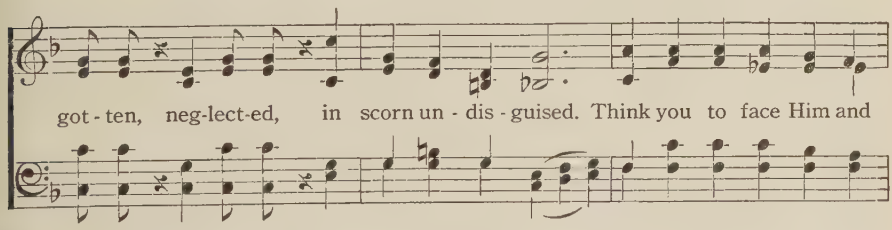
Mrs. H. S. L. Mrs. H. S. Lehman

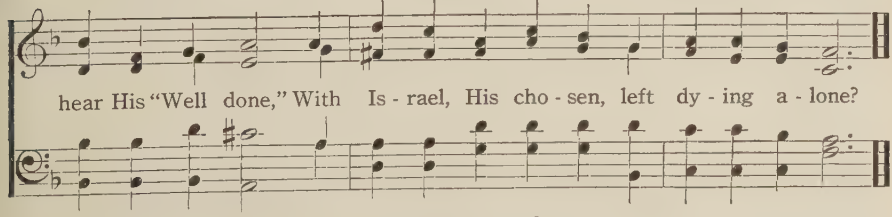




Chorus







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294 O Happy Home Where Thou Art Loved

ALVERSTROKE

CARL J. P. SPITTA
Adapted from a tr. by SARAH B. FINDLATER

JOSEPH BARNBY

1. O hap - py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing
2. O hap - py home, where each one serves Thee, low - ly, What - ev - er
3. O hap - py home, where Thou art not for - got - ten When joy is
4. Un - til at last, when earth's day's work is end - ed All meet Thee

Friend, and Sav-iour of our race, And where a - mong the guests there nev-er
his ap - point-ed work may be, Till ev - ery com - mon task seems great and
o - ver - flow-ing, full, and free; O hap - py home, where ev - ery wound-ed
in the bless-ed home a - bove, From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast as-

com - eth One who can hold such high and hon - ored place!
ho - ly, When it is done, O Lord, as un - to Thee!
spir - it Is brought, Phy - si - cian, Com-fort - er, to Thee—
cend - ed, Thy ev - er - last - ing home of peace and love! A-MEN.

295 Happy the Home

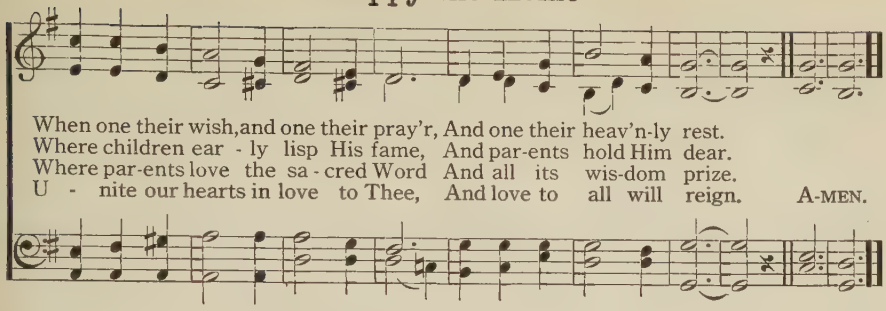
ST. AGNES

HENRY WARE (the younger)

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Hap - py the home when God is there, And love fills ev - ery breast;
2. Hap - py the home where Je - sus' Name Is sweet to ev - ery ear;
3. Hap - py the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, let us in our homes a - gree This bless-ed peace to gain;

Happy the Home



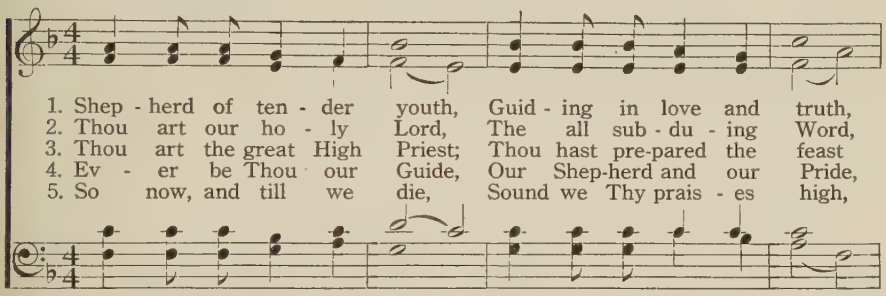
When one their wish, and one their pray'r, And one their heav'n-ly rest.
Where children ear - ly lisp His fame, And par-ents hold Him dear.
Where par-ents love the sa - cred Word And all its wis-dom prize.
U - nite our hearts in love to Thee, And love to all will reign. A-MEN.

Shepherd of Tender Youth 296

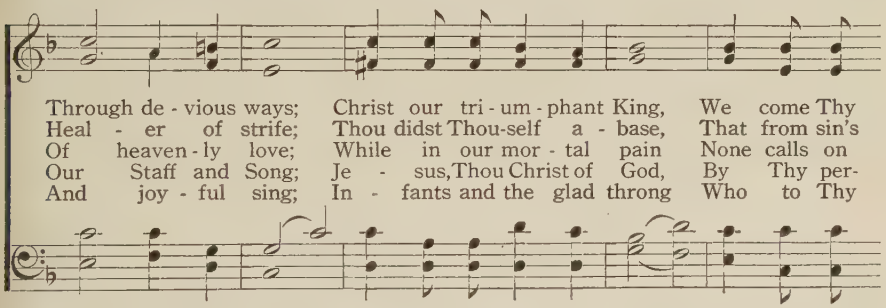
KIRBY BEDON

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA
Tr. by HENRY M. DEXTER

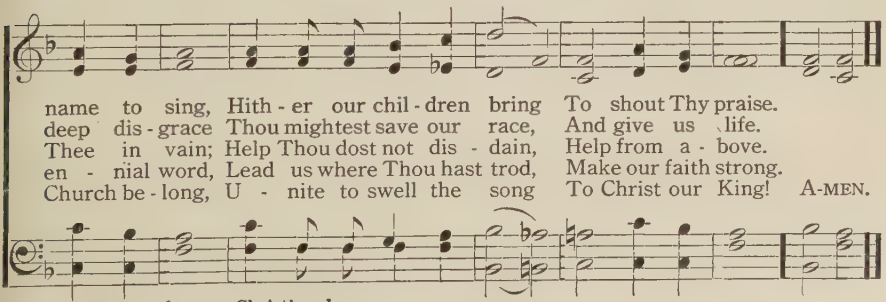
EDWARD BUNNETT



1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth,
2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord, The all sub - du - ing Word,
3. Thou art the great High Priest; Thou hast pre-pared the feast
4. Ev - er be Thou our Guide, Our Shep-herd and our Pride,
5. So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy prais - es high,



Through de - vious ways; Christ our tri - um - phant King, We come Thy
Heal - er of strife; Thou didst Thou-self a - base, That from sin's
Of heaven - ly love; While in our mor - tal pain None calls on
Our Staff and Song; Je - sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy per-
And joy - ful sing; In - fants and the glad throng Who to Thy



name to sing, Hith - er our chil - dren bring To shout Thy praise.
deep dis - grace Thou mightest save our race, And give us life.
Thee in vain; Help Thou dost not dis - dain, Help from a - bove.
en - nial word, Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.
Church be - long, U - nite to swell the song To Christ our King! A-MEN.

The earliest known Christian hymn

297 When He Cometh

W. O. Cushing — Dr. Geo. F. Root

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth, To make up His jew-els, All His
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His kingdom; All the
3. Lit-tle chil-dren lit-tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the

Chorus

jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own: { Like the stars of the
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. { They shall shine in their
jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.

1 2

morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing, }
beau-ty, (*Omit* . . . . .) } Bright gems for His crown.

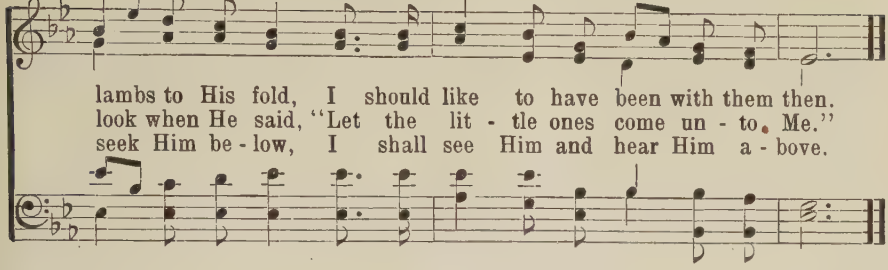
298 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story

Mrs. Jemina Luke — Arr. by William B. Bradbury

1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And

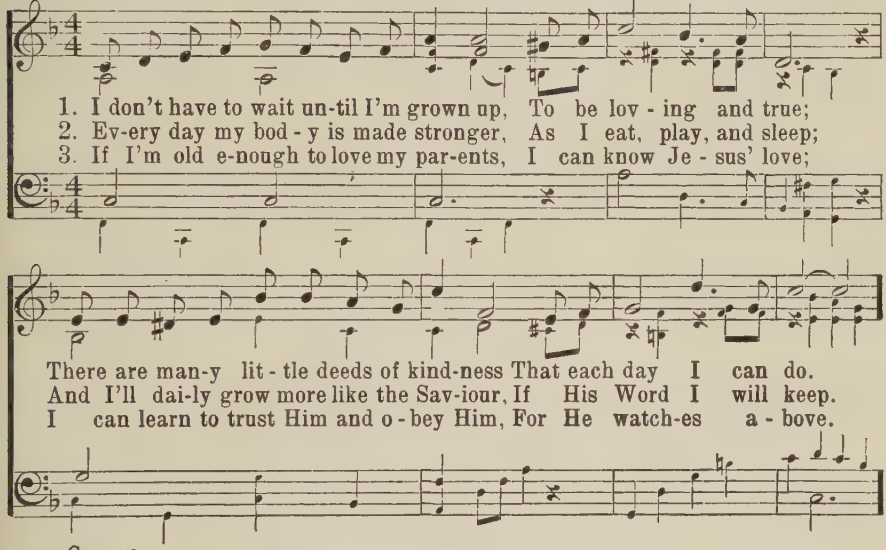
Je-sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly

I Think When I Read That Sweet Story

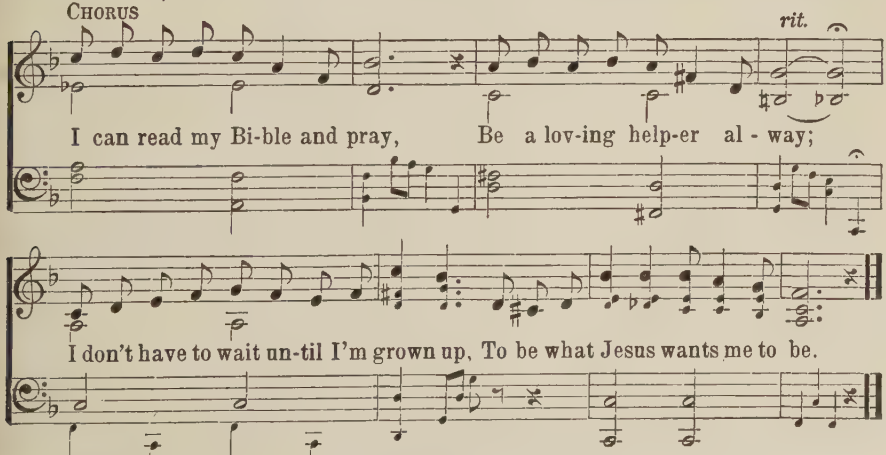


I Don't Have to Wait 299

HAROLD DEAL HARRY DIXON LOES



CHORUS



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300 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

DOROTHY A. THRUPP — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil-dren when they pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear Thy chil-dren when they pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Anywhere with Jesus

301

JESSIE H. BROWN and Mrs. C. M. ALEXANDER

D. B. TOWNER

1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go; An - y-where He
2. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone; Oth - er friends may
3. An - y-where with Je - sus o - ver land and sea, Tell - ing souls in
4. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark-'ning

leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out Him dear-est
fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
dark-ness of sal - va - tion free; Read - y as He sum-mons me to
shad-ows round a - bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak - en nev - er

joys would fade; An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
drear - y ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
go or stay, An - y-where with Je - sus when He points the way.
more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS

An - y-where! an - y - where! Fear I can - not know;

An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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Living for Jesus

T. O. Chisholm

C. Harold Lowden

Not fast

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in His ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion and loss,
4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the light of His smile, Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,

Chorus *Unison. Slower*

This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. O Je-sus, Lord and Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee, For Thou, in Thy a-tone-ment, Didst
Deem-ing each tri-al a part of my cross.
Bring-ing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.
give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy

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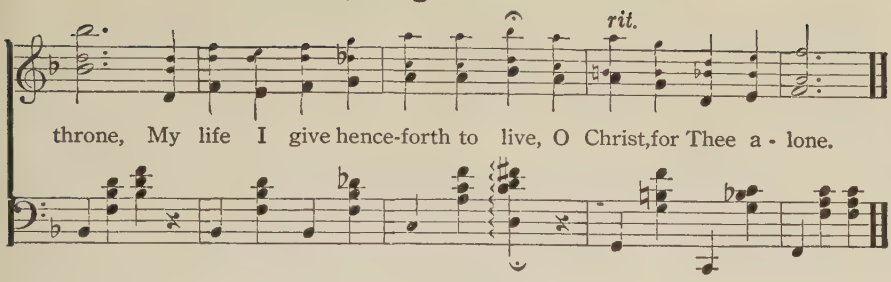
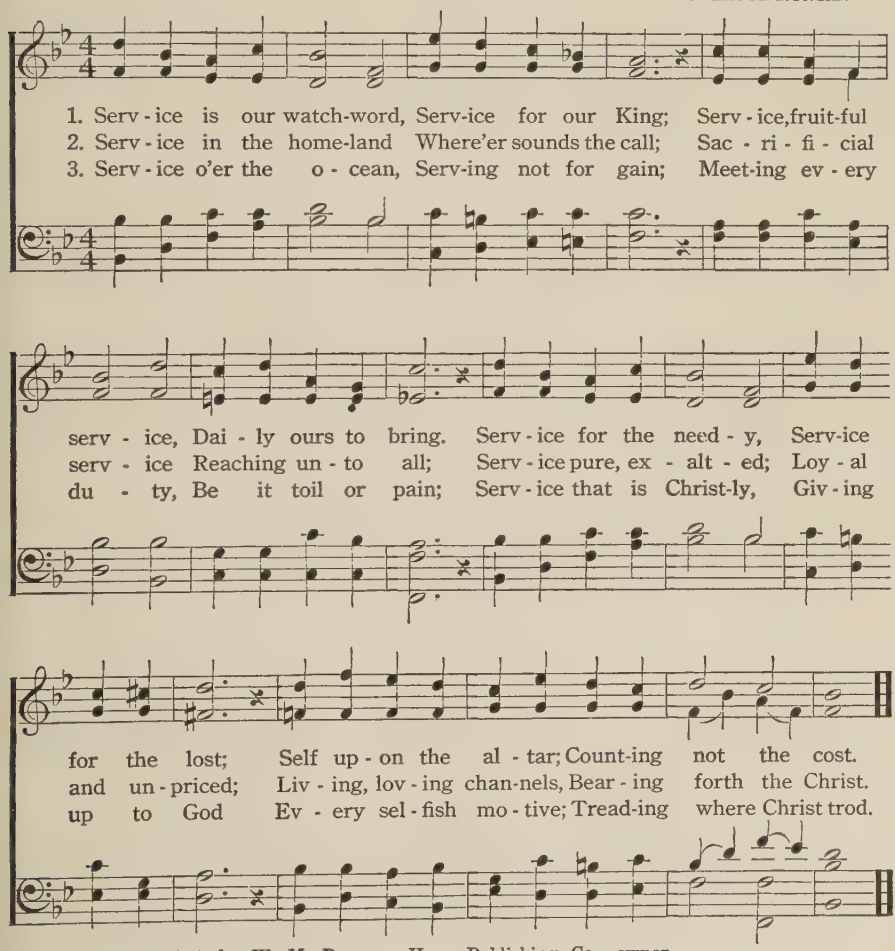
Living for Jesus



Service Is Our Watchword 303

WILLIAM SHAW
JOHN R. CLEMENTS

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN



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304 Give of Your Best to the Master

H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor-thy His love;

Ref.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

Fine

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv-ice, Con - se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him - self for your ran-som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove:

Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;..
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;..
Laid down His life with-out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;...

rall. D. C.

Give Him your loy-al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.....
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.....
Give Him your heart's ad-o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.....

Youth for Christ

Dedicated to Christian Youth

AVIS B. CHRISTIANSEN

WENDELL P. LOVELESS

Martial tempo

1. To the youth of the world comes a challenge to-day, Heed the call of the Lord
2. Who will go, the glad ti - dings of life to pro-claim To the hearts who are drift-
3. There is vic - t'ry as-sured to the hosts of the Lord, Who are clothed in His might,

and en - list for the fray; Precious souls in the dark-ness of sin may be lost,
ing in sor-row and shame? He is wait-ing your an-swer— O what will it be?
and up-held by His Word; Tho' the bat - tle be fierce, and the en - e - my strong,

CHORUS

Then to arms, valiant soldiers, and count not the cost.
Heed His cry! Here am I, bless-ed Mas-ter, send me. Will you fight for the right in God's
Fol - low on! At the dawn comes the glad triumph song.

ar-my of youth? Will you go in His might with the gospel of truth? Lo, the har-vest is

white, but the reap-ers so few; Heed the call! Give your all! He is count-ing on you.

Copyright, 1946, the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

He Lives

A. H. Ackley

A. H. Ackley

1. I serve a ris - en Sav-ior, He's in the world to-day; I know that He is
2. In all the world a-round me I see His lov-ing care, And tho' my heart grows
3. Re-joice, rejoice, O Christian, lift up your voice and sing E-ter - nal hal - le-

liv - ing, what-ev - er men may say; I see His hand of mer - cy, I
wea - ry I nev - er will de - spair; I know that He is lead - ing, thro'
lu - jahs to Je - sus Christ the King! The Hope of all who seek Him, the

hear His voice of cheer, And just the time I need Him He's al-ways near.
all the storm-y blast, The day of His ap-pear-ing will come at last.
Help of all who find, None oth-er is so lov - ing, so good and kind.

Refrain *Spirited*

He lives, He lives, Christ Je-sus lives to - day! He walks with me and
He lives, He lives,

talks with me a-long life's nar-row way. He lives, He lives, sal-
He lives, He lives,

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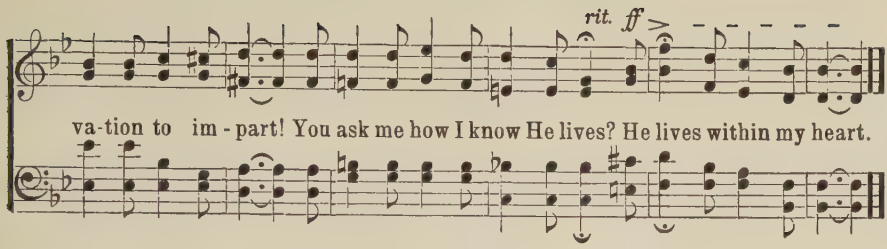
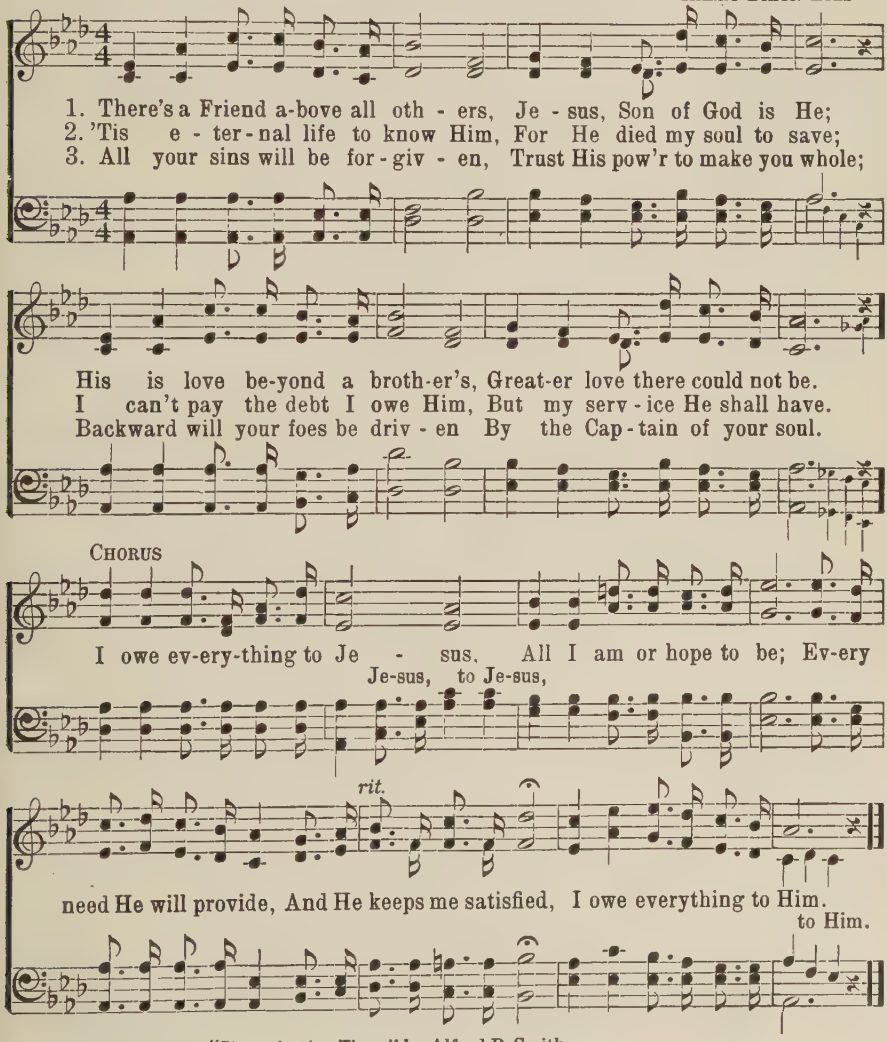
He Lives



I Owe Everything to Jesus 307

LEONARD CECIL BARNETT HARRY DIXON LOES



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America the Beautiful

KATHERINE LEE BATES — MATERNA — SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he-roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot dream That sees be - yond the years

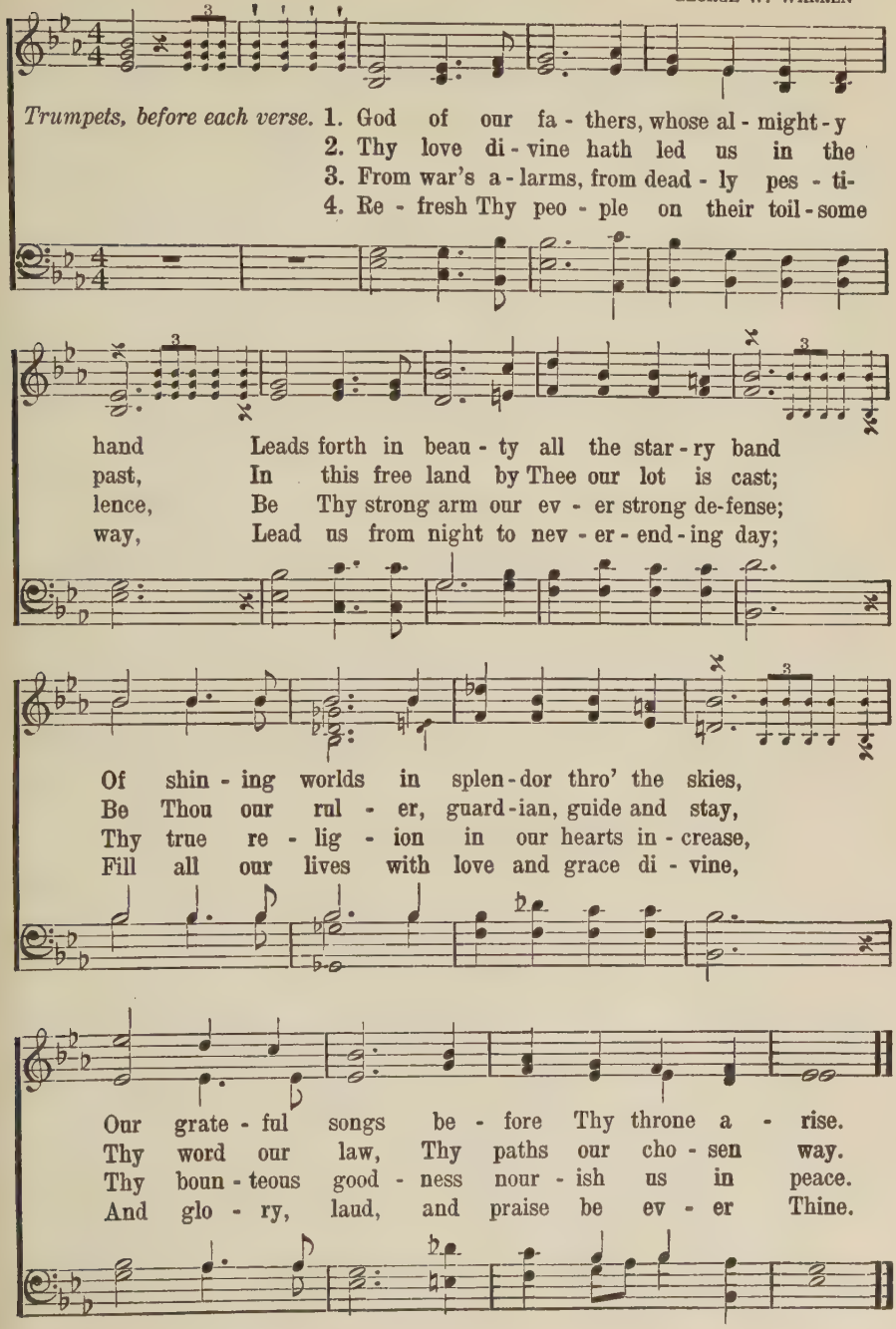
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble-ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand 309

DANIEL C. ROBERTS — NATIONAL HYMN — GEORGE W. WARREN



310 My Country, 'Tis of Thee

SAMUEL F. SMITH — AMERICA — HENRY CAREY

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

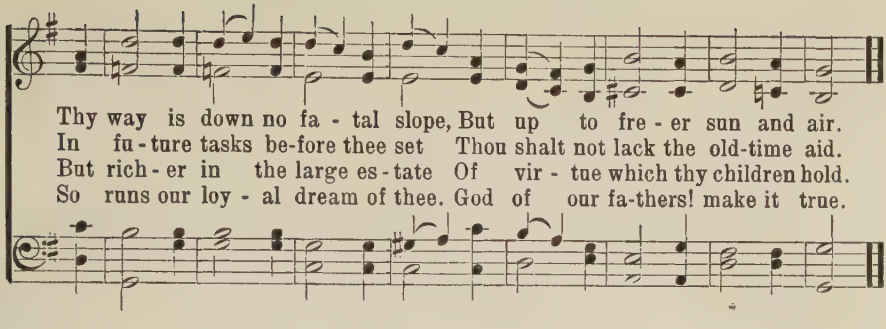
pil - grim's pride, From ev - ery moun-tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

311 Our Thought of Thee

JOHN G. WHITTIER — BELOIT — CARL G. REISSIGER

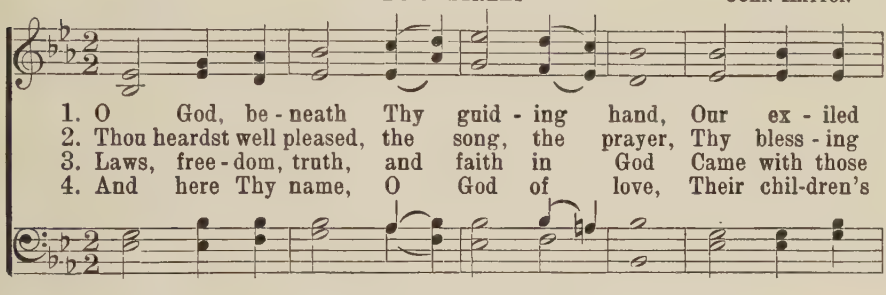
1. Our tho't of thee is glad with hope, Dear coun-try of our love and prayer!
2. Tried as by fur-nace fires, and yet By God's grace on-ly strong-er made;
3. Great, with-out seek-ing to be great By fraud or con-quest; rich in gold,
4. With peace that comes of pu - ri - ty, And strength to sim-ple jus - tice due,

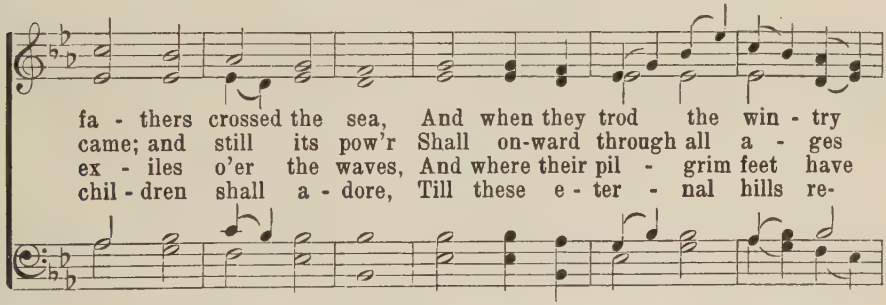
Our Thought of Thee

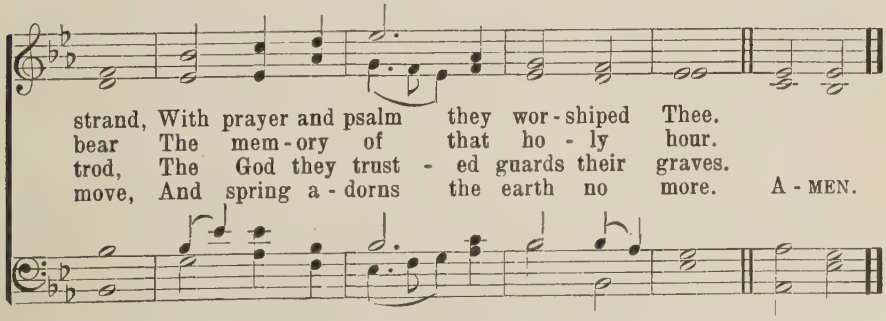


O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand 312

LEONARD BACON — DUKE STREET — JOHN HATTON

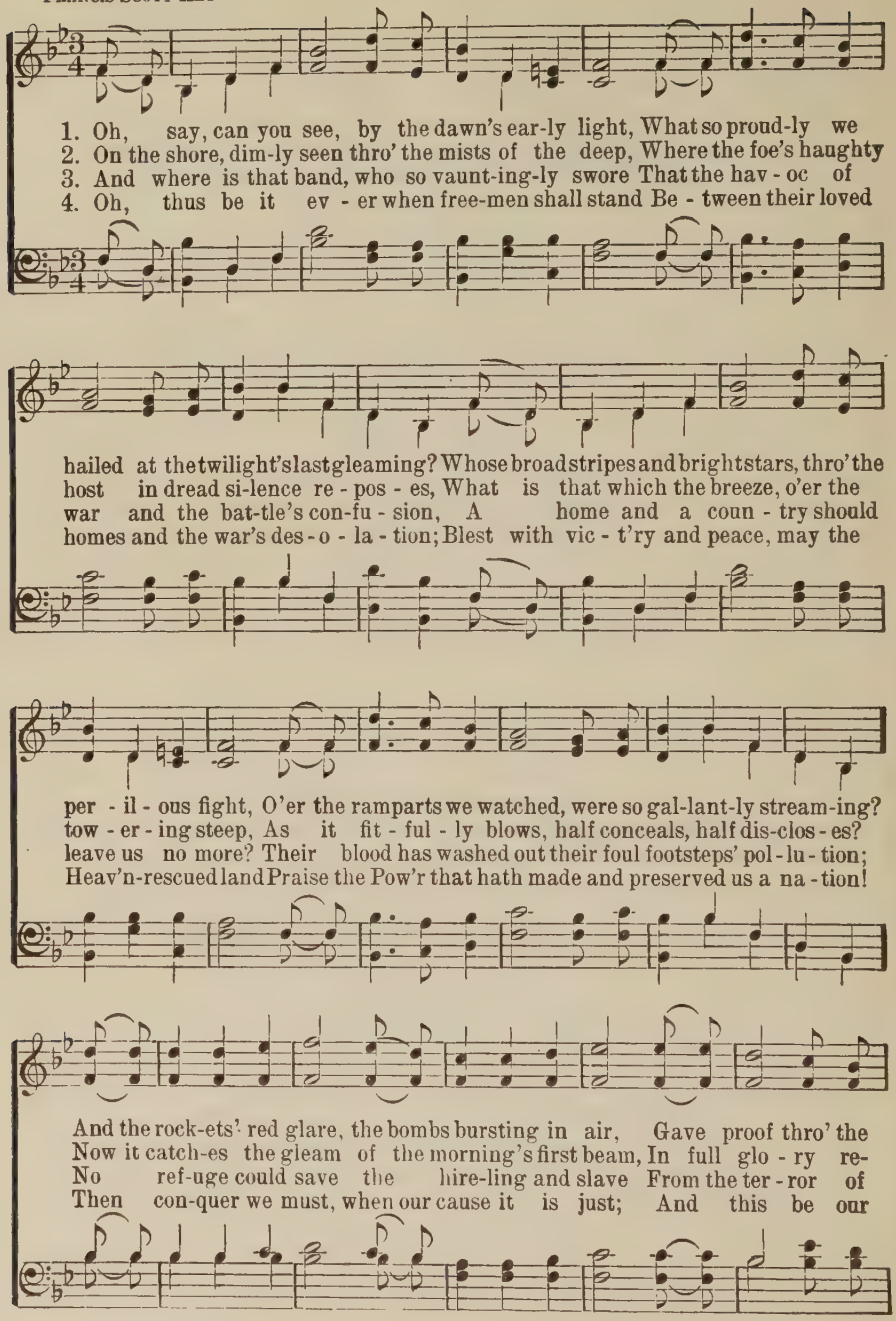






The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY



The Star-Spangled Banner

ff CHORUS

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled
flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled ban - ner; oh,
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-span-gled ban - ner in
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban - ner in

ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Our God, Our Help 314

From Psalm 90
ISAAC WATTS

ST. ANNE

WILLIAM CROFT

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
5. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope-ning day.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home. A-MEN.

315 God the Omnipotent

HENRY F. CHORLEY
JOHN ELLERTON

RUSSIAN HYMN

ALEXIS F. LVOV

1. God the Om - nip - o - tent! King, who or - dain - est
2. God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en
3. God the All - right-eous One! man hath de - fied Thee;
4. So shall Thy peo - ple, with thank - ful de - vo - tion,

Thun - der Thy clar - ion, the light - ning Thy sword;
Meek - ness and mer - cy, and slight - ed Thy word;
Yet to e - ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy word;
Praise Him who saved them from per - il and sword,

Show forth Thy pit - y on high where Thou reign - est;
Let not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;
False - hood and wrong shall not tar - ry be - side Thee;
Sing - ing in cho - rus from o - cean to o - cean

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord. A - MEN.

We've a Story to Tell to the Nations 316

COLIN STERNE — MESSAGE — H. ERNEST NICHOL

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions That shall
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions That shall
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions Who the

turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy,
lift their hearts to the Lord, A song that shall con - quer e - vil
Lord who reign - eth a - bove Hath sent us His Son to save us,
path of sor - row hath trod, That all of the world's great peo - ples

A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.

CHORUS

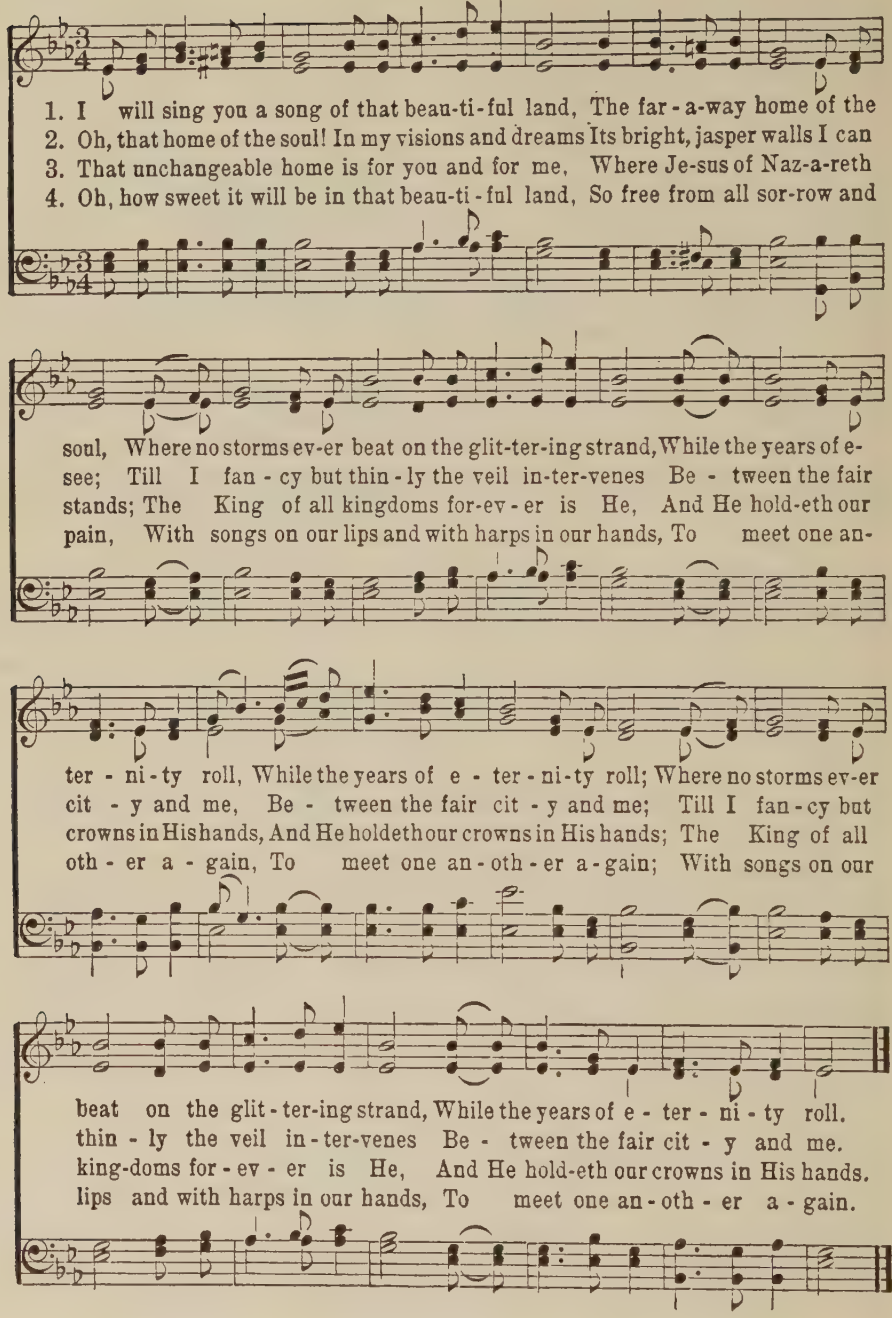
For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawning to noonday bright,

rall.

And Christ's great kingdom shall come to earth, The kingdom of love and light.

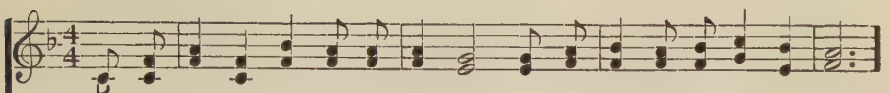
317 I Will Sing You a Song

ELLEN H. GATES — PHILIP PHILLIPS

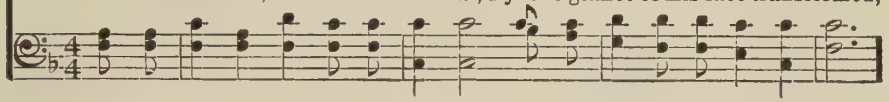


I Shall See the King in His Beauty 318

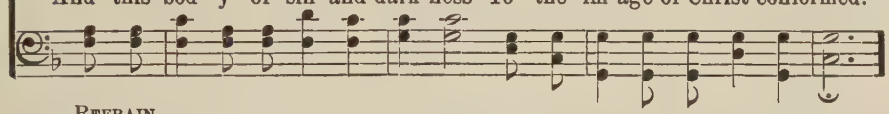
A. J. Gordon — THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY — A. J. Gordon



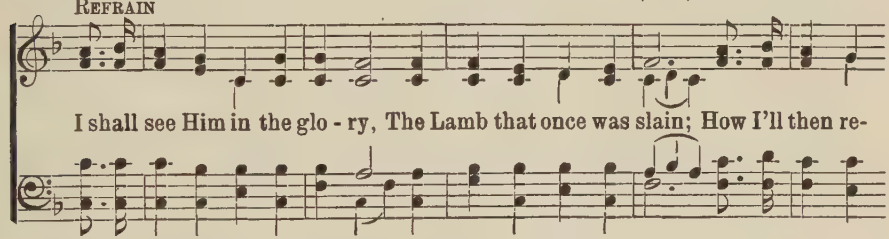
1. I shall see the King in His beau - ty, In the land that is far a - way,
2. To be-hold the Chief of Ten Thousand, Ah! my soul this were joy e-nough;
3. Who can tell the rap-tur-ous meet-ing, When the Lord shall bring home His own?
4. I shall see Him, I shall be like Him, By one glance of His face transformed;



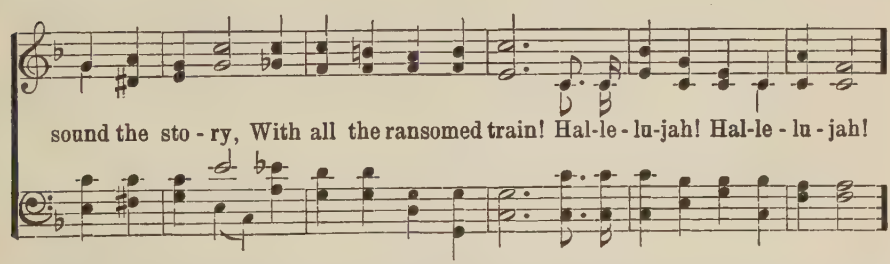
When the shadows at length have lift - ed, And the darkness has turned to day.
'Twill suf - fice for the bliss of heav-en, That the Lamb is the light there-of.
With one sight all His saints are ravished, The Lamb in the midst of the Throne.
And this bod - y of sin and dark-ness To the im-age of Christ conformed.



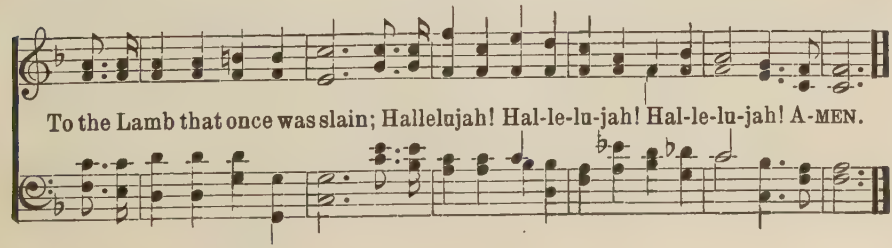
Refrain



I shall see Him in the glo - ry, The Lamb that once was slain; How I'll then re-



sound the sto - ry, With all the ransomed train! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!



To the Lamb that once was slain; Hallelujah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

The Sands of Time

RUTHERFORD

ANNE ROSS COUSIN

CHRETIENE D'URHAN
Arr. by E. F. RIMBAULT

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks;
2. O Christ! He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!
3. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine!
4. The Bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face;

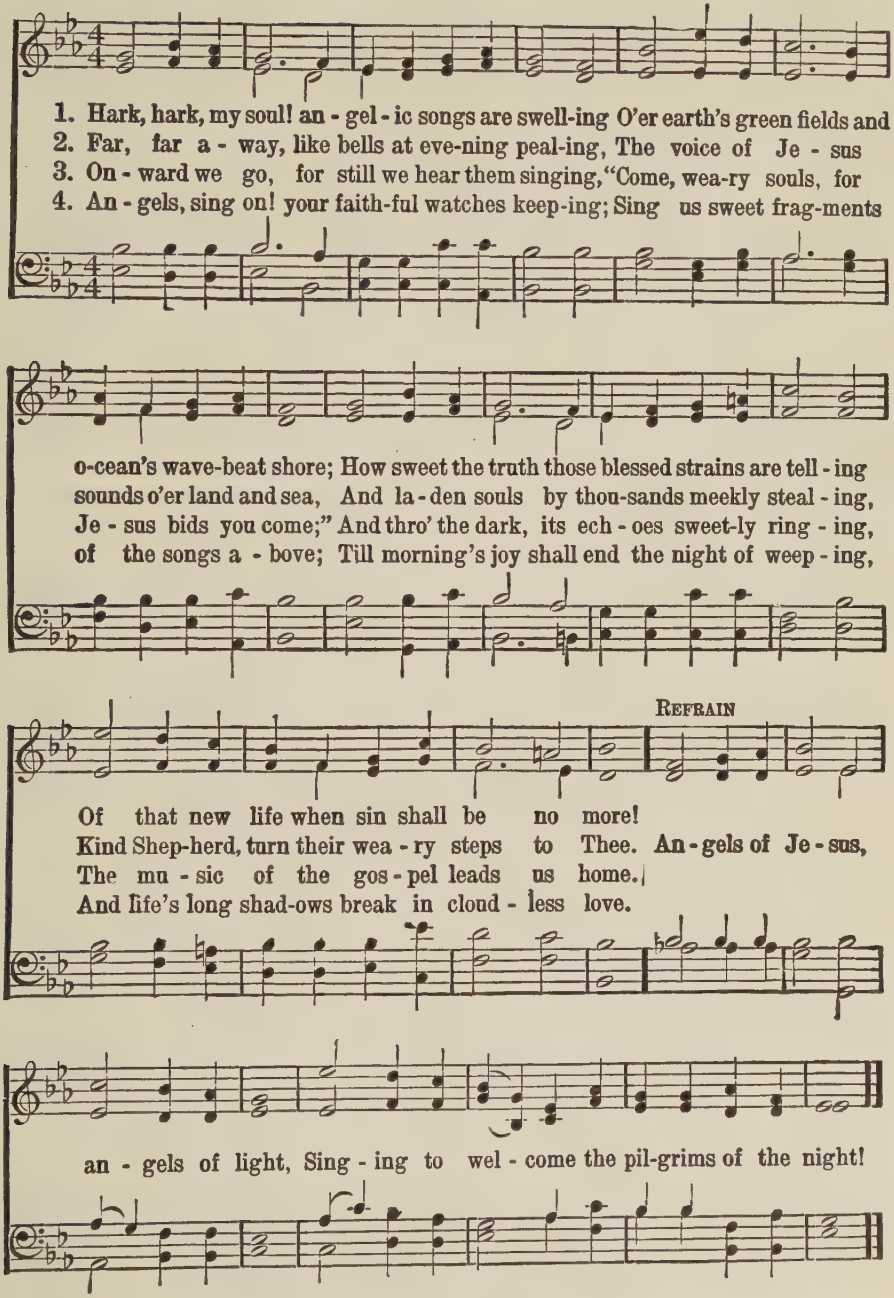
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove:
He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine."
I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace.

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
There, to an o - cean ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I stand up - on His mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land. A-MEN.

Hark, Hark, My Soul! 320

FREDERICK W. FABER — PILGRIMS — HENRY SMART



Jerusalem the Golden

BERNARD OF CLUNY
Tr. by J. M. NEALE

EWING

ALEXANDER EWING

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er Have con-quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com - pare!
The pas-tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo-rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest. A-MEN.

No Night There

322

JOHN R. CLEMENTS

H. P. DANKS

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit-y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the "cit-y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev-er close To the "cit-y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In that "cit-y four-square,"

It shall nev-er pass a-way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys-tal riv-er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS

mf

God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

f *dim.* *mf*

And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

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323 For All the Saints

WILLIAM W. HOW — SARUM — JOSEPH BARNBY

1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fort-ress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the
4. O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low-ship di - vine! We fee - bly
5. And when the strife is fierce, the war-fare long, Steals on the
6. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, Through gates of

faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness
saints who no - bly fought of old, And win with them the
strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in
ear the dis - tant tri - umph song, And hearts are brave a-
pearl streams in the count - less host, Sing - ing to Fa - ther,

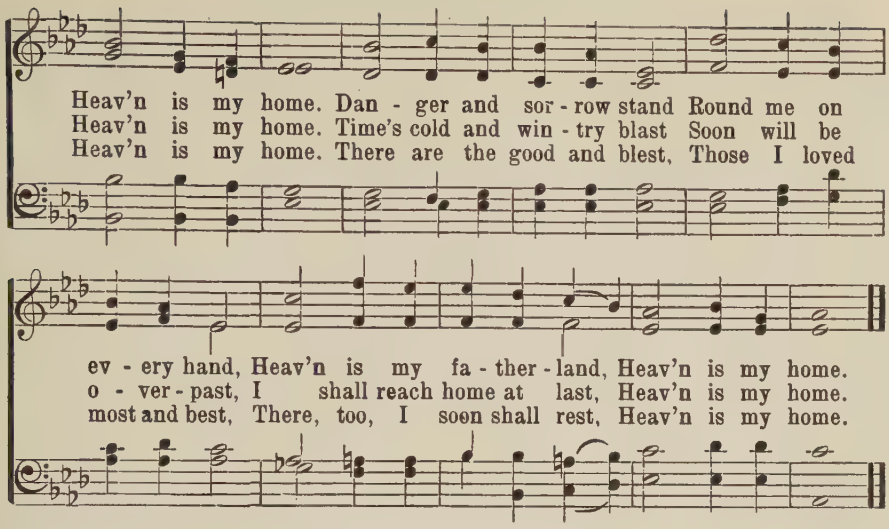
be for - ev - er blessed, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
drear, their one true Light. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
vic - tor's crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
Thee, for all are Thine. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
gain, and arms are strong. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, "Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!" A - MEN.

324 I'm But a Stranger Here

THOS. R. TAYLOR, alt. — HEAVEN IS MY HOME — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear,
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age,
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied,

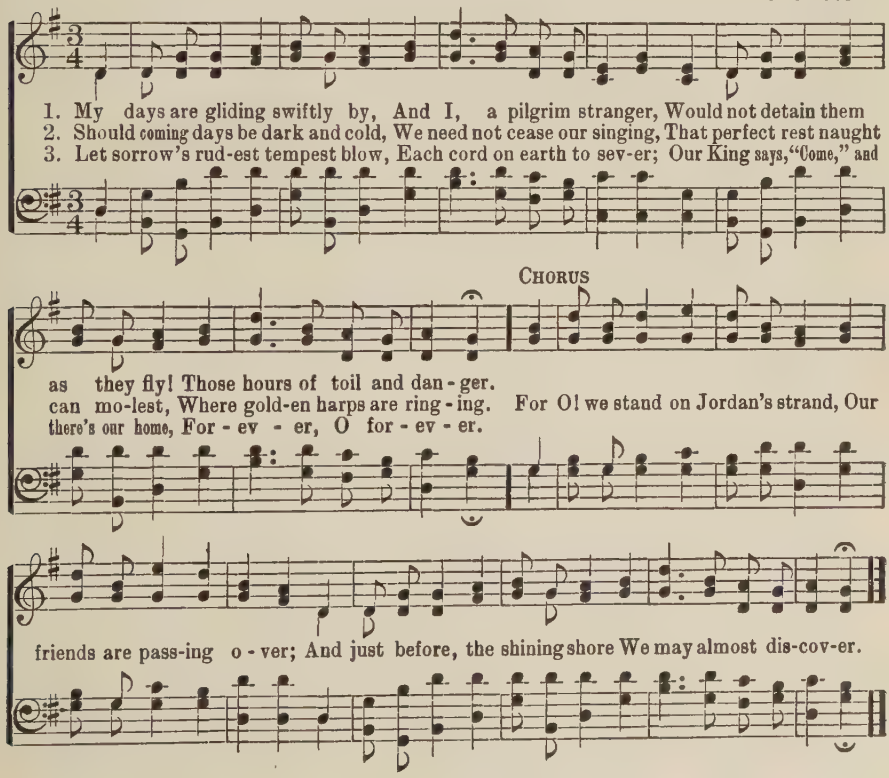
I'm But a Stranger Here



The Shining Shore

325

DAVID NELSON — GEO. F. ROOT



I'm a Pilgrim

MARY DANA SHINDLER

GEORGE S. SCHULER

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the stream-lets are ev - er flow - ing.
2. Of that cit - y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem - er is the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing; O my long - ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y, I long have wan - dered, for-lorn and wea - ry.

CHORUS

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;

rit.

I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

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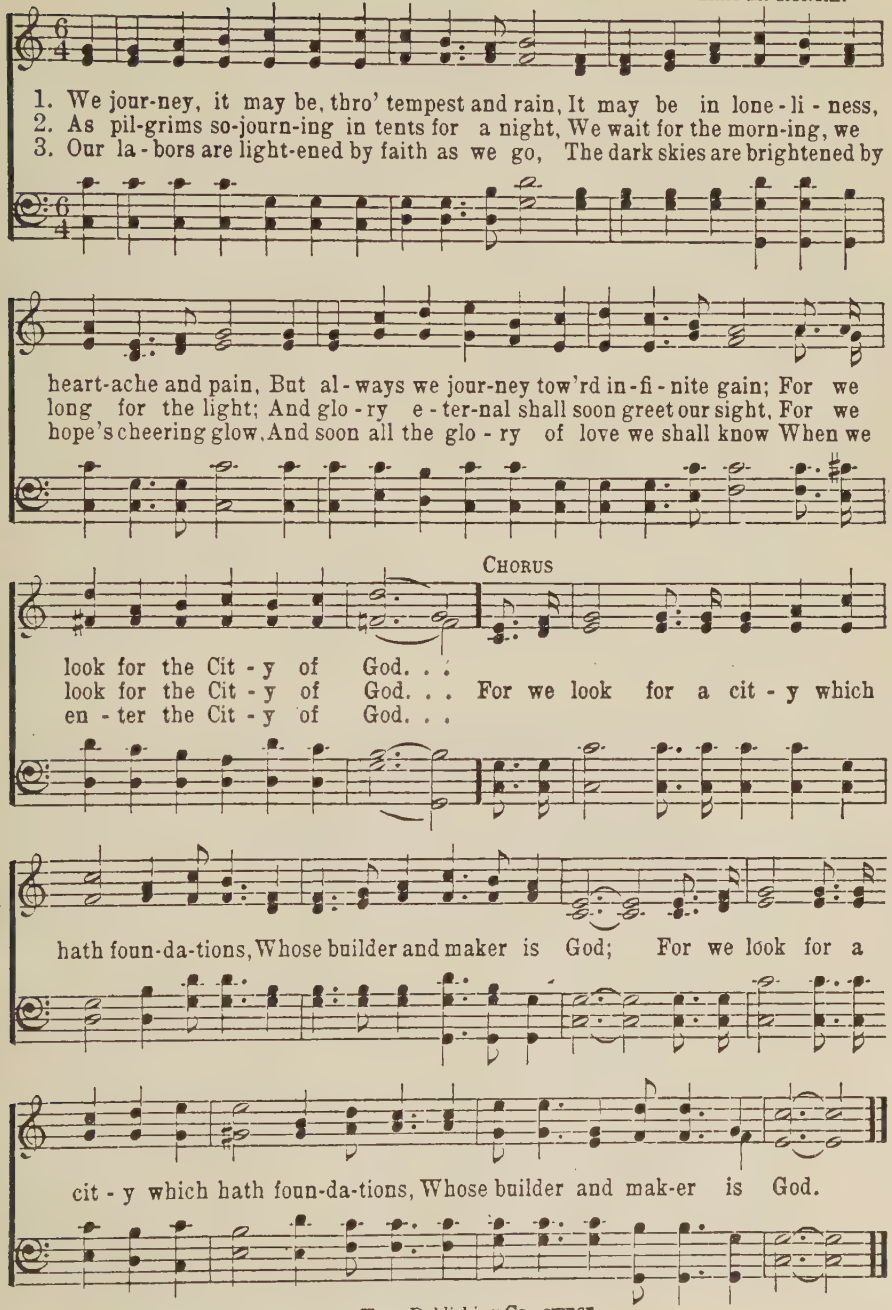
We Look for a City

W. M. R.

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN



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328 When the Roll Is Called up Yonder

J. M. B. J. M. Black

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us

morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,

o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

Chorus.

When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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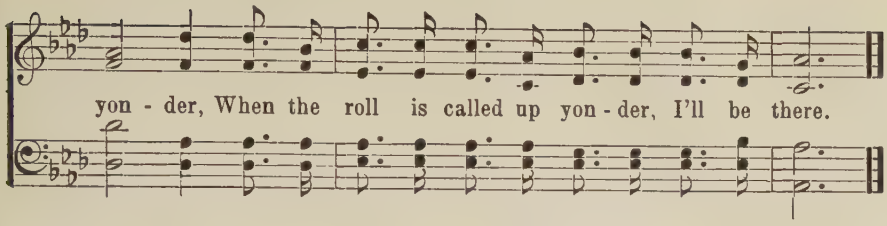
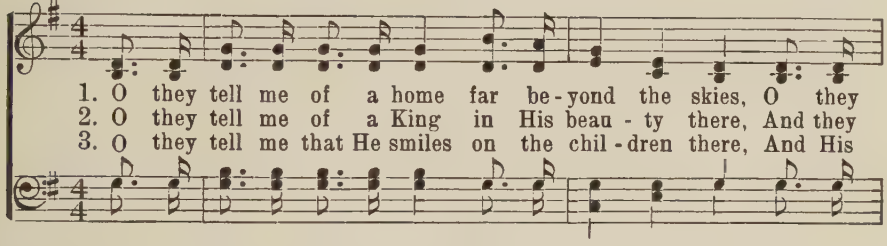
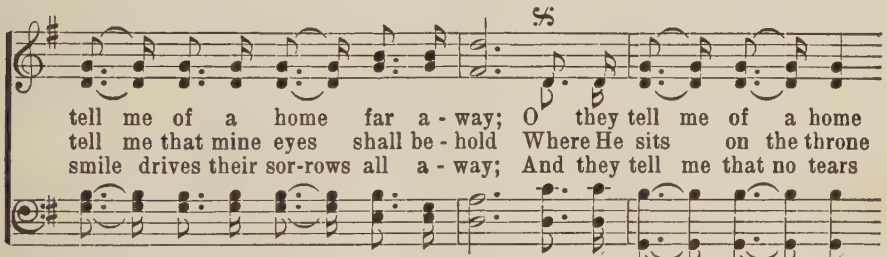
When the Roll Is Called up Yonder

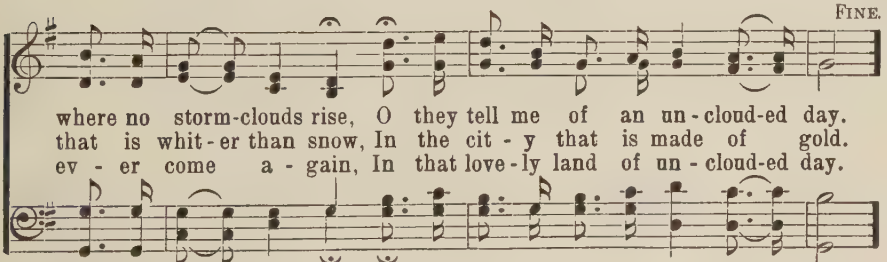


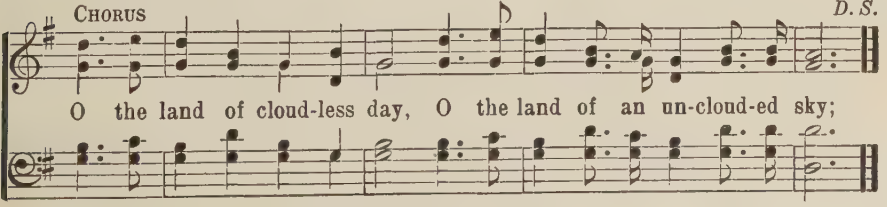
The Unclouded Day 329

J. K. A. J. K. ALWOOD









O That Will Be Glory

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

rit. CHORUS. *Faster*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;. . . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

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I Love to Tell the Story

331

CATHERINE HANKEY

WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in

tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal-
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS

longings As noth - ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own ho - ly Word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

Trust and Obey

J. H. Sammis — D. B. Towner

1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich-ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—

Chorus.

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth-er
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

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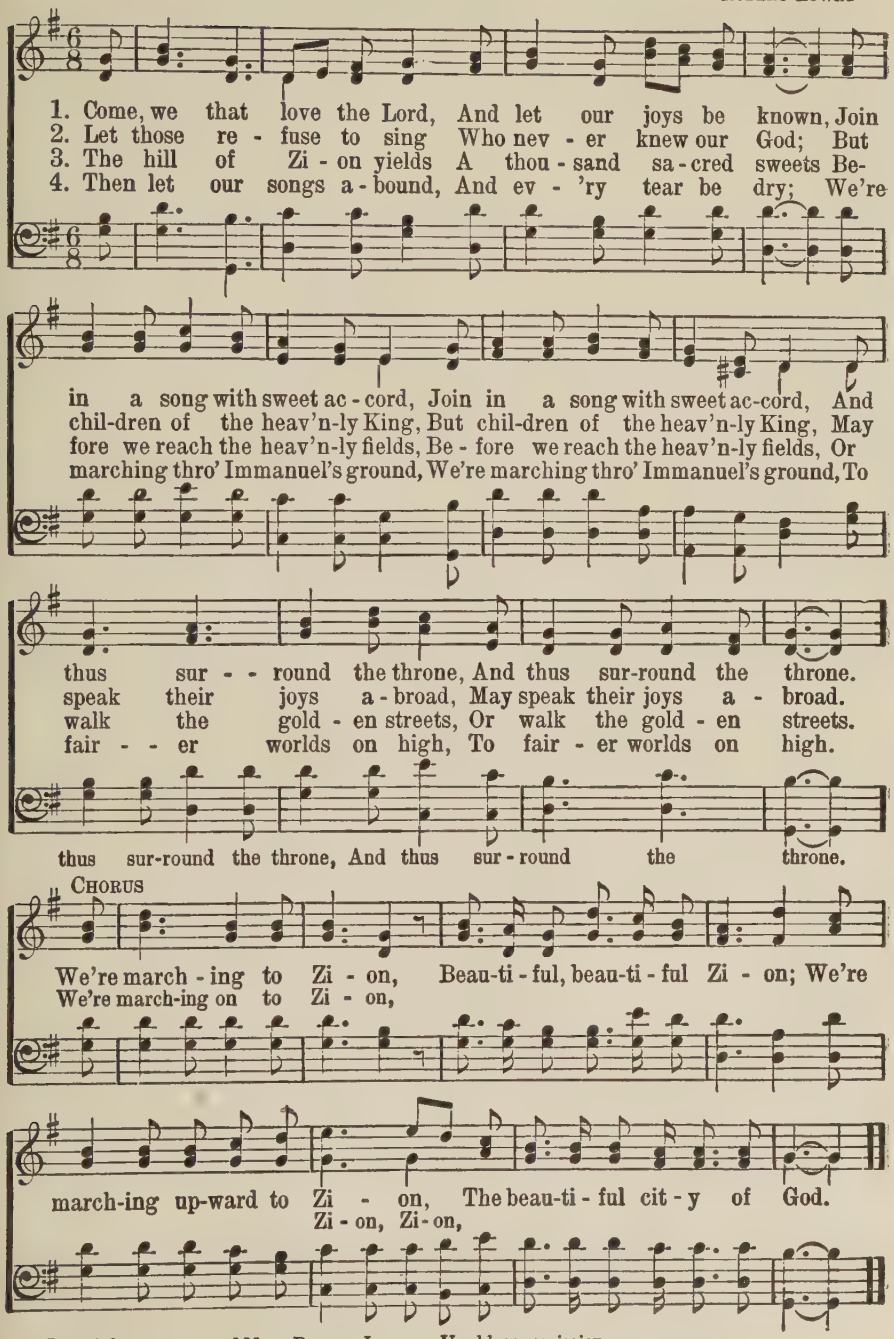
We're Marching to Zion

333

ISAAC WATTS

ROBERT LOWRY



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Beloved, Now Are We

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE (El Nathan) — JAMES MCGRANAHAN

Moderato

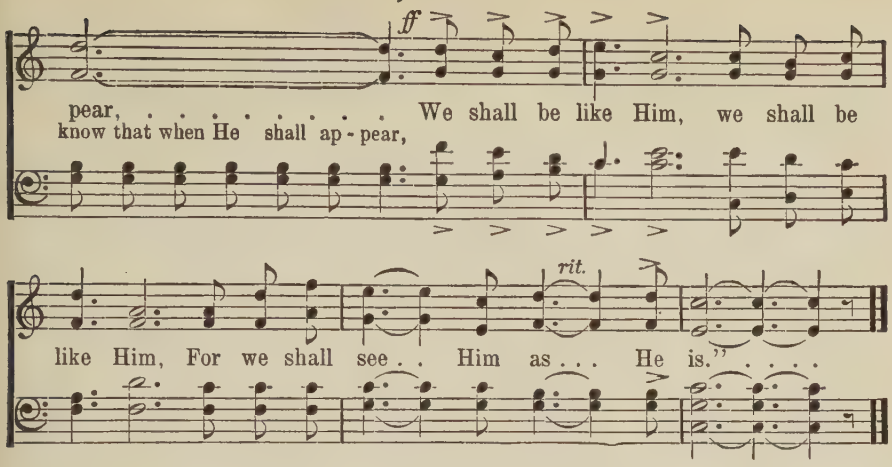
1. Sons of God, be - loved in Je - sus! O the won-drous word of grace;
2. Bless-ed hope now bright-ly beam - ing, On our God we soon shall gaze;
3. By the pow'r of grace trans-form-ing, We shall then His im - age bear;

In His Son the Fa - ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
And in light ce - les - tial gleam-ing, We shall see our Sav - ior's face.
Christ His prom-ised word per-form - ing, We shall then His glo - ry share.

CHORUS I John 3: 2

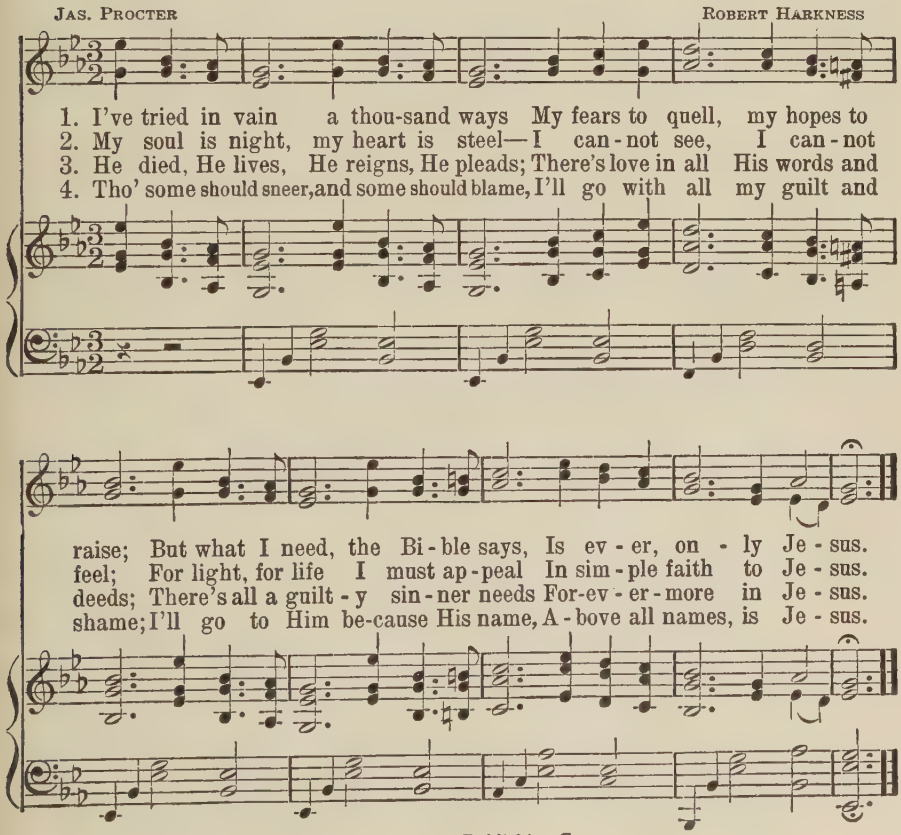
Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, And it doth not yet ap-
pear what we shall be; But we know . . . that when He shall ap-
But we know, we know, we
pear; . . . . . We know . . that when He shall ap-
know that when He shall ap - pear; We know, we know, we

Beloved, Now Are We



In Jesus 335

JAS. PROCTER ROBERT HARKNESS



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Count Your Blessings

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — E. O. Excell

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

Chorus.

Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,

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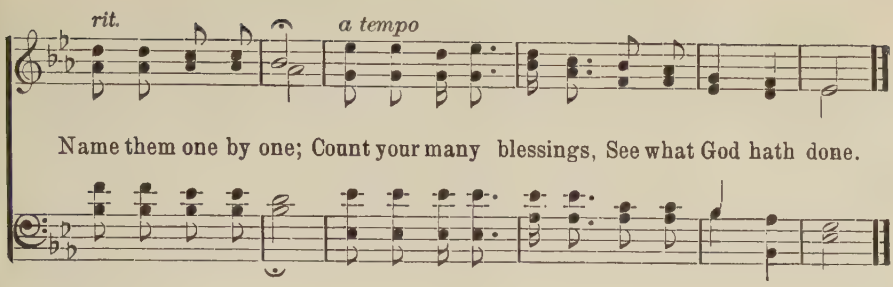
Count Your Blessings



My Jesus, I Love Thee 337

WILLIAM R. FEATHERSTONE — A. J. GORDON

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a- dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

338 Rock of Ages

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

339 Nearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — BETHANY — Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

Nearer, My God, to Thee

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - wards I'll fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

Jesus, Lover of My Soul 340

CHARLES WESLEY — MARTYN — S. B. MARSH

FINE

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.

D. C.—*Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!*
D. C.—*Cov - er my de-fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.*
D. C.—*False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.*
D. C.—*Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.*

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

341 Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER — ST. CATHERINE — H. F. HEMY, Arr. by JAMES G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

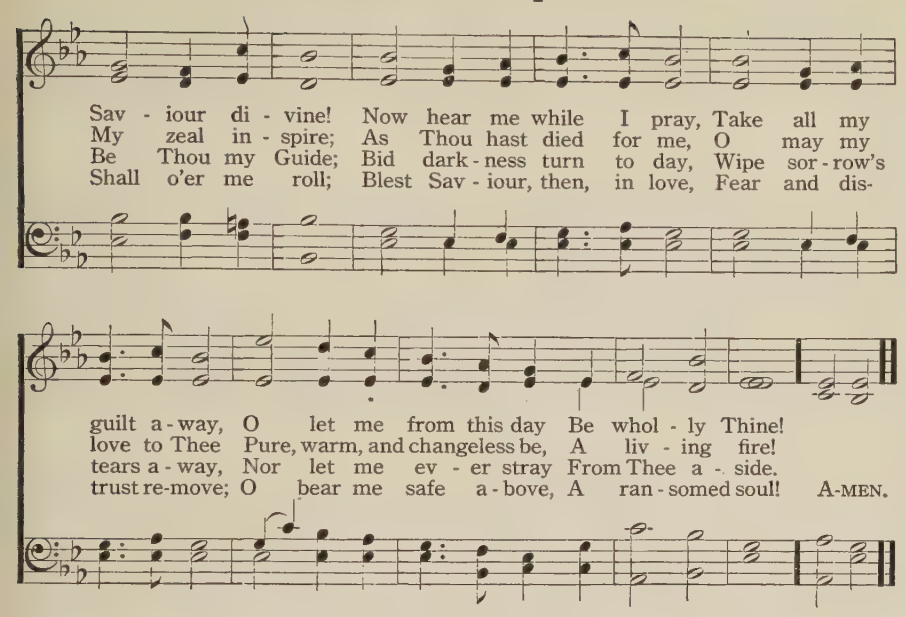
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

342 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER — OLIVET — LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

My Faith Looks Up to Thee



Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me 343

PILOT

EDWARD HOPPER JOHN E. GOULD

FINE

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Won-drous Sov - ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D.C.

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

344 What a Friend

JOSEPH SCRIVEN — CHARLES C. CONVERSE

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

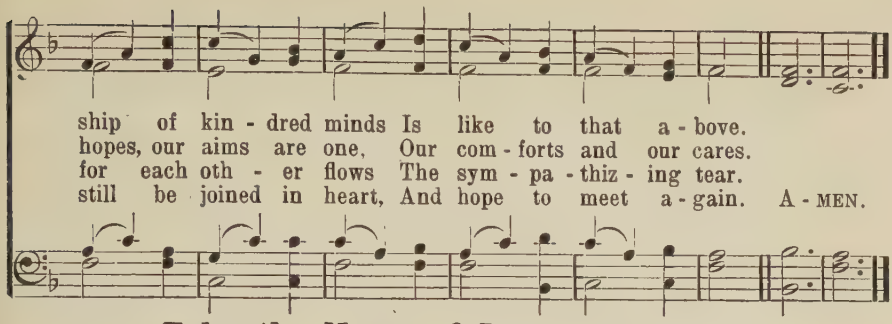
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

345 Blest Be the Tie

JOHN FAWCETT — DENNIS — HANS G. NAEGELI

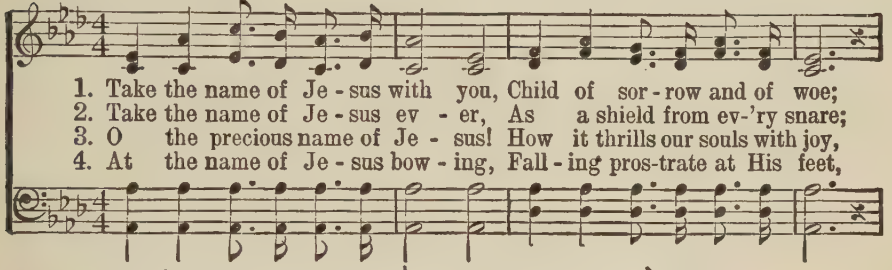
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And of - ten
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall

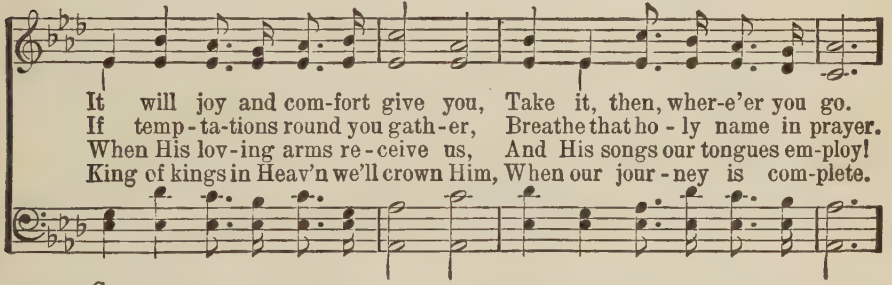
Blest Be the Tie



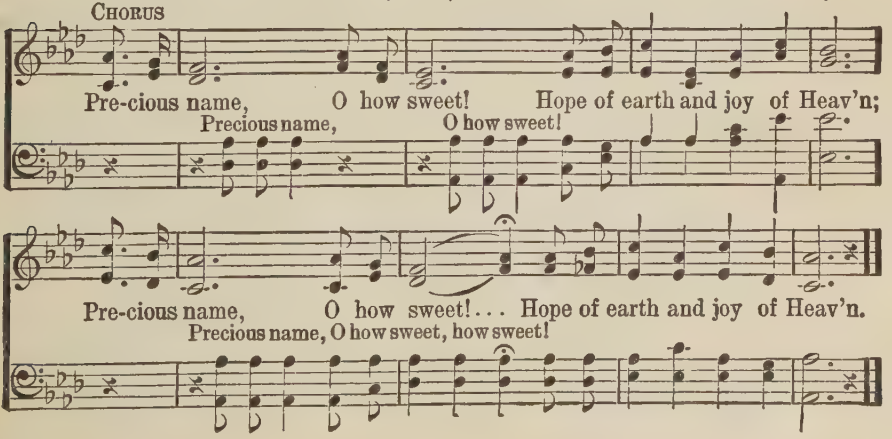
Take the Name of Jesus with You 346

Mrs. Lydia Baxter — W. H. Doane





Chorus

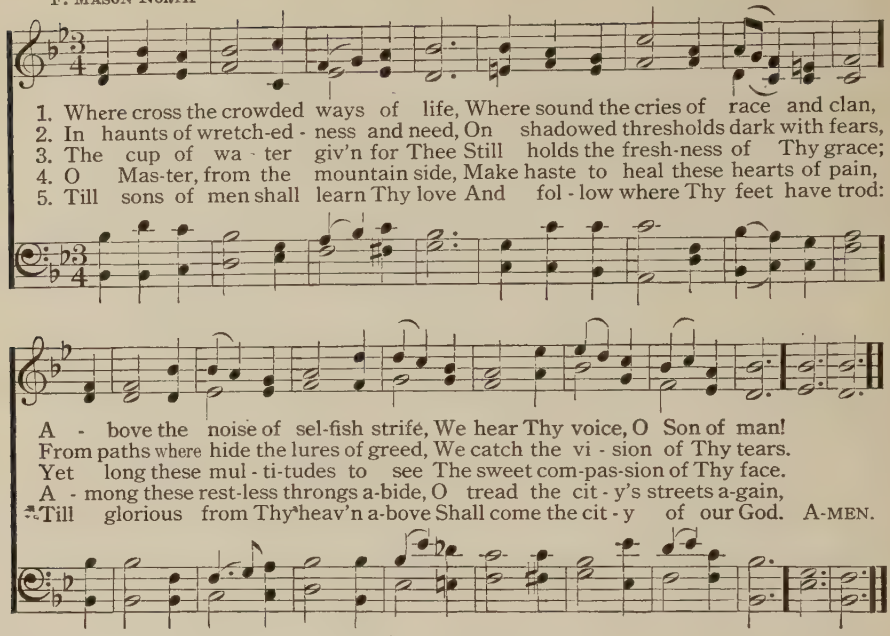


347 Where Cross the Crowded Ways

GERMANY

F. MASON NORTH

From WILLIAM GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815

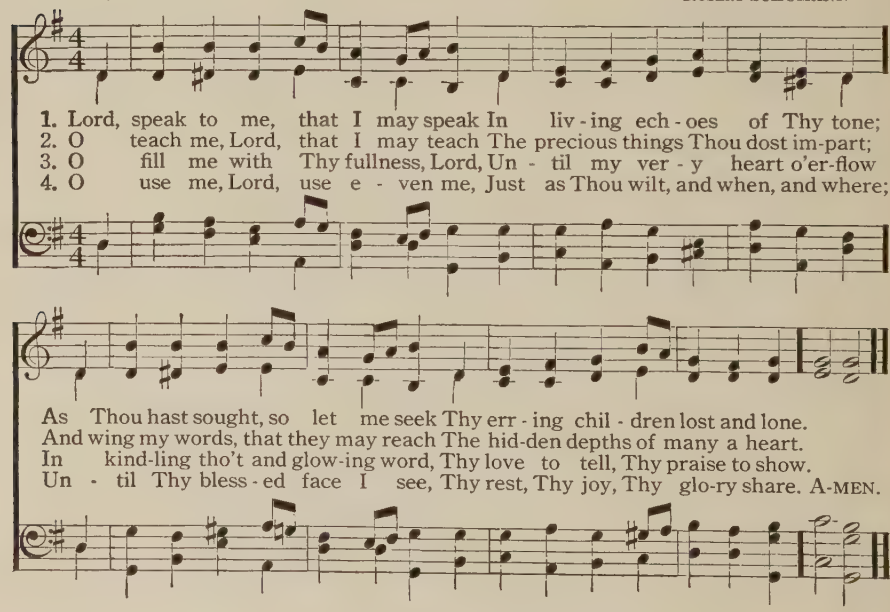


348 Lord, Speak to Me

CANONBURY

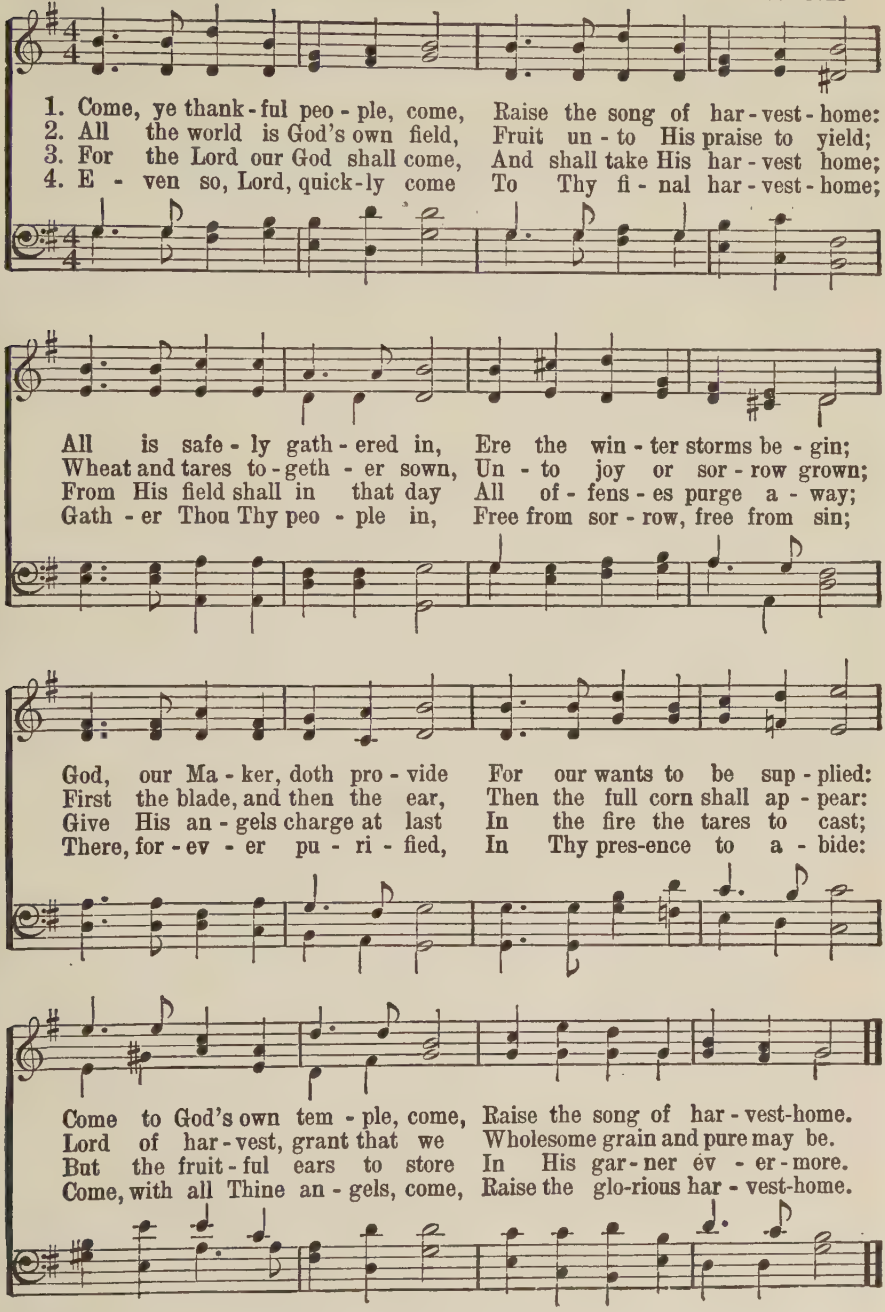
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

ROBERT SCHUMANN



Come, Ye Thankful People

HENRY ALFORD — ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR — GEORGE J. ELVEY



Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE — WILLIAM STEFFE

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS

Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! His day is marching on.
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! Our God is marching on.
Glo-ry! glory, hal-le - lu-jah! Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! While God is marching on.

HUDDERSFIELD

SAMUEL DAVIES — JOHN NEWTON

1. Great God of won - ders! all Thy ways Are match - less, God - like,
2. In won-der lost, with trem-bling joy We take the par - don
3. O may this strange, this match-less grace, This God - like mir - a-

and di - vine; But the fair glo - ries of Thy grace More God - like
of our God; Par - don for crimes of deep - est dye, A par-don
cle of love, Fill the whole earth with grate-ful praise, And all th'an-

and un - ri - valed shine, More God - like and un - ri - valed shine.
bought with Je - sus' blood; A par - don bought with Je - sus' blood:
gel - ic choirs a - bove, And all th'an - gel - ic choirs a - bove.

CHORUS

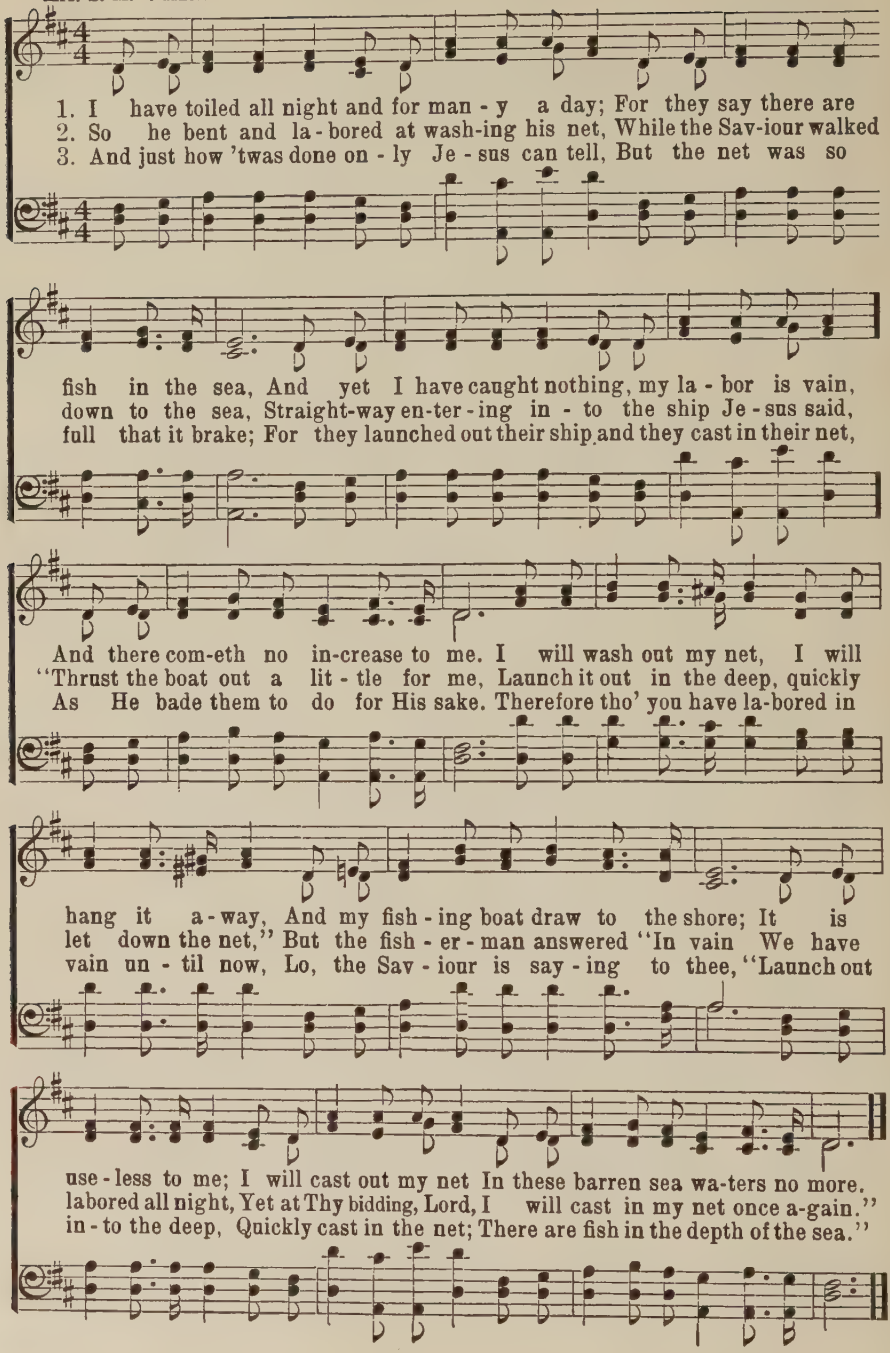
Who is a par - d'ning God like Thee? Or who has grace so

rich and free? Or who has grace so rich and free? A - MEN.

Just for His Sake

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry

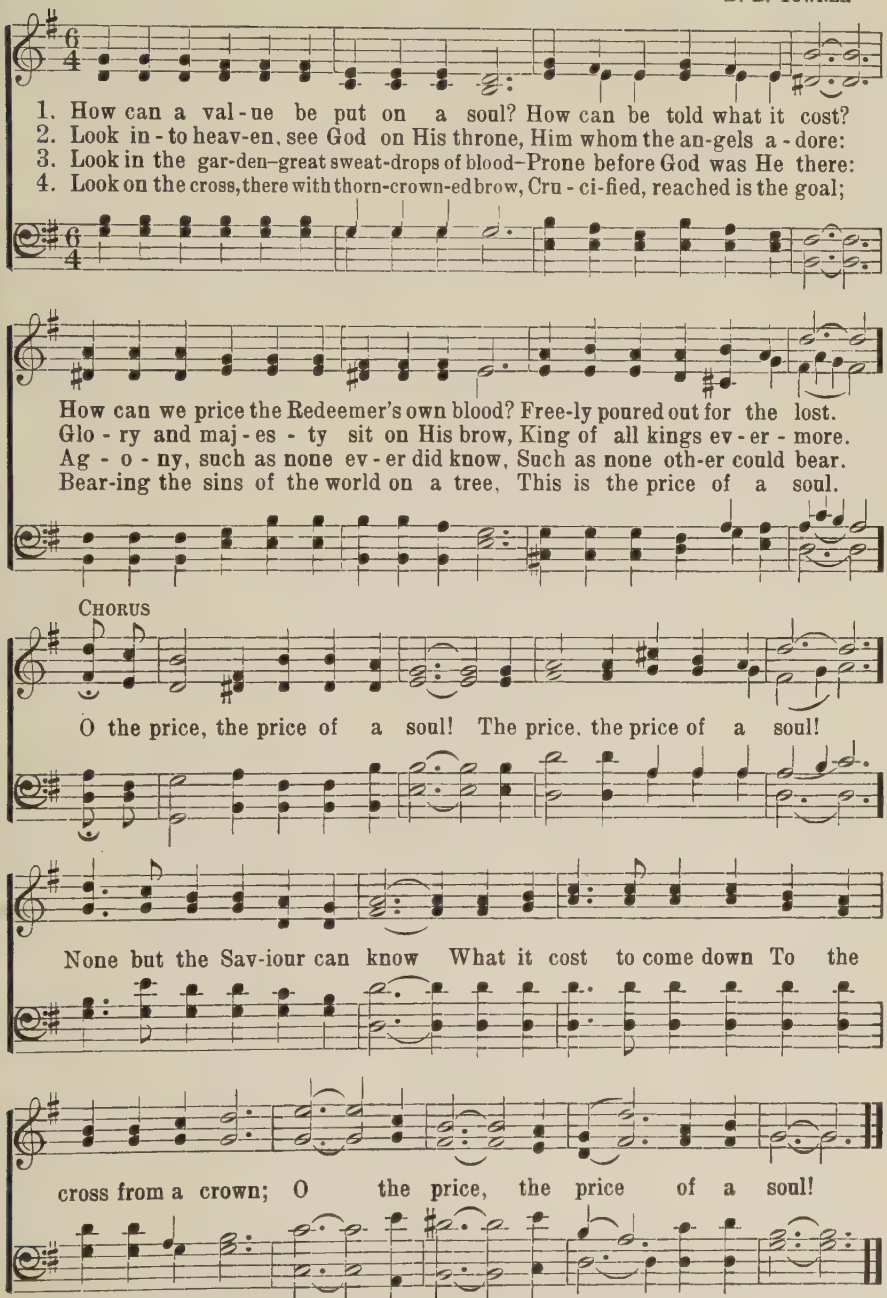
M. H. Evans



The Price of a Soul

ANNA B. RUSSELL

D. B. TOWNER



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354

The Better Way

F. E. B.

FRANCES E. BOLTON

1. I used to tell my troub - les to ev - ery one I knew,
2. I used to seek for com - fort from hu - man hearts be - low,
3. But now I go re - joic - ing, and ev - ery weight of care
4. Oh, are you sad and wea - ry, and seek - ing rest in vain?

But aft - er I had told them, the more my troub - les grew.
But how could they re - lieve me when all they had was woe?
I cast up - on the Heal - er who thinks it light to bear.
Then why not come to Je - sus? He'll give you peace for pain.

My heart, so heav - y la - den, grew heav - ier day by day,
I found them emp - ty cis - terns, I fam-ished day by day,
And, like a child of glad - ness, I go from day to day,
His love He free - ly of - fers, He'll bless you day by day;

Un - til at last, praise Je - sus! I found the bet - ter way.
Un - til I came to Cal - vary And found the bet - ter way.
I'm hap - py in my Sav - iour, And in the bet - ter way.
So go no more in sor - row, But find the bet - ter way.

CHORUS

Go to the Lord with your sor - row, He knows to-day and to - mor - row,

The Better Way

He bears the world on His breast, He can bear you and give rest.

Tell Him your grief and your an-guish, He will not leave you to lan-guish,

He wlll give grace day by day, Teach you the bet - ter way.

Hallelujah, What a Saviour! 355

P. P. Bliss — P. P. Bliss

Moderato *p* — *mf*

1. "Man of Sor-rows!" what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we: Spot-less Lamb of God was He:
4. "Lift-ed up" was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

f — *ff*

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!

356 That Old, Old Story Is True

D. B. Watkins — E. O. Excell

1. There's a won-der-ful sto-ry I've heard long a-go, 'Tis called "The sweet sto-ry of old"; I hear it so oft-en, wher-ev-er I go That same old sto-ry is told. And I've thought it was strange that so oft-en they'd tell That sto-ry as if it were new; But I've found out the rea-son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto-ry is true.
2. They told of a Be-ing so love-ly and pure, Who came to the earth to dwell, To seek for His lost ones, and make them se-cure From death and the pow-er of hell; That He was de-spised, and with thorns He was crowned, On the cross was ex-tend-ed to view; But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I found That old, old sto-ry is true!
3. Oh, that won-der-ful sto-ry I love to re-peat, Of peace and good-will to men; There's no sto-ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a-gain and a-gain. He in-vites you to come—He will free-ly re-ceive, And this mes-sage He send-eth to you, "There's a man-sion in glo-ry for all who be-lieve!" That old, old sto-ry is true.

That Old, Old Story Is True

CHORUS

That old, old sto - ry is true, . . That old, old sto - ry is true; . .
That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto-ry is true;

But I've found out the rea-son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto - ry is true.

I Do, Don't You? 357

MELVILLE W. MILLER — E. O. EXCELL

1. I know a great Sav - iour, I do; don't you? I live by His fa - vor, I do; don't you? For grace I im - plore Him, I wor - ship be - fore Him, I love and a - dore Him, I do; don't you?
2. I need Him to lead me, I do; don't you? Heav'n's man - na to feed me, I do; don't you? What - ev - er be - tide me, I need Him be - side me, In mer - cy to hide me, I do; don't you?
3. I love to be near Him, I do; don't you? He speaks and I hear Him, I do; don't you? For me He is car - ing, The cross I am bear - ing, I love Him for shar - ing, I do; don't you?
4. I want Him to use me, I do; don't you? For serv - ice to choose me, I do; don't you? I want Him to bless me, To own and con - fess me, Com-plete - ly pos - sess me, I do; don't you?

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358 By Life, or By Death*

WILL H. HOUGHTON — PHIL. 1: 20 — GEORGE S. SCHULER

1. So this is life, this world with all its pleasures, Struggles and tears, a smile, a frown, a sigh, Friendship so true, and love of kin and neighbor? Sometimes 'tis hard to live—al-ways, to die! The world moves on, so rap-id-ly the liv-ing The forms of those who dis-ap-pear re-place, And each one dreams that he will be en-dur-ing—How soon that one be-comes the miss ing face!
2. In life or death—and life is sure-ly fly-ing, The crib and coffin carved from the self-same tree. In life or death—and death so soon is com-ing—Es-cape I can-not, there's no place to flee— But Thou, O God, hast life that is e-ter-nal; That life is mine, a gift thro' Thy dear Son. Help me to feel its flush and pulse su-per-nal, As-sur-ance of the morn when life is done.
3. Help me to know the val-ue of these hours. Help me the fol-ly of all waste to see; Help me to trust the Christ who bore my sorrows, And thus to yield for life or death to Thee. In all my days be glo-ri-fied, Lord Je-sus, In all my ways guide me with Thine own eye; Just when and as Thou wilt, use me, Lord Je-sus, And then for me 'tis Christ, to live or die.

rit. *rit.* *ad lib.*

*In loving memory of John and Betty Stam, martyred in China, December 8, 1934

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I Find Thee So Precious

JAMES M. GRAY

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

DUET OR SOLO *(Small notes for Solo)*

1. O what are the pleas - ures that sil - ver can buy? They come and they go,
2. I care not if all the proud world turn a - way, The plau - dits of men
3. As well in the cot - tage as un - der the dome, Be - side my own cot,

cres.

but can - not sat - is - fy; But, praised be the Sav - ior! I cease not to cry,
on - ly last for a day; Their frowns do not fright - en, or cause me dis-may,
or wher - ev - er I roam, The hon - ey from heav - en still drips from the comb:

CHORUS

I find Thee so pre - cious, my Sav - ior! O sweet - er and sweet - er, as

day fol-lows day, As the gold of the morning breaks forth through the gray; As I

lift up my soul, as I praise and I pray, I find Thee more precious, my Sav-ior!

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Precious Hiding Place

AVIS B. CHRISTIANSEN — ALTO AND TENOR DUET — WENDELL P. LOVELESS

1. I was straying when Christ found me In the night so dark and cold;
2. With His nail-scarred hand He bro't me To the shel-ter of His love;
3. Tho' the night be dark a-round me, I am safe, for He is near;

Ten-der-ly His arm went round me And He bore me to His fold.
Of His grace and will He taught me, And of heav'n-ly rest a-bove.
Nev-er shall my foes con-found me, While the Sav-ior's voice I hear.

CHORUS

Pre-cious hid-ing place, Pre-cious hid-ing place, In the shel-ter of His love; Not a doubt or fear, Since my Lord is near, And I'm shel-tered in His love.

rit.

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He Will Hide Me

MARY E. SERVOSS

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Tempests wild on sea and land,
2. Tho' He may send some af-flic-tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. En - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all His arts em - ploy,
4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meet-ing storms and bil-lows wild,

I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad-ow of God's hand.
For in love and not in an - ger, All His chas-ten-ings will come.
He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er-last - ing joy.
Je - sus for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Father's child.

REFRAIN

He will hide me, . . He will hide me, Where no harm . . . can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me,
He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm, no harm can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly hide me, In the shad - ow of His hand.
safe - ly hide me, In the shad - ow

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Thou Art Coming

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — GWALIA — Welsh Hymn Melody

In stately rhythm

1. Thou art com - ing, O my Sav - iour! Thou art com - ing,
2. Thou art com - ing, Thou art com - ing! We shall meet Thee
3. Oh, the joy to see Thee reign - ing, Thee, my own be-

O my King! In Thy beau - ty all re - splend-ent, In Thy
on Thy way; We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, We shall
lov - ed Lord! Ev - ery tongue Thy Name con - fess - ing, Wor - ship,

glo - ry all tran - scend-ent; Well may we re - joice and
bless Thee, we shall show Thee All our hearts could nev - er
hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing Brought to Thee with glad ac-

sing! Com - ing! in the open - ing east Her - ald bright - ness
say! What an an - them that will be, Ring - ing out our
cord! Thee, my Mas - ter and my Friend, Vin - di - cat - ed

slow - ly swells; Com - ing! O my glo - rious
love to Thee, Pour - ing out our rap - ture
and en - throned! Un - to earth's re - mot - est

Thou Art Coming

Priest, Hear we not Thy gold - en bells?
sweet At Thine own all - glo - rious feet!
end Glo - ri - fied, a - dored, and owned! A - MEN.

When I See My Saviour 363

MAUD FRAZER ROBERT HARKNESS

1. When I see my Sav - iour, hang - ing on Cal - va - ry,
2. I can see the blood - drops, red 'neath His thorn - y crown,
3. "Why hast thou for - sak - en?" list to that sad, sad moan!

Bear - ing there for sin - ners bit - ter - est ag - o - ny,
From the cru - el nail - wounds now they are fall - ing down;
Oh, His heart was bro - ken, suf - fer - ing there a - lone:

Grat - i - tude o'er-whelms me, makes mine eyes grow dim,
Lord, when I would wan - der from Thy love a - way,
Bro - ken then that mor - tals ne'er need cry in vain

All my ran - somed be - ing cap - tive is to Him.
Let me see those blood - drops shed for me that day.
For God's love and com - fort, in the hour of pain.

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364 My Hope Is in Thee

AVIS M. CHRISTIANSEN — GEORGE S. SCHULER

1. My hope, bless-ed Je-sus, is an-chored in Thee, Thy right-eous-ness
2. I stand on the Rock that no tem-pest can shake, And life from Thy
3. My hope for e-ter-ni-ty rests in Thy hand, My heart deep-ly

on-ly now cov-er-eth me, Thy blood, shed on Cal-va-ry, now is my plea;
hands ev-ery mo-ment I take, Thy love will endure when all others for-sake;
longs for that fair bet-ter land, Where one day complete in Thyself I shall stand;

rit.

CHORUS

My hope, my hope is in Thee. . . . . Won-der-ful
is in Thee.

Sav-iour, all glo-ry to Thee! . . In Thee is sal-
Wonderful Saviour, all glo-ry to Thee!

va-tion so full and so free; . . . I'll shout forth Thy
full and so free;

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My Hope Is in Thee

WOMEN MEN

prais - es thro' all e - ter - ni - ty; My Sav - iour, My Sav - iour,

PARTS *ad lib.* My hope, my hope is in Thee.

My hope is in Thee, My hope is in Thee.

in Thee.

Abide with Me 365

H. F. LYTE EVENTIDE W. H. MONK

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour: What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain

com - forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
round I see; O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
shad - ows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A-MEN.

366 The Son of God Goes Forth to War

REGINALD HEBER — CRUSADER — SAMUEL B. WHITNEY

In martial rhythm

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw His Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve val - iant saints, their hopes they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:

The Son of God,* goes forth to war,*
He (Who) fol - lows in His (their) train. *

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's bran-dished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;
They climed the steep as - cent of heaven Through per-il, toil, and pain:

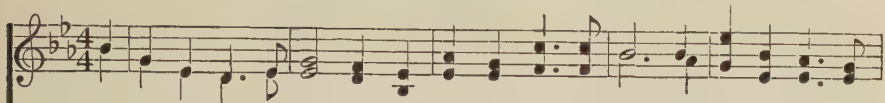
He (Who) fol - lows in His (their) train. *

Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train! A-MEN.

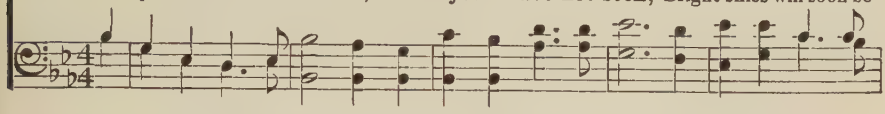
*These words are to be repeated in every stanza.

In Heavenly Love Abiding

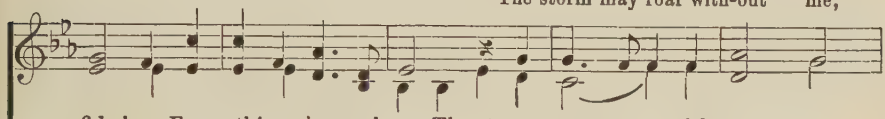
ANNA L. WARING — SEASONS — FELIX MENDELSSOHN—BARTHOLDY



1. In heavenly love a - bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-
2. Wher-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-
3. Green pastures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be

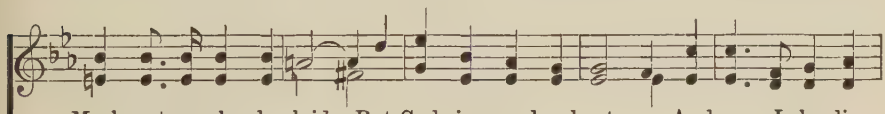


The storm may roar with-out me,

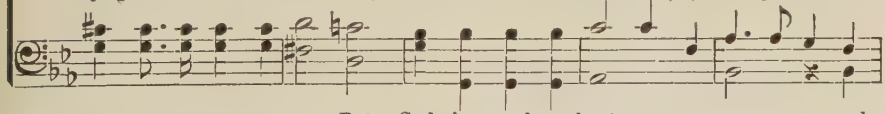


fid - ing, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar with-out me,
side me, And nothing can I lack. His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth,
o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been. My hope I can - not meas - ure,

The storm may roar without me

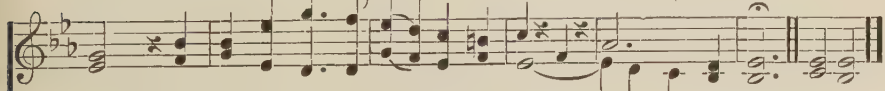


My heart may low be laid, But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-
His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with
My path to life is free, My Sav-iour has my treas-ure, And He will walk with

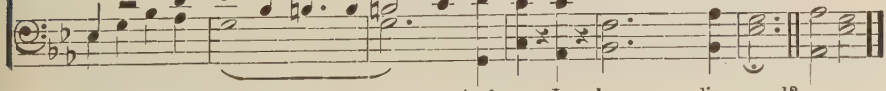


But God is round a - bout ..... me and

And can I be dis-mayed?



mayed? But God is round a-bout me, And can . . I be dismayed?
Him; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I . . will walk with Him.
me; My Saviour has my treasure, And He . . will walk with me. A-MEN.



can I be dis-mayed? . . And can I be dis-mayed?

Gates of Praise

M. E. Servoss

George S. Schuler

Slowly

1. Lift up the Gates of Praise, That we may en - ter in, And o'er sal-va-tion's
2. Then let the voice of praise To heav'nly courts ascend, Till, with the songs the

walls proclaim That Christ redeems from sin. God's works reveal His might, His maj-es-
an - gels sing, Our hal - le-lu - jahs blend. To Him that hath redeemed Our souls from

ty and grace; But not the ten-der Father's love That saves a dy-ing race.
sin's dark maze, The hope and Saviour of mankind, Be ev - er-last-ing praise.

Chorus *faster*

The stars may praise the Hand That decks the sky a - bove; But man a-

Parts

lone can tell Of Christ's redeeming love. The stars may praise the Hand That decks the

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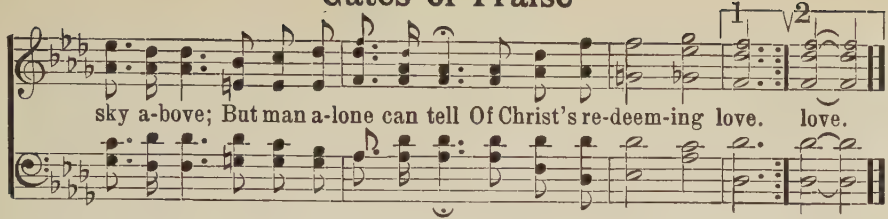
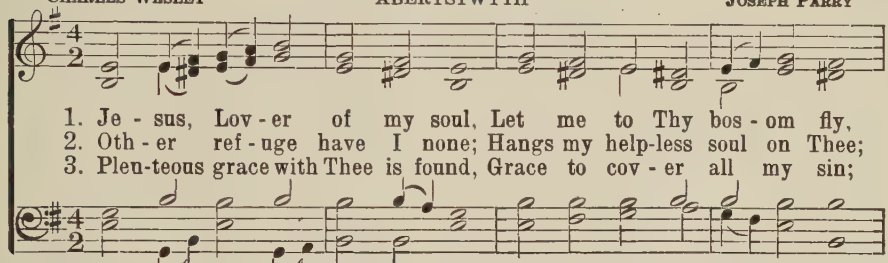
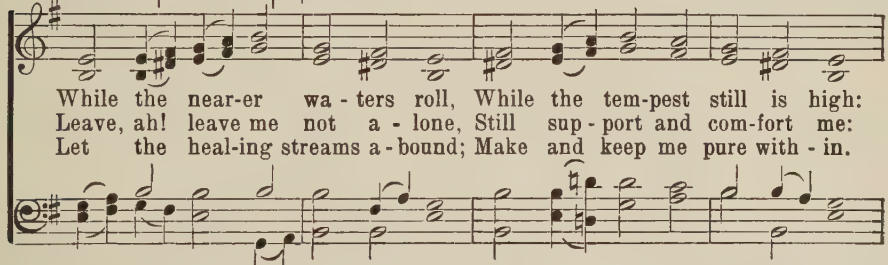
Gates of Praise

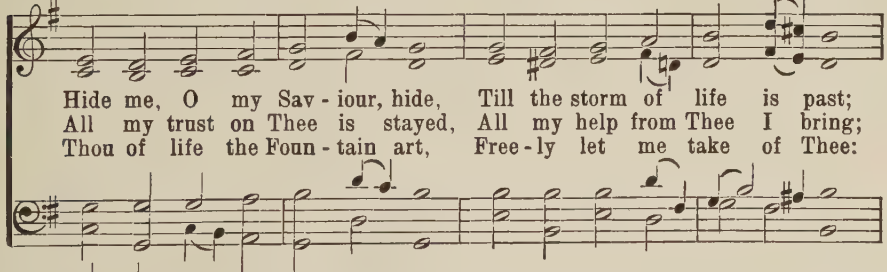


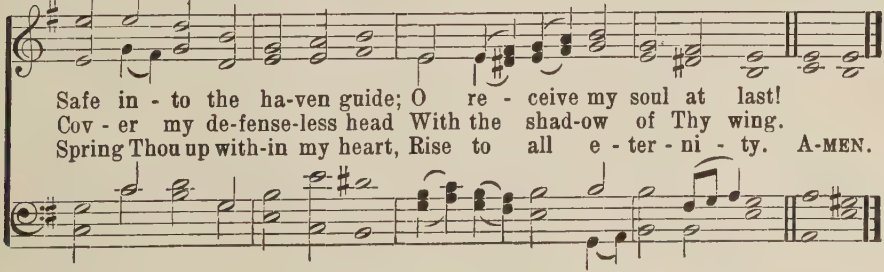
Jesus, Lover of My Soul 369

CHARLES WESLEY — ABERYSTWYTH — JOSEPH PARRY









Beautiful Dawn

F. M. J. — FRANCES M. JOHNSTON

1. O - ver the hills e - ter - nal Shin - eth a ho - ly light;
2. Shad-ows will soon be lift - ing, Dark-ness will flee a - way,
3. Calm is my soul, a - bid - ing Be - neath His shel-t'ring wing;

Night shall be turned to morn - ing, Faith shall be turned to sight.
Glimp-ses of com - ing glo - ry Her - ald the break-ing day.
Safe in His love un - fail - ing Ev - er my heart shall sing.

CHORUS

There's a beau-ti - ful dawn a - wait - ing, Radiant with Heav'n's own light,
Heav'n's own light.

Alto prominent — *Parts*

When the Sav-iour His loved ones will gath - er Out of the shades of night,

There's a beau-ti - ful dawn a - wait - ing, God's love will all a - dorn (a-dorn);

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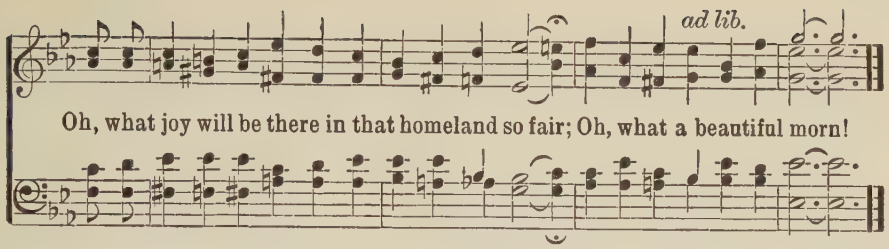
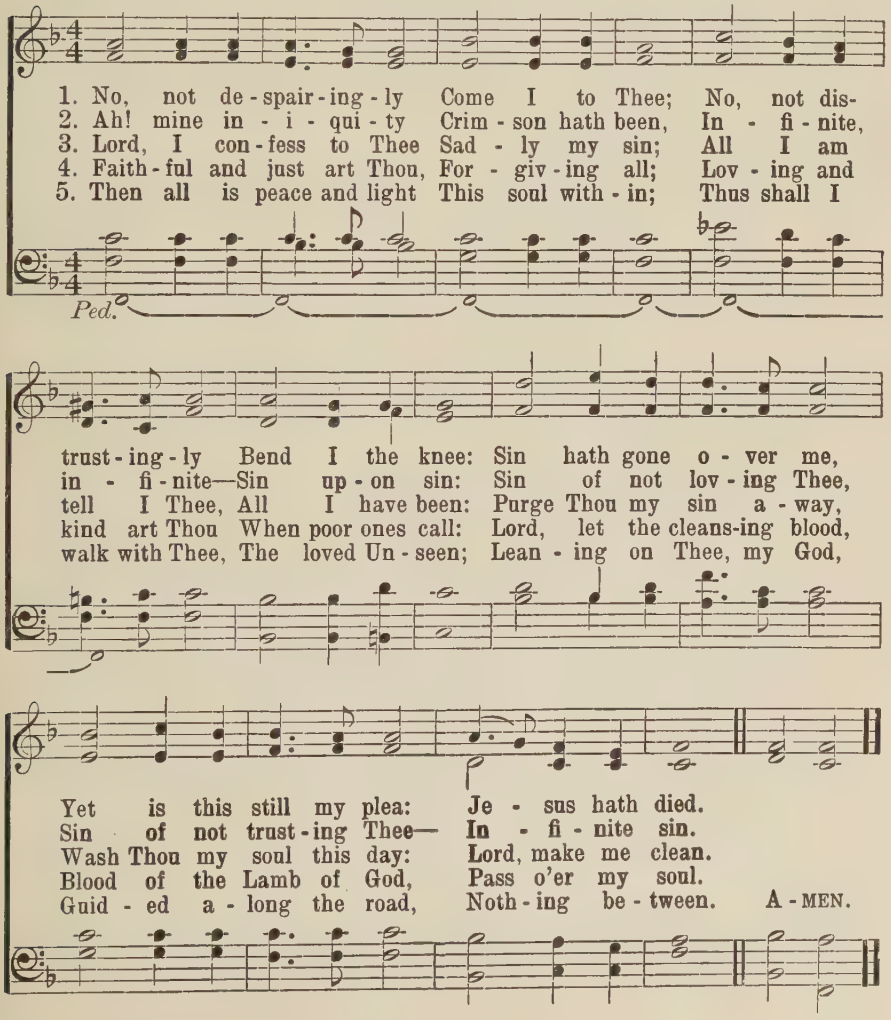
Beautiful Dawn



No, Not Despairingly 371

HORATIUS BONAR KEDRON ANN B. SPRATT



372 Lead On, O King Eternal!

Ernest W. Shurtleff, alt.

P. E. Lange-Mueller, alt.
Arr. and Chorus by Harry Dixon Loes

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of march has come; Hence-
2. For not with swords loud clash-ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums, With

Basses

forth in fields of conquest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro' days of prep-a-
deeds of love and mer - cy The gos - pel triumph comes. Lead on, O King E-

Parts

ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal,
ter - nal! We fol - low not with fears, For glad-ness breaks like morning

cres.

We lift our bat - tle song. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! Till sin's fierce
Wher-e'er Thy face ap-pears; Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us, We jour - ney

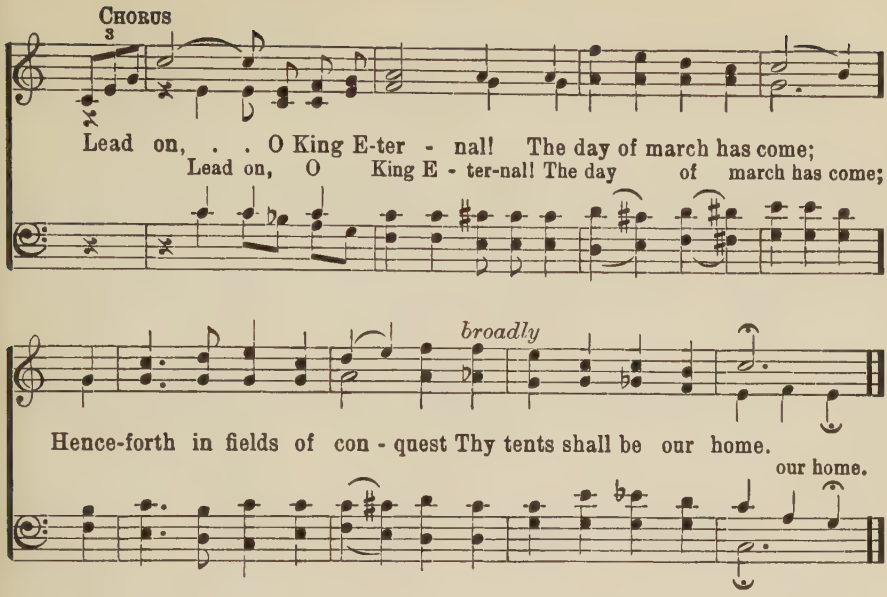
*

war shall cease, And ho - li - ness shall whis-per The sweet a - men of peace.
in its light; The crown a-waits the conquest: Lead on, O God of might.

*Small notes optional.

Arrangement and Chorus Copyright, 1946, by Hope Publishing Co.

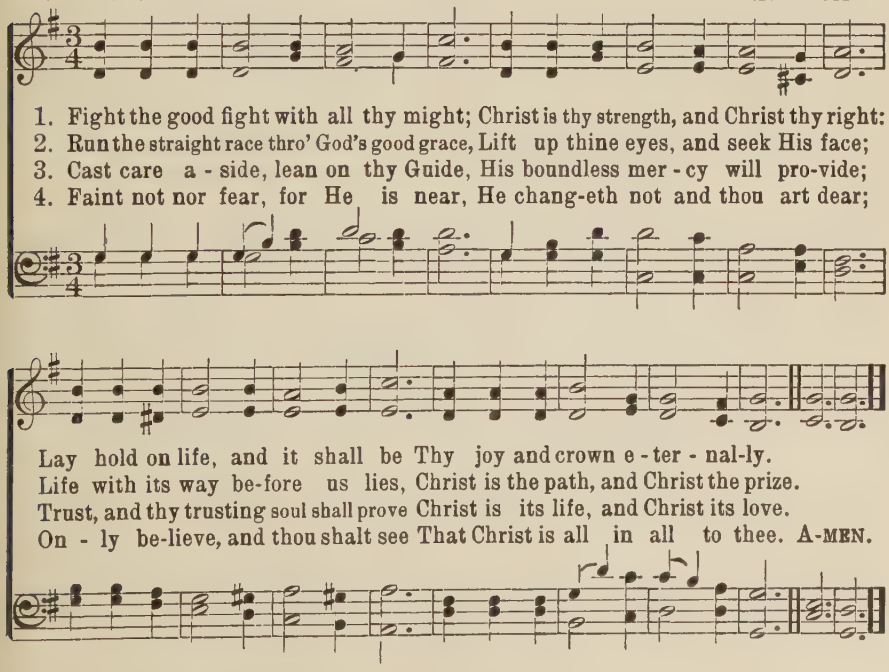
Lead On, O King Eternal!



Fight the Good Fight 373

PENTECOST

JOHN S. B. MONSELL — WILLIAM BOYD



374 Wounded for Our Transgressions

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN — HARRY DIXON LOES

Unison

1. Wound-ed for our trans - gres - sions, The Sav - iour
2. Wound-ed for our trans - gres - sions, O bound - less
3. It pleased the Lord to bruise Him, To bring Him

bled; Hurt by the thorns that pierced Him, He
love! Drink-ing the cup of suf - f'ring, His
grief; Mak - ing His life a ran - som For

bowed His head; Nailed to the cross on
grace to prove; How can the soul re-
our re - lief; Fin - ished the blood a-

Cal - vary, The thieves be - side, A-
ject Him, How spurn His grace? A
tone - ment, The deed is done! 'Tis

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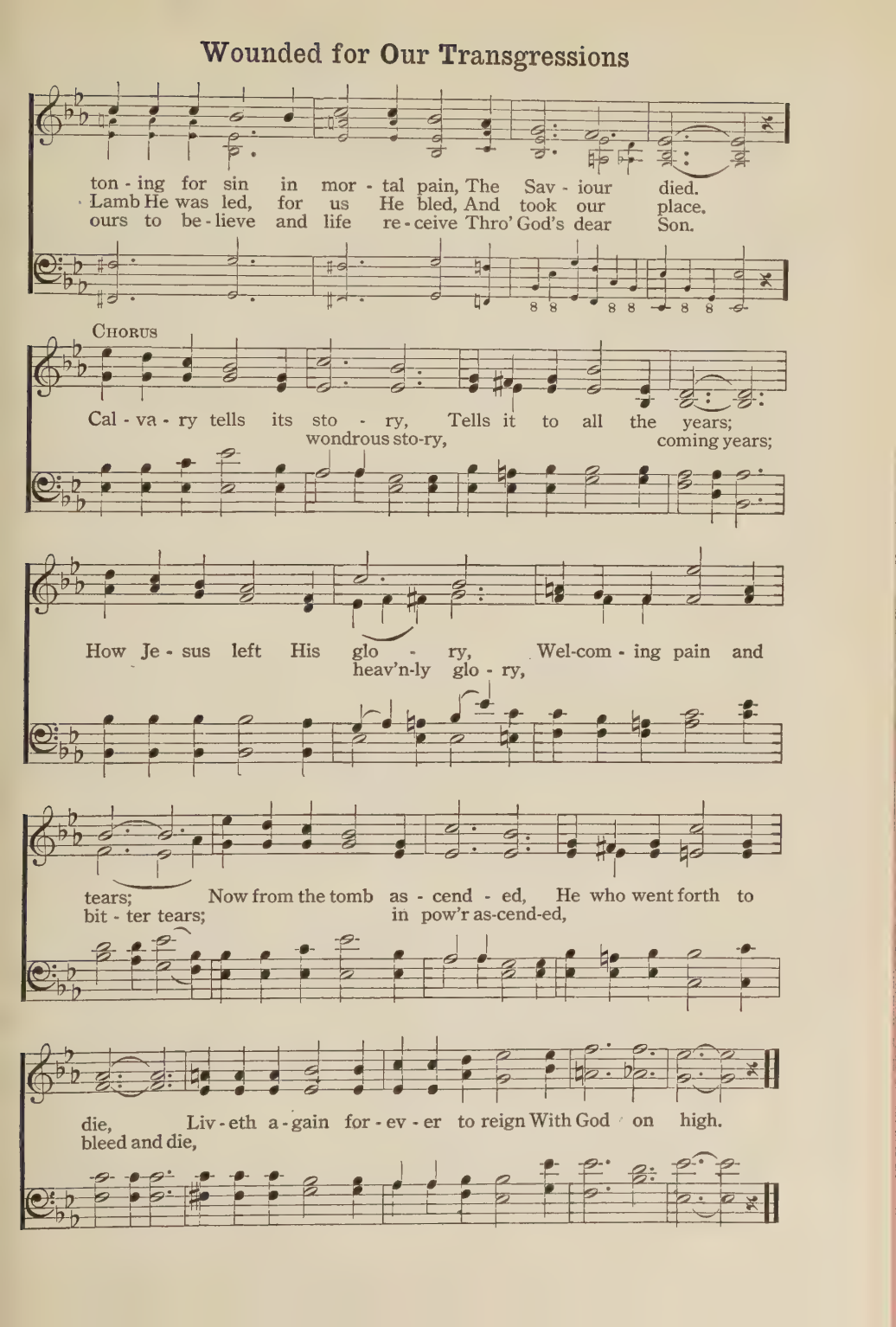
Wounded for Our Transgressions



Hallelujah for the Cross!

HORATIUS BONAR, arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on

ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro'
Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of

cres *ff*

world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

OBBLIGATO DUET Sop. (or Ten.) and Alto

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

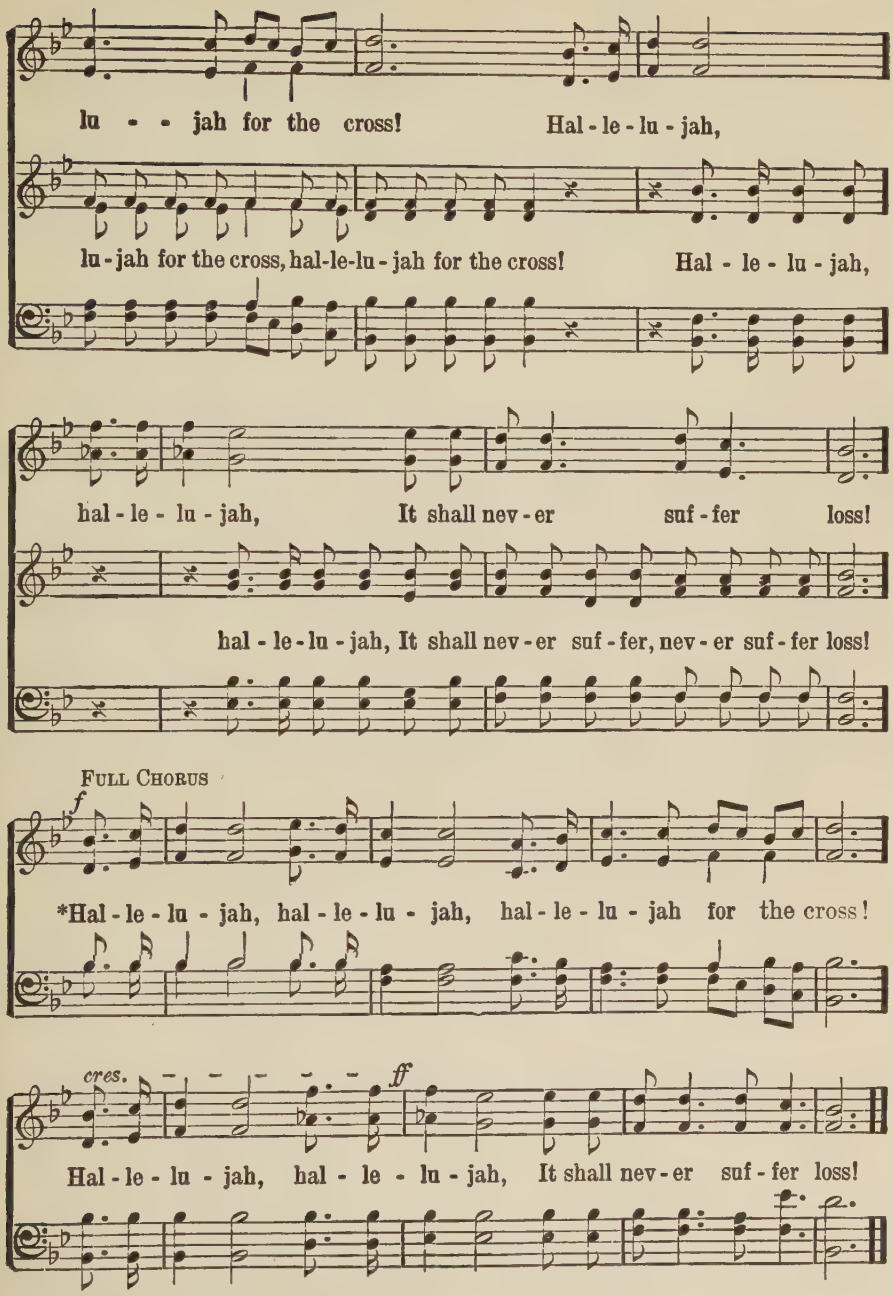
Soprano and Alto*

CHORUS *mp.* Hal-le-lu-jah hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

Tenor and Bass

*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross!



*For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

Thy Kingdom Come

W. M. R. WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

Unison

1. "Thy king-dom come" is the prayer we are taught to pray,
2. "Thy will be done,"— our al - le-giance by this we prove;
3. Has - ten the day of a world-wide and Christian peace;

Plead - ing that Je - sus all na-tions of men shall sway;
Lov - ing Thy will, toward the day of Thy power we move;
Stretch forth Thy hand that the wars of the world may cease;

Thy king-dom come, do Thou has-ten the glo - rious day!
Yearn - ing to share in Thy king-dom of light and love;
Reign Thou in love that all cap-tives may find re - lease;

Thy king - dom come, O Lord, Thy king - dom come!
Thy king - dom come, O Lord, Thy king - dom come!
Thy king - dom come, O Lord, Thy king - dom come!

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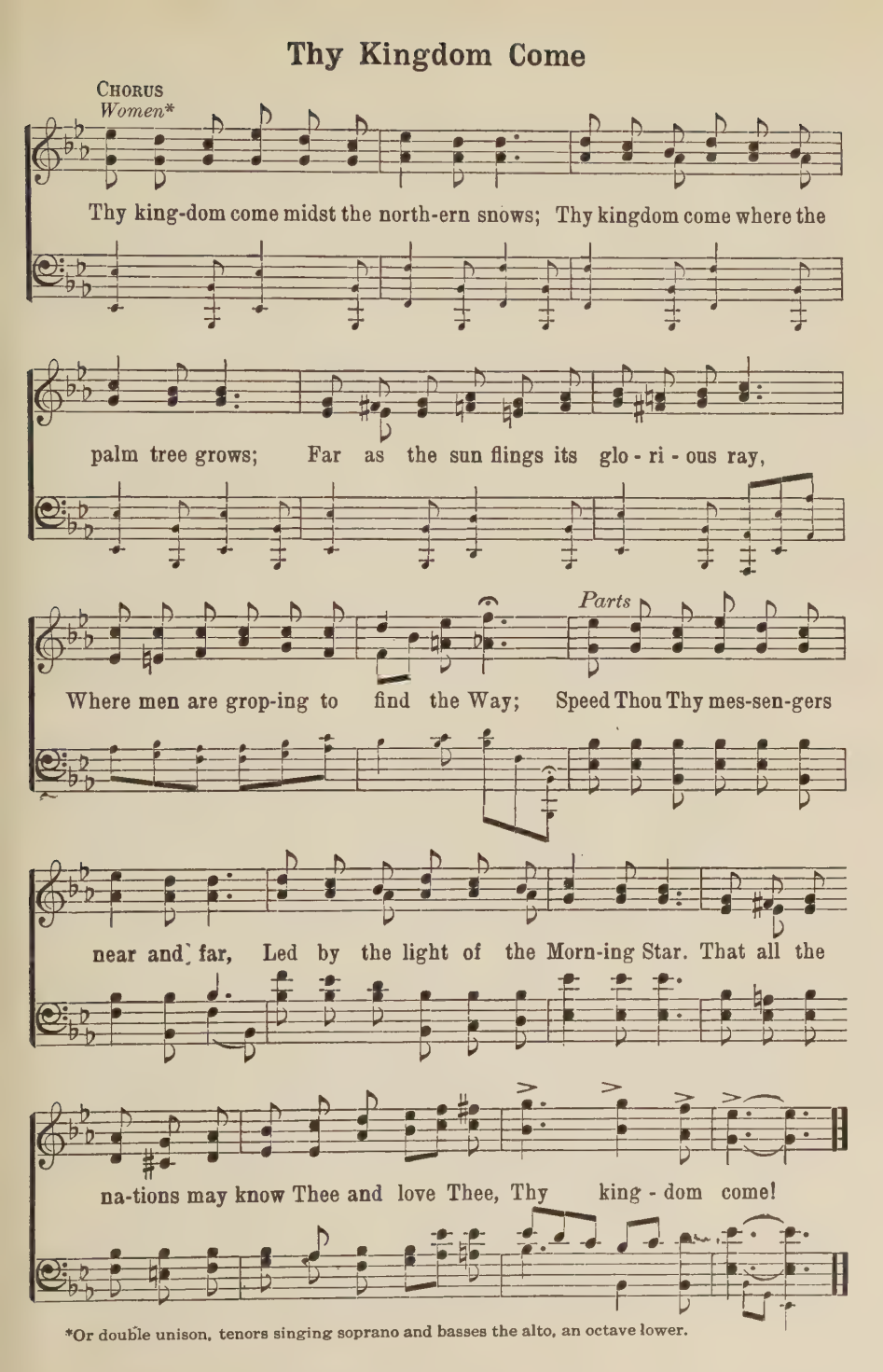
Thy Kingdom Come



*Or double unison, tenors singing soprano and basses the alto, an octave lower.

Until He Come

WILLIAM M. LESSEL

GEORGE S. SCHULER

1. Wait for the Lord, and slum - ber not, Be wise, and trim your light;
2. Work for the Lord, with will - ing heart, O stew - ard, give your best;
3. Watch for the Lord, for He will come—No thorns, this time, to wear!

Men

Christ will re - turn, but no one knows The hour of day or night.
A manse He has pre - pared for you, A home for - ev - er blest.
Lift up thine eyes, be read - y now To meet Him in the air.

Men

CHORUS

Yes, our Lord.... will re - turn some day,.... With a

Men

great shout and trump-et sound.... Call-ing us home, where peace is found;....

Men

Sing, sing, sing for joy! Sing, sing, sing for joy!

No more sor - - rows and no more tears— O how

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Until He Come

Parts *rit.* *ad lib.*

glo-ri - ous, How vic-to-ri - ous! O be read-y to meet Him—Will you? Will you?

A Hymn of Glory Let Us Sing 378

ELIZABETH CHARLES, Adapted

ERFURT

German Folk Song

1. A hymn of glo - ry let us grate - ful-ly sing, New hymns thro'-
2. Th'a-pos - tles on the Mount of Ol - ives stand, The mys - tic
3. To whom a-mazed, two shin - ing an - gels cry: Why stand ye
4. Ye see Him now at last as - cend - ing high To seek the

out the world shall ring, Christ by a new and
mount in Ho - ly Land, And with the Vir - gin
gaz - ing on the sky? This is the Sav - iour,
por - tals of the sky. Here - af - ter Je - sus

won - drous road As-cends the way un - to the throne of God.
mo - ther see Je - sus as - cend in glo-rious ma - jes - ty;
up - ward borne On this, His ev - er - glo-rious tri - umph-morn.
ye shall see A - gain re - turn in e - qual ma - jes - ty.

379 Trust Him!

W. H. H. — WILL H. HOUGHTON

I would trust Him in the shad - ow, I would trust Him in the light,

I would cast on Him my bur - den, Walk by faith and not by sight.

He in - vites my full sur - ren - der, He my Guide and Strength would be;

I can trust in Him to keep His own Thro' all time and e - ter - ni - ty!

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380 Prayer Changes Things

M. A. S. — MAY AGNES STEPHENS

Prayer changes things; Prayer changes things. No matter how heav-y the

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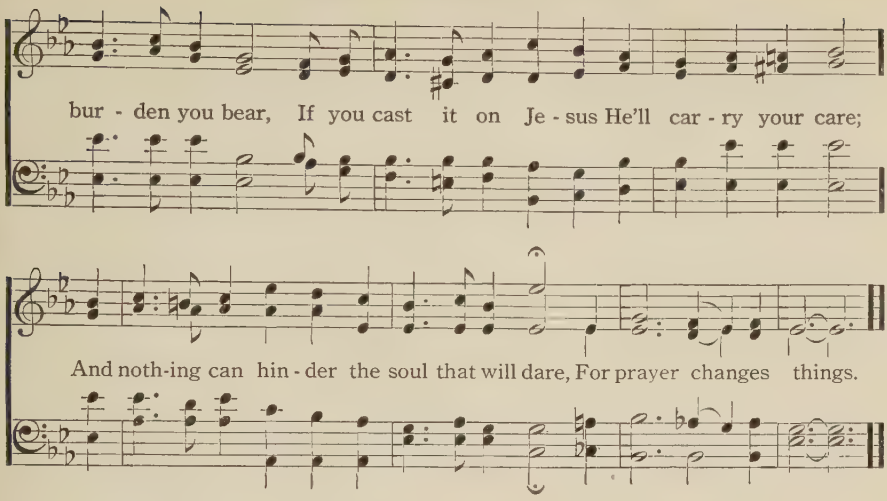
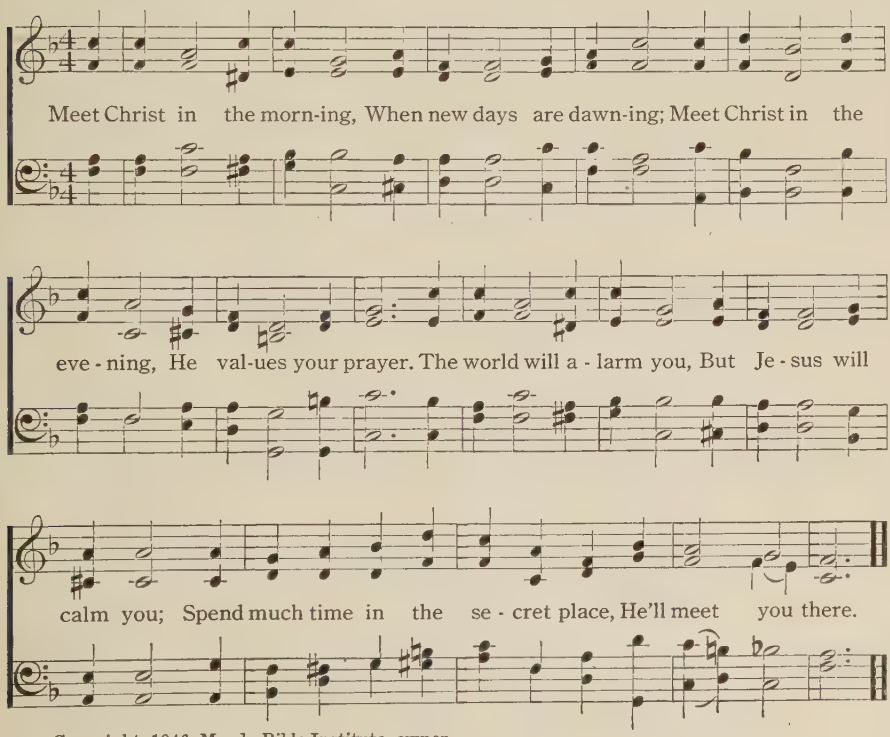
Prayer Changes Things



Meet Christ 381

WILL H. HOUGHTON HARRY DIXON LOES



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382 Lead Me to Some Soul Today

WILL H. HOUGHTON — WENDELL P. LOVELESS

Lead me to some soul to-day, O teach me, Lord, just what to say; Friends of mine are lost in sin, And cannot find their way, Few there are who seem to care, And few there are who pray; Melt my heart and fill my life, Give me one soul to-day.
who pray;

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383 Peace in My Heart to Stay

W. P. L. — WENDELL P. LOVELESS

There's peace in my heart to-day, There's peace in my heart to-day, There's peace in my heart to stay; The world cannot give it or take it a-way, There's peace in my heart to stay.

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His Forever 384

MARY ELLIS

WENDELL P LOVELESS

I'm His for - ev - er, And He is mine. Noth - ing can

move me From His love di - vine——— Come test and tri - al,
from His love di-vine

Come rain or shine. I am His for - ev - er, And He is mine.

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Shine Just Where You Are 385

ADA R. HABERSHON

HENRY BARRACLOUGH

Shine, shine, just where you are, Shine, shine, just where you are,

Send forth the light in - to the night, Shine for the Lord where you are.

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386 The Beauty of Jesus*

ALBERT ORSBON — WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

Let the beau-ty of Je-sus be seen in me All His
in me.

won-der-ful pas-sion and pur - i - ty. O Thou Spir-it Di-vine,

rit. *p*

All my na-ture re-fine, Till the beau-ty of Je-sus be seen in me.
seen, be seen in me.

*Because of restrictions, the familiar melody for these words is not available, hence a new setting is offered.

Copyright, 1946, by Hope Publishing Co.

387 Into My Heart

HARRY D. CLARKE—1st Verse — HARRY D. CLARKE

1. In - to my heart, in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;
2. Out of my heart, out of my heart, Shine out of my heart, Lord Je - sus;

Come in to - day, Come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.
Shine out to - day, Shine out al - way, Shine out of my heart, Lord Je - sus.

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For God So Loved the World 388

FRANCES TOWNSEND

ALFRED B. SMITH

For God so loved the world, He gave His on - ly Son, To

die on Cal-v'ry's tree, From sin to set me free; Some day He's com-ing

back, What glo - ry that will be Won - der-ful His love to me.

Copyright, 1941, by Alfred B. Smith in "Singspiration".

I Know a Fount 389

O. C. L.

Not too fast

O. COOKE LEWISHAM
Arr. by H. D. L.

I know a fount where sins are washed a - way (a-way), I know a

place where night is turned to day (to day); Burdens are lift - ed, blind eyes made to

see; There's a won-der work-ing pow'r in the blood of Cal - va - ry.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board

390 Saviour, Hear Us, We Pray

LUCY

W. W. ELLSWORTH — Arr. from JOHANNES BRAHMS

1. Sav-iour, hear us, we pray: Keep us safe through this day; Keep our lives free
2. Be our Guard-ian and Guide; May we walk by Thy side Till the eve-ning

REFRAIN

from sin And our hearts pure with-in. Je-sus, Lord, hear our prayer: May we
shades fall O - ver us— o - ver all.

rest in Thy care, Je-sus, Lord, hear our prayer: May we rest in Thy care. A - MEN.

391 The Lord Is in His Holy Temple

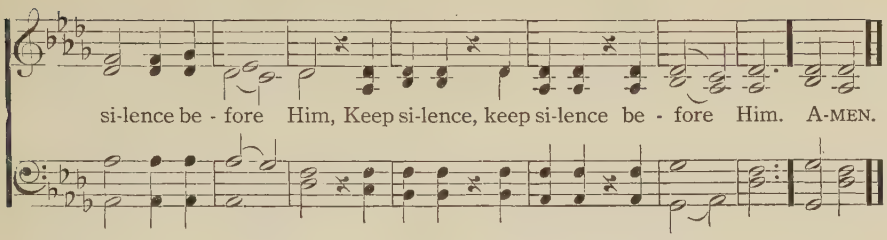
QUAM DILECTA

GEORGE F. ROOT

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in His ho - ly

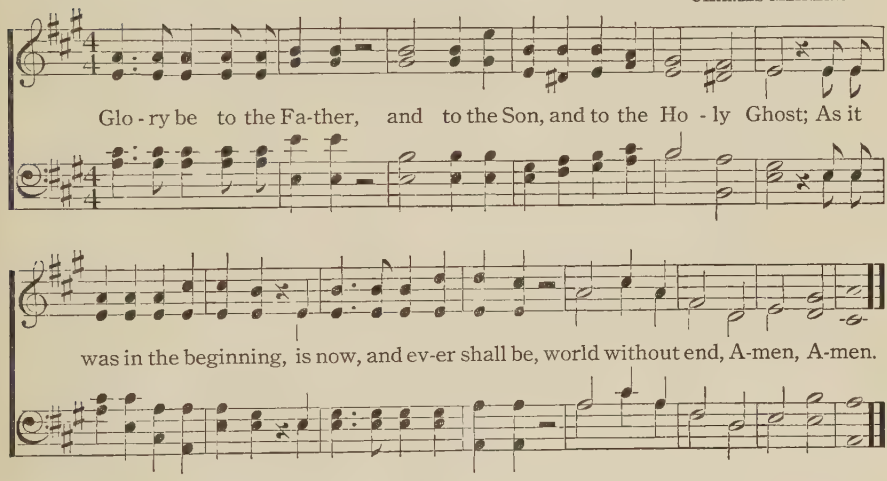
tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence, Let all the earth keep

The Lord Is in His Holy Temple



Gloria Patri 392

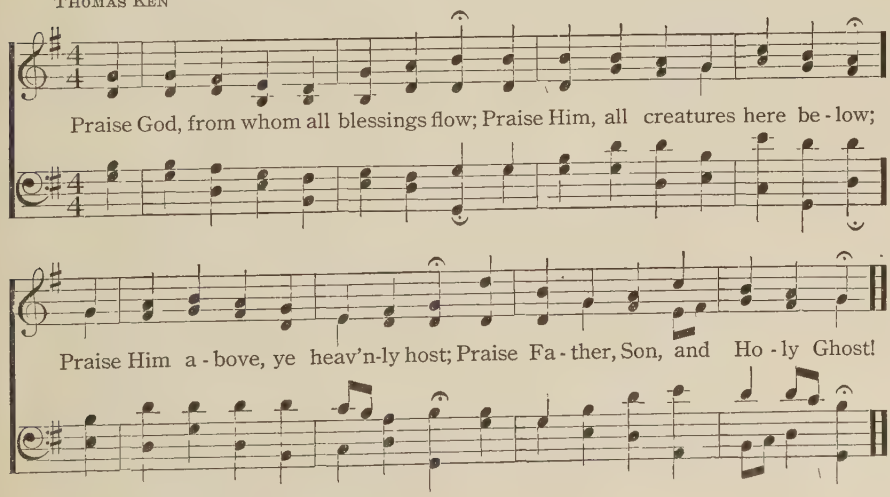
CHARLES MEINEKE



Doxology 393

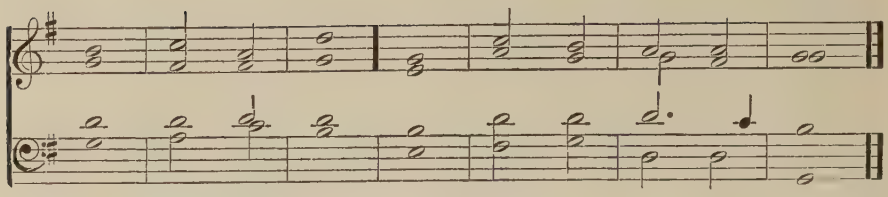
THOMAS KEN

G. FRANC



394 Jubilate Deo

PSALM 100 RUSSELL



1 O be joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness, and come be*fore* his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, *and* not | we our- | selves || we are his people, *and* the | sheep of | his— | pasture.

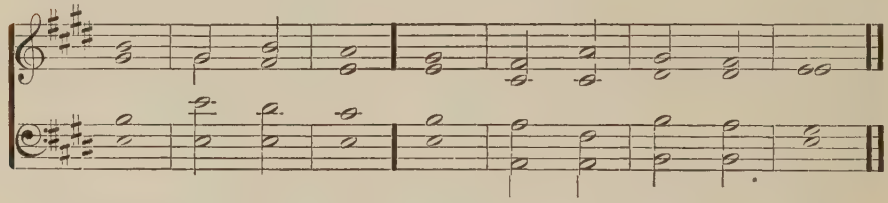
3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and *in*to his | courts with | praise || be thankful unto *him*, and | speak good | of his | Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, his *mer*cy is | ev-er- | lasting || and his truth endureth from *gen*-er- | ation · to | gen-er- | ation.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end.— | A- — | men.

395 Nunc Dimittis

ST. LUKE 2: 29 BARNBY



1 Lord, now lettest thou thy *serv*ant de- | part in | peace || *ac*- | cord-ing | to thy | word.

2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen || *thy* | sal- — | va- — | tion,

3 *Which* thou | hast pre- | pared || be*fore* the | face of | all— | people;

4 To be a *light* to | lighten the | Gentiles || and to be the *glo*-ry | of thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | men.

396 Affirmation of Faith

THE APOSTLES' CREED

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

Scripture Readings

The Plan and the Selections were made by the late DR. JAMES M. GRAY

Plan of Readings: From 397 to 411 a sequence of doctrine is developed that may be studied with profit. Universal disregard of the divine Commandments (397) attests Man's Lost Condition (398). In mercy, Divine Atonement (399) is provided: Exhortations (400) and Warnings (401) are extended. Penitence (402) and the acceptance of the Divine Invitation (403) lead to Pardon and Peace (404, 405). Then follow the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit (406), Thanksgiving (407), the blessings of Assurance (408), the Word of God (409), the office of Prayer (411), Union with Christ (412), a summary of Christian Duties (413-418), and Kingdom teaching (420-422). From 423 to the end are miscellaneous selections.

397 The Commandments

And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

(i) Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

(ii) Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

(iii) Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

(iv) Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

(v) Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

(vi) Thou shalt not kill.

(vii) Thou shalt not commit adultery.

(viii) Thou shalt not steal.

(ix) Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

(x) Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Jesus said, . . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.
—Exodus 20:1-17; Matthew 22:37-40

398 Man's Lost Condition

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?

Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness.

If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?

And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.

And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

—John 3:1-16

399 Christ's Atonement

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

—Isaiah 53

400 A Divine Exhortation

The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him.

But if the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him: in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live.

Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God: and not that he should return from his ways, and live?

But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live?

All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned: in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die.

Yet ye say, The way of the Lord is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel; Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?

When a righteous man turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and dieth in them; for his iniquity that he hath done shall he die.

Again, when the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

Because he considereth, and turneth away from all his trangressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

Yet saith the house of Israel, The way of the Lord is not equal. O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?

Therefore I will judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord God. Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.

—Ezekiel 18:20-30

401 A Divine Warning

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets;

She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, saying,

How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?

Turn you at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.

Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded;

But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof:

I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh;

When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.

Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me:

For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord:

They would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof.

Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.

For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.

But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

—Proverbs 1:20-33

402 Penitence

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleaure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

—Psalm 51

403 The Divine Invitation

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void.

But it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

—Isaiah 55

404 The Way of Pardon and Peace

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

I acknowledge my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid.

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked; but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

—Psalm 32

405 The Means and Message of Salvation

Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth.

For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doeth those things shall live by them.

But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:)

Or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.)

But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

—Romans 10:4-17

406 Person and Work of the Holy Spirit

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?

Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.

These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you.

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

—John 14:15-26

407 Thanksgiving for Mercies

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted: I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people,

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people,

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee,O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

—Psalm 116

408 Assurance

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren.

Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified.

What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.

Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

—Romans 8:28-39

409 The Word of God

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

—Psalm 19

410 The Chaff and the Wheat

Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Hearken not unto the words of the prophets that prophesy unto you; they make you vain; they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord.

They say still unto them that despise me, The Lord hath said, Ye shall have peace; and they say unto every one that walketh after the imagination of his own heart, No evil shall come upon you.

For who hath stood in the counsel of the Lord, and hath perceived and heard his word? who hath marked his word, and heard it?

Behold, a whirlwind of the Lord is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind: it shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked.

The anger of the Lord shall not return, until he have executed, and till he have performed the thoughts of his heart: in the latter days ye shall consider it perfectly.

I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran: I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied.

But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings.

Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off?

Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.

I have heard what the prophets said, that prophesy lies in my name, saying, I have dreamed, I have dreamed.

How long shall this be in the heart of the prophets that prophesy lies? yea, they are prophets of the deceit of their own heart;

Which think to cause my people to forget my name by their dreams which they tell every man to his neighbour, as their fathers have forgotten my name for Baal.

The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream: and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord.

Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?

—Jeremiah 23:16-29

411 Christ Teaches to Pray

And it came to pass, that, as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.

And he said unto them, When ye pray, say Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

Give us day by day our daily bread.

And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves;

For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

—Luke 11:1-13

412 Union with Christ

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

—John 15:1-11

413 Love

("Love" is rendered "charity" in the King James Version.)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face:

Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

—I Corinthians 13

414 Christian Giving

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

And herein I give my advice: for this is expedient for you, who have begun before, not only to do, but also to be forward a year ago.

Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have.

For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

For I mean not that other men be eased, and ye burdened:

But by an equality, that now at this time your abundance may be a supply for their want, that their abundance also may be a supply for your want: that there may be equality:

As it is written, He that had gathered much had nothing over; and he that had gathered little had no lack.

But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give;

Not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

(As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth for ever.

Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness;)

Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

—II Corinthians 8:9-15; 9:6-11

415 Personal Evangelism

And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert.

And he arose and went: and behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all

her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship,

Was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet.

Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.

And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest?

And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him.

The place of the Scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth.

In his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth.

And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?

Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.

And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?

And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.

And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing.

But Philip was found at Azotus: and passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Caesarea.

—Acts 8:26-40

416 Service and Reward

The kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed:

And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed;

Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

—Matthew 25:14-30

417 Trust for Daily Needs

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

—Matthew 6:19-34

418 Restful Confidence

Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed. Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints: they are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

—Psalm 37:1-9, 23-28

419 The Providence of God

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

—Psalm 139:1-14, 17, 18, 23, 24

420 The Second Coming of Christ

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you.

For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.

For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape.

But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.

Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness.

Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober.

For they that sleep sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night.

But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation.

For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ,

Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.

Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.
—John 14:1-3; I Thessalonians 4:13-18; 5:1-11

421 Heaven

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the living creatures, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God,

Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple:

And he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.
—Revelation 7:9-17

422 Christ's Future Reign

Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence; and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory; Amen, and Amen.

—Psalm 72:1-19

423 National Holidays

All the commandments which I command thee this day shall ye observe to do, that ye may live, and multiply, and go in and possess the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers.

And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no.

And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.

Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell, these forty years.

Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee.

Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him.

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;

A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey;

A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.

Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day:

Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein;

And when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied;

Then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage;

Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint;

Who fed thee in the wilderness with manna, which thy fathers knew not, that he might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end;

And thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.

But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as it is this day.

And it shall be, if thou do at all forget the Lord thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day that ye shall surely perish.

As the nations which the Lord destroyeth before your face, so shall ye perish; because ye would not be obedient unto the voice of the Lord your God.

—Deuteronomy 8

424 The Way of the Righteous Man

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

—Psalm 1

425 The Shepherd Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

—Psalm 23

426 The King of Glory

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob, Selah.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

—Psalm 24

427 Faith Sustained

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

—Psalm 27

428 The Lord Is Good

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

—Psalm 34:8-18

429 Our Refuge

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

—Psalm 91

430 Thanksgiving

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

—Psalms 95:1-6; 96:1-4

431 Gratitude

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

—Psalm 103:1-12

432 Our Keeper

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

—Psalm 121

433 Kingdom Blessings

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beasts shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

—Isaiah 35

434 The Beatitudes

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

—Matthew 5:1-12

435 Christian Example

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.

For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

—Matthew 5:13-20

Biblical Benedictions

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen. (Numbers 6:24-26)

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen. (II Corinthians 13:14)

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and the love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord (Phil. 4:7); and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be among you, and remain with you always. Amen.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. (Hebrews 13:20, 21)

The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. (I Peter 5:10, 11)

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen. (Jude 24, 25)

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. (Revelation 1:5, 6)

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